

THE METROPOLITAN.

MAY, 1831.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

REMARKS ON THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE ANCIENTS.

Read at the LITERARY UNION, Wednesday, April 27th, 1831.

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HISTORY, Poetry, and Oratory, had reached their highest excellence, and almost every pursuit of the human mind had received successful cultivation, before Geography became a regular science. The knowledge required for its cultivation accounts for the lateness of its growth. Without the aid of Mathematics and Astronomy, without acquaintance with the real shape of the earth, and without veracious information from voyagers and travellers, the geographer could neither graduate his map, nor fix the boundaries of nations, nor delineate the features of the world. Precious as the science is, it could not ripen like the diamond in darkness, but may be said, more than metaphorically, to have grown up by light from above; for it was by studying the heavens that men first learned the figure and measurement of the earth. Geography had to struggle too, not only with the "negative ignorance of mankind," but with their "positive love of falsehood." Bigotry warred on astronomers from Anaxagoras down to Galileo. Even in civilised Greece, all Athens was thrown into pious horror when a philosopher surmised that Apollo did not ride in the sun driving a chariot four-in-hand; and this philosopher had very nearly been treated to a cup of hemlock for his discovery. Moreover, wars and national hatred divided the ancient world, even more than the modern, and kept its nations still more ignorant about each other than they are at present. No doubt there was commerce, which ought to have created mutual knowledge in very early ages—an extensive commerce both by land and sea. The cloth of Babylon was sold in Canaan in the days of Joshua; and that it was highly prized, and not to be stolen with impunity, the poor Israelite Achan found to his cost, when he was put to death for purloining the goodly "*Babylonish garment*." Phœnicia also traded far and near; and if we could only bring back to life one of her old ship-masters who sailed to Britain, and drank metheglin with the druids, he could tell us more about the state of our island 3000 years ago than all the antiquaries that ever wrote.

But though commerce and navigation were very ancient, they were not at first productive of much international knowledge. Navigators had a habit of stealing away people for slaves: and that was a bad way of promoting the study of Geography. So unwilling was one seafaring people to acquaint another with the countries which

they visited, that the crew of a ship, when followed by a foreign vessel that was sent to ascertain the point of their destination, preferred running ashore and being wrecked to gratifying the curiosity of their pursuers. When a trading factory picked up any luckless stray wight upon their shores, whether he had come by design or accident, they laid hold of him: if he knew any thing about the coast, they hanged him, lest he should divulge it; and if he had no knowledge, they hanged him lest he should acquire it. Moreover, the land-merchant of those times told as many lies as he could about foreign countries, and their giants, griffins, and burning mountains, in order to enhance the value of his goods, and keep competitors from his caravan. So that peace itself was not sure of diffusing knowledge.

At the same time, though Geography was late in attaining the rank of a regular science, its elements were scattered over the earliest periods of literature. Homer's poetry furnishes, if not a map of Greece, yet a considerable knowledge of its localities; and the Bible, though given for a higher purpose, is not to be neglected in the study of ancient Geography.

The Mosaic books make no attempt to explain the structure of the earth; but their author, like Homer, seems to suppose it every where surrounded by water; and the Hebrew word *פרך* *Hhok*, signifying a boundary, was in all probability the origin of the Greek word *Ἰσθμὸς*, or ocean, by which the world was believed to be encircled.

Of the world as it was known to the Hebrews, we can only speak conjecturally as to the northern limits. The best geographer of the age has expressed to me his belief, that the Gomer of Scripture corresponds to Germany; but that enlightened individual is too candid to rate the most authoritative opinion on this subject much higher than conjecture. It is more clear that the isles of Javan were Greece and her isles; that Lubim meant Africa; and Elam, a part of Persia. With the Babylonians and Assyrians, the poor Hebrews were but too well acquainted, as those Aramæan relatives paid them occasional visits for the punishment of their sins, and, dragging them into captivity, taught them more geography than they wished to learn. With the Phœnicians who bought the produce of their farms, they had a pleasanter intercourse; but, upon the whole, the Jews had little connexion with other nations, and were as ignorant as they were incurious about the Gentile world.

Nevertheless they departed signally from this habit of national seclusion during the two reigns of Solomon and Jehoshaphat. Under both of those sovereigns they attempted extensive trade, and Solomon's fleets were eminently successful; so that we hear of the ships of Tarshish, and of the ships that went to Ophir. David having conquered the Edomites, and "*put a garrison into Edom*,"¹ left his successor the means of turning to advantage his possession of a harbour on the Arabian Gulf. Solomon found, indeed, neither ships nor sailors in Judæa, but with both of these he was furnished by his ally the king of Tyre; and it was obviously a reciprocal advantage for the Tyrians to be admitted, for the first time, to trade in the Red Sea. I say, for the first time, for there is not a tittle of evidence in history that the Phœnicians

¹ 1 Chronicles xviii. 13.

ever launched a single keel on the Arabian Gulf till the Hebrews gave them a haven on its shores at Eziongeber, and thus opened up to them a new world for their commercial enterprise. It is with no small surprise that I find Dr. Robertson, in his Dissertation on India, asserting that the Phœnicians traded to that country before the time of Solomon, having, as the Doctor says, "already wrested some commodious harbour from the Idumæans at the bottom of the Red Sea." By "the bottom," our historian, with an inaccuracy unlike himself, meant the north end of the Arabian Gulf; for it is seldom that commodious harbours are found at the bottom of a sea. But where did Dr. Robertson find it related, that the Phœnicians ever wrested a commodious harbour from the Idumæans? His very expression "some harbour," shows that he knew not where it was—It was, indeed, no where. The Phœnicians never were a wresting people, nor a formidable land-power in the least likely to have marched their forces over warlike Edom; and we may challenge any man to produce a text from any writer, sacred or profane, who alludes to such a fact. There is no certainty that the Phœnicians ever traded to India at all by sea, and not a shadow of probability that they ever embarked on the Red Sea earlier than the time of Solomon.

That the Phœnicians had some harbour on the Arabian Gulf before Solomon invited them to Eziongeber, is an imaginary fact, which I cannot account for so intelligent an inquirer as Dr. Robertson having assumed, except by supposing that he was puzzled, as many had been before him, to account for the fact of Hiram's ships having got from Tyre into the Arabian Gulf. To give the Phœnicians a previous settlement on the Red Sea helped him out of this difficulty, and seeing no other mode of solving it, he took the fancied settlement for granted. Other writers, however, who were not so good at assuming a fact, had Hiram's ships still left on their hands and were pitiably bewildered how to dispose of them. Tyre was on the Mediterranean, and Eziongeber, from whence the fleet in Solomon's service sailed to Ophir, was on the north-east corner of the Red Sea. How could it be brought from Tyre to Eziongeber? Never did a reel in a bottle puzzle the comprehension of children more than this question perplexed learned men. Could Hiram's people have built a fleet at Eziongeber?—No. That part of Arabia never in the memory of man yielded materials for ship-building, and the idea of the ships having come round by Africa is preposterous. Another theory was broached, that Hiram's ships passed through Egypt from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea by that canal which Herodotus has mentioned. But, unhappily, Herodotus alludes only to an Egyptian canal that was projected, but never finished, by the monarch Necho; and that canal was not even projected till 400 years after Solomon's time; so that there is no getting a Phœnician fleet through Egypt in this way. The case reminds me of an apology that was made by the people of a certain village in England to Queen Elizabeth, for not having rung their bells on her Majesty's entrance. They had nineteen reasons, they said, for not ringing their bells; the first of which was, that they had no bells to ring. In like manner it may be said that, besides other objections to this theory,

the primary obstacle to Hiram's ships sailing through this Egyptian canal is, that there is no canal to sail through.

The difficulty however is not insoluble :—Monsieur Gosselin ¹ has justly remarked, that the materials for a fleet, as well as its mariners, might have been very well transported from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea by land. In 1558, the sultan Solyman caused the timber, cannons, anchors, and every thing requisite for equipping seventy-two large ships of war, to be conveyed on the backs of camels from Cairo to the Arabian shore. There the materials were put together ; and from thence the ships sailed to India. It was unquestionably in this manner that Hiram's fleet was brought to Eziongeber.

From that port the Phœnician fleet hired by Solomon proceeded to Ophir. And where was Ophir? In Bengal, says Gaspard Vererius; in Sumatra and Ceylon, say others. Robertus Stephanus insists that it was in St. Domingo; whilst the learned Becanus puts in a word for its having been in Peru. With submission to those high authorities, the Ophir of Scripture can, by no rational arguments, be assigned either to the East or the West Indies. The geographer D'Anville saw that it was a hopeless task to shove it beyond the shores of the Arabian Gulf; but he took it over from Arabia to the African side of the Gulf, and placed it on Sofala, on the Eastern African coast. D'Anville's opinion, however, is opposed to that of the most respectable of the Arabian historians, who insist that Ophir was on the Arabian, and not on the African side of the Gulf. It is remarkable that a writer so generally accurate as D'Anville, should have, in this instance, misquoted Scripture. He says that the voyage to Ophir occupied three years :—nothing of the sort is said in the Bible; on the contrary, whilst we are told that the ships of Tarshish went and came back within three years, we have rather room to believe that the voyage to Ophir occupied only a single year. Monsieur Gosselin, who, in my humble conception, is the most correct inquirer into this subject, fixes Ophir at or near D'Ofir in Southern Arabia. Malte-Brun, the deservedly popular geographer, says, that there was one Ophir in the locality pointed out by Monsieur Gosselin, but that we should seek for another Ophir in India. This remark is unworthy of the general sagacity of Malte-Brun. Why should we seek for a second Ophir in India, if we can find one already on the Arabian Gulf? Whether we place it with D'Anville on the African, or with Gosselin on the Arabian side of the Gulf, it will be giving the traders of Solomon the most superfluous trouble to send them all the way round to India for the articles which they imported. From Ophir they imported gold, and precious stones, and almug-trees; all of which were to be found within the precincts of the Red Sea.

In their voyage to Ophir, the Hebrew Phœnician traders appear to have occupied about a year; and if we suppose it to have lain near the southern end of the Red Sea coast, and if we consider the tedious and timid coasting navigation of antiquity, as well as the monsoons that blow six months of the year in the same direction, the time taken up by their voyage will not appear to be unreasonable.

The voyage to and from Tarshish occupied the better part of three

¹ Recherches sur la Géographie des Anciens.

years,—a length of time which has determined antiquaries to lay the locality of Tarshish as far as possible from Eziongeber. Where was Tarshish? The Tarshish of Scripture, I believe with Gosselin, to mean merely the sea in general, — and no particular locality. The ships of Tarshish, I believe, to have simply meant those that were destined for deep-sea navigation, in contradistinction to the craft that plied upon rivers; and the voyage to Tarshish I conceive to have been the farthest sea voyage which the ships from Eziongeber performed,—namely, the periplus of the whole Arabian Gulf. That such a circumnavigation should have occupied more than two years, is no objection to our theory. The ships of Tarshish brought home a greater variety of imports than those from Ophir. They must have therefore coasted both sides of the Gulf. They must have been obliged to wait the convenience of the natives for completing their cargoes, to put in at many harbours for refreshments, and to delay for months together, wind-bound by the monsoons that change but once a year. For the time that they spent in their voyage we can therefore easily account. Nor did they bring home from Tarshish a single article that was not equally to be found with the gold of Ophir, within the straits of Babelmandel. Collectively speaking, the fleets of Solomon brought home from Ophir and Tarshish, gold, precious stones, spices, and scented wood, apes, and either parrots or peacocks,—for which of those birds is meant in the Hebrew text is a point yet unsettled by divines. But for none of those articles had the Jews any occasion to send to India. Within the precincts of the Red Sea they could have found mines of gold, forests of spices, wildernesses of apes, and abundance both of parrots and peacocks. They had no need to go to India for a single article that they brought home. But if they had wished, were they able to have doubled the capes of Arabia? The Greeks could not double those capes some seven hundred years later. Arrian expressly tells us, that all the efforts of Alexander the Great to get his ships brought round from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea were unavailing. He adds, that no navigator had ever been known to perform the voyage. Is it likely that the Phœnicians, in the age of Solomon, accomplished what the Greeks found impracticable in the days of Alexander?

Monsieur Gosselin's idea, that the word Tarshish merely signifies the sea, is borrowed from St. Jerome and the Septuagint translators. After collating every Scriptural text in which the word Tarshish is mentioned, I cannot find one that contradicts St. Jerome's interpretation, nor one that obliges us to place it beyond the boundaries of the Red Sea. The learned men, who would not believe St. Jerome's interpretation, have been as much divided about the position of Tarshish as of Ophir; some of them imagining a plurality of places so called; others supposing but one Tarshish, though assigning a dozen of different localities. I remember the time, when trusting to the profound erudition of Michaelis, I believed implicitly that Tarshish was the Tartessus of Spain, on the Guadalquivir. On further enquiry I am convinced that the resemblance of names is purely fortuitous; and I am more amazed at Michaelis's mistake than at my own belief, having been misled by his authority. What will Michaelis, or any one who will insist on Tarshish having been in Spain, say to the following text? In 2 Chronicles

chap. xx. we are told, that *Jehoshaphat king of Judah joined himself with Ahaziah king of Samaria to make ships to go to Tarshish, and they made the ships in Eziongeber*. Now that port, as I have said, was at the north-east end of the Arabian Gulf; and, if Tarshish was Spain, we have here a king of Judah building a fleet on the Red Sea that was destined for the Spanish shore. This unfortunate fleet, as we have seen that there is no getting through Egypt by a canal, must have proposed to double the south of Africa, and reach Tartessus by the Straits of Gibraltar. *Credat Judæus Apella!*

But our astonishment at the boldness of the Jews, if we launch them, like Michaelis, round the Cape of Good Hope, will be magnified if possible by this consideration,—that the Jewish monarch, all the while, had ports of his own in the Mediterranean, within not a great many days' sail of Spain. If Tarshish means only one place in Scripture, we have here a pretty plain proof that, wherever it was, it could not have been in Spain.

Other speculators will send the Jews and Phœnicians out to some Tarshish in India, quite as unreasonably as they task them with sailing to an Indian Ophir. And for this voyage, which is as perilous as it is unnecessary, they encourage the poor Hebrew-Phœnician mariners by quoting Herodotus, and by proving from him that they need not be alarmed at its difficulty or distance, since the fleet of king Necho doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and circumnavigated Africa. At least, Herodotus was told so, though he disbelieved the story himself. Ah! but here, the Hebrew-Phœnicians would have a right to object; "Please to remember we are king Solomon's people. That voyage surmised by your author Herodotus, whether a fact or a fable, was performed 400 years after our time; so you must excuse us for having no Tarshish east of Arabia." Nay, I further suspect, that even if Necho's men were alive, the more conscientious among them would decline swearing that they ever doubled the Cape of Good Hope. We can figure to ourselves, how the circumnavigation of the Red Sea might have been accomplished. Some parts of its coast, such as the dominions of the queen of Sheba, were inhabited by comparatively civilised tribes. At the ports of those people, the trading ships of Solomon would be supplied with refreshments. But the circumnavigation of Africa by men unacquainted with either the compass, or with the stars, to the south of the line, and the maintenance of a fleet in food and water, along the whole sweep of a coast so immense, and so strange and savage, are circumstances that appear to me unimaginable. Would any seaman at this day engage to take a ship round the south of Africa from Suez to Alexandria, without a compass, without a chart, without the assurance of a civilised colony at the Cape of Good Hope; with the obligation to be back in two years; and with no other means of revictualling his ship, than by landing and sowing, and reaping corn on the coast of Africa? Yet, it is exactly under these circumstances, that Necho's voyagers are alleged to have sailed round a whole quarter of the globe. The Phœnicians, no doubt, performed wonders in navigation, by keeping the Pole-star on the north in view; but on the south side of the line they could not have seen the Bear, and must have steered by new constellations. No rumour of such new stars having been seen by the ancients, has come down to us; nothing that Hanno accomplished

in exploring the coast of Africa would lead us to believe that the Phœnicians had sailed all round it: no collateral evidence supports the tradition, and it is every way improbable.

The Tarshish of Scripture, as I have said, could not have been Spain; nor do I believe that the ancient Jews had any intercourse at all with that country. The Phœnicians must have been simpletons indeed, if they had invited foreigners into their mines of gold and silver. It is true, that they helped the Hebrews to navigate the Red Sea; but, in so doing, they were manifest gainers by obtaining a new outlet for their commerce. How could the Phœnicians have got a haven on the Arabian Gulf but by Solomon's alliance? Had they applied to Egypt, the Egyptians, who at that time held seamen and sea-traffic in abomination, would have probably wished them in the Red Sea after the manner in which Pharoah got into it. By sharing in the trade from Eziongeber, the Phœnicians arrived at shores on the Arabian Gulf, which they could not have reached but by circuitously traversing wastes more perilous than the ocean. But Spain was their own, they could trade to it without Solomon's permission; and there is not a shadow of likelihood that they admitted foreigners into *that* paradise of their own treasures.

The Greeks called Homer the father of their Geography. Homer is a mighty painter in song; his tablet embraces heaven, earth, and hell—the habitations of gods and men, of the living and the dead. He is, therefore, better than a geographer; but still we can scarcely hail him as a patriarch of science. His chorographic fidelity is, no doubt, striking in portions of Asia, and in the whole of Proper Greece; but it relaxes very much when he gets out of the limits of Greece, and beyond the Asiatic territories of the Trojan allies. He represents Italy as an island, he shows no acquaintance with the Caspian Sea, and he makes so gratuitous a coinage of strange countries in the Odyssey, that the antiquaries disputing about some of their localities, remind me of a person who, when he was told that Napper Tandy had been taken, desired anxiously to be informed whereabouts Napper Tandy lay. He was told that the object of his enquiry was apt to shift its latitude and longitude, and was at that time probably floating at sea. The same thing may be said in countries that only floated in Homer's imagination.

The Homeric cosmography exhibits human credulity in its simplest state—I mean not that Homer's contemporaries believed all that he said about the universe. The Thessalians must have gone far enough up Mount Olympus, to see that it had no gods upon it. But still Homer's ideas in general must have accorded with the popular belief. He imagines a world highly poetical and picturesque; it has some inconsistencies no doubt, and it presents some questions of grave and momentous interest. One of these about which the learned men of Germany are at this moment infinitely more concerned than about the issue of affairs in Poland, is,—Whether the gods of Homer actually inhabited an ethereal Olympus that was above their terrestrial abode of the same name, or sojourned on that Grecian mountain, and had no higher and more celestial home.

Let us not be too hasty in deciding on so serious a topic. Many are the learned heads which still believe that the Homeric divinities had their *Ὀλύμπια δώματα*, their principal habitations in the ethereal

heaven, and that they came down to Olympus in Greece only occasionally, and, as it were, to lodgings at a watering-place. But on the fullest reflection, I must conscientiously side with those who believe that Homer's gods, goddesses, and muses, lived in splendid palaces made by Vulcan on the top of the Thessalian mount Olympus, that *that* Olympus was called heaven because it rose into the heavens, and that there was no abode of the celestials above it. Important, however, as this article in our classical creed may be, I suspect that you will prefer my simple confession of faith to any detailed argumentation on the subject.

Homer imagined the world to be encircled by the ocean, as may be seen by his description of the sculpture on Achilles's shield. The Sun, according to Homer, issued every morning from a beautiful eastern bay in the ocean, in a chariot drawn by four horses, and having crossed the ether, and reached the opposite oceanic stream—for it does not appear that the poet imagined the ocean to be boundless—Apollo there bathed his horses at night and baited for a time. It is plain that he could not have stopt the live-long night, as he had to be back in time to mount his coach in the morning; but in what manner he got back Homer has not explained. The moon we are left to suppose performed the same evolution. As to the constellations, Homer speaks of their bathing themselves in the ocean; but he particularly excepts from this general rule of refreshment the Greater Bear, who had a surly aversion to take the water, much to the advantage of mariners, to whom Bruin served in the place of a compass. Over all this Homeric world was placed the *Oûpanôs* or canopy of heaven, like a covered dish above a flat circular plate. This roof of the universe is represented as bright, solid, and resembling metal.

Under this canopy the Greeks supposed their own country to be the centre of the universe, and themselves to be the greatest favorites of the gods. With Greece and her islands, from Lemnos to Crete and Cyprus, inclusively, Homer, it is evident, was intimately acquainted, as well as with the shores of Asia Minor, and with the whole circle of nations that surrounded the Phrygians. He also knew something of Egypt; he had heard of Phœnicia, of eastern and western Ethiopia, of Lybia, and of the river Triton; and, from his mention of the Hippomolgi or Mare-milkers, it is evident that rumors had reached him respecting the ancestors of the Tartars; but still his mention of those countries indicates no minute acquaintance with them; and in other quarters of his map he is as imaginative as Gulliver. I can see no proof that he knew anything of the dependence of climate on northern or southern position. Altogether, if he was the father of Geography, he left the child in a very infantile state.

The beautiful country that gave birth to Homer, produced a few centuries later the father of Ionian philosophy, Thales. That this school had no influence in raising geography to the rank of a regular science cannot be affirmed; for it certainly introduced into Greece the sun-dial, and the first map of the world which we hear of: it was engraved on brass. But the Ionian philosophers, as far as their obscure history can be judged of, were rather speculative students of nature, than proficient in the certain sciences.

Of Thales the founder of the Ionian school, Aristotle himself speaks with an evident air of mere conjecture, and he might well do so, as

the Milesian philosopher left not one scrap of writing behind him, and all that the Stagyrite could hear of him was by oral tradition. According to one statement of that tradition, Thales went to Egypt, and there learnt mathematics; according to another, he taught the Egyptian priests how to measure the pyramids by their shadows. If both stories be genuine, the scholar and his teachers must have been well matched in point of knowledge. But if it be true that Pythagoras, who unquestionably flourished after Thales, prided himself on discovering one of the simplest of mathematical theorems, the mathematics which Thales learned in Egypt must have been scanty indeed.

Nevertheless, tradition, as if it meant to puzzle us, sends us word, through Herodotus, of Thales having predicted that famous eclipse of the sun which separated the combating armies of the Medes and Lydians at Halys.

Delambre, the French historian of astronomy, utterly disbelieves this tradition. He even impugns the certainty of the eclipse. Against the credibility of Thales having possessed the knowledge necessary for predicting it, he argues thus: "Such knowledge existed not in the times of Thales, nor for centuries after him. The knowledge requisite for predicting a solar eclipse, can be traced no higher than Hipparchus, an Alexandrian astronomer, about 160 years before the Christian era, who first gave the Greeks a full system of trigonometry, fixed more exactly the duration of the lunar month and of the solar year, and was able to determine the parallax of the moon to the earth, and her distance from it. In vain should we seek for that knowledge in Aristarchus, Archimedes, or Euclid." To this he adds; "*Aucun de ces Geometres fameux ne savait resoudre un triangle même rectangle, autrement que par des operations graphiques.*" Unless we can suppose Delambre, a man in the foremost rank of science, to have made such an assertion at random, it certainly hits hard on the probability of the Thalesian prediction. If the founder of the Ionian school had possessed a knowledge of mathematics, unknown to even the Alexandrian school before Hipparchus, what became of all that knowledge? Where did the Ionians hide it? The prediction may be called incredible.

Your philosophers are generally hard-hearted persons towards those poetical shows of things, which, as Bacon says, "*are accommodated to the wishes of the mind.*" Here with a few startling sentences, Delambre broke up all one's pleasant dreams about the antiquity of Milesian science; and what was worse, he threatened the reality even of that eclipse which separated two fighting armies, one of the finest traditions in my opinion that antiquity contains. Let us imagine, as the eclipse grew deeper, the looks of the combatants distracted between martial agitation and superstitious fear; the flushed brow of the intrepid warrior looking up to the half-darkened sun, and the paleness of the dying, made more ghastly by nature's frown. I wish some of our artists would make it the subject of a picture.

From Delambre I turned anxiously to the works of Ideler the astronomer royal of Berlin, to see if he would, at least, save so fine an eclipse. Well, he has kindly done so.—The French astronomer objects to Herodotus's anecdote, that the eclipse could not have

been so great as to have separated armies,—Ideler shows that it amounted to a total eclipse within only an 80th part of the sun's disk.

But it is plain that the existence of the eclipse does not amount entirely to a proof that Thales predicted it. About the latter point I am still obliged to be a sceptic. Ideler no where says, that he believes Thales to have foretold the phenomenon, though he authenticates its time and place. Moreover he makes, in his "Technical Chronology," certain remarks on the dialling of the ancients, which I shall by-and-bye quote, and from which I think it is impossible to draw any other conclusion, than that the astronomy of the Greeks must have been perfectly infantile in the time of Thales. In the age after Thales, dialling was introduced into Greece, but in so rude a state, as to show that no such astronomy could have then existed, as to enable a man to predict a solar eclipse.

From the list of philosophers who damp our romance in the antiquity of astronomy, Bailly is to be excepted. But, unfortunately, Bailly goes too far the other way. One of his chapters is headed "Antediluvian Astronomy:"—and of that antediluvian astronomy he conceives Chaldean astronomy to have been a vestige. But where is there a passage in the Old Testament that would prove the Patriarchs to have been astronomers? If astronomy had been perfected in the age of Noah, is it credible that he would have preserved none of its instruments? The Bible seems to show positively the study of astronomy to have been post-diluvian. The Babylonians wished to build a tower up to heaven, in order to save themselves from a second flood. If they had been in earnest to get the highest point of the earth, they would have never built upon a plain. But by their wishing to get to heaven, we must merely understand their wish to study astronomy. Still, however, I shall be reminded of Pythagoras, and asked—what say you to his travels in the east—to his scientific discoveries, and to his anticipation of the Pythagorean system? On the first point I answer, that we have no proof of his travels having been extensive. On the second point we are equally without proof that he added importantly to physical knowledge. Philolaus of the school of Crotona, it is equally true and strange, surmised truths, which Copernicus afterwards promulgated. The fact is proved by Cicero's words, and does high honour to that seat of philosophy. But let us not confound this merely sagacious happy guess of the Pythagorean school with the real discovery and demonstration of the Copernican system. The Pythagorean school never proved it—they never brought it into general notice,—they merely conjectured and imagined it. To suppose that they reached it by mathematical knowledge, or by instruments that were lost in the Italian massacres of the Pythagoreans, is as wild an idea as that of antediluvian telescopes.

It seems admitted on all hands that the Greeks received the rudiments of their astronomy from the East; but it has long been questioned whether those simple rudiments sprang up earliest in Egypt, or in Babylon. The fact that the Alexandrian astronomers, when they wanted an account of the oldest recorded eclipses, applied to the Babylonians, shows that in their opinion the latter people were the oldest astronomers. Whether the extreme antiquity of their observations may not have been exaggerated, admits of a doubt. Sim-

plicius, a commentator on Aristotle, tells us that Callisthenes sent home to the Stagyræ the record of a series of eclipses, that went back 1903 years beyond the capture of the Babylonish capital by Alexander, which was 331 years before our era. This anecdote has long passed as currently as the coin of the realm; so that I can scarcely blame Dr. Blair for putting it down in his *Tables of Chronology*; but he should not have inserted it as a fact equally indubitable with Holy Writ. When he assures us that Adam and Eve were created on Friday, the 23rd of October—which is more than the Bible does, he brings Archbishop Usher to depone to the date. But for the stupendous antiquity of Chaldaean astronomy, he gives no authority at all. The truth is, that Simplicius, by his own account, appears to have got the story from Porphyry, not from Aristotle; and Porphyry's work is now lost. It may be true; but the total disappearance of the record, and the circumstance of its being unknown to the astronomers of the Alexandrian Musæum—who, if it had been to be found in Greece, would assuredly have never sent to Babylon for accounts of eclipses of much less antiquity—makes its transmission to Aristotle, and its very existence, seem a little questionable. There is perfect evidence, nevertheless, that the Chaldaean observation of eclipses was very ancient. The imagination unwillingly parts with a certain reverential feeling for those Babylonish astronomical priests, when we conceive them on the high tower of Belus with the fragrant gardens of Babylon beneath them, and the heavens all serenity around them, watching the rising and the setting of the stars, and computing the time of their courses. The very simplicity of their apparatus, and mode of computing that time, which was only by the lapse of water from one urn into another, if it does not affect the imagination, at least touches our interest. I have sometimes thought to myself, but for these simple patriarchs of science, and their brazen urns, who knows but that Herschel might have erected less perfect telescopes?

The idea, however, I mean you to understand as nothing more than a passing fancy. I confess it fled panic-struck from my mind when I read the pages of Delambre, who denies Chaldaean astronomy the very name of science; and though Ideler, an equally high authority, seems to rescue it from the extreme contempt of the French academician, by arguing the astonishing accuracy of its observations, yet I have not resumed courage to meditate so devoutly as I once did about the Chaldaean sages.

Delambre rates the obligation of the Greeks to the orientals very cheaply indeed. "If we admit," he says, "that they drew from Egypt or Asia those vague notions with which they contented themselves for several ages, it was not because it would have been very difficult for them to have found them out for themselves." With unfeigned submission to Delambre, it seems ungenerous to the poor orientals to deny the debt simply because it was small, or borrowed without necessity. If a man had borrowed a shilling from you a long time ago, if he had turned the shilling to a pound, and by going into trade turned the pound into a plum, you would think but little of his gratitude, if instead of hailing you as his first benefactor, he sneered at the shabbiness of the loan, and alleged that he could have got the

shilling in another way *with no great difficulty*. The Greeks themselves were never so ungrateful as the French historian of astronomy is on their behalf. They speak constantly of their having been primitively indebted to foreigners for all the elements of their improvement.

Herodotus says that Greece received from Chaldæa the gnomon and the pole, and the division of the day into twelve parts. The old historian's brevity has left this information rather obscure as to what was meant by the gnomon and the pole. The most of translators have thought that the gnomon and the pole means, in Herodotus, only two parts of one and the same instrument, namely, the dial-plate and the shadow-caster in its centre. Larcher, the French translator, had a different idea, and thought that the *πόλος*, or pole, implied an instrument constructed with a knowledge of the altitude of the earth's pole. For this far-fetched idea Ideler compliments him by saying, that it shows his utter ignorance respecting the dials of the ancients. I shall scarcely be able however to do justice to Ideler's ideas of ancient gnomonics without quoting them in his own words: "During the day," he says, "men made their first calculations of time from the position of the sun in regard to terrestrial objects, and from the length and direction of the shadow. It was soon observed that at noon the shadow was shortest, and had constantly the same direction: in order to obtain exactly this important section of the day, and also the hours before and after noon, at least in a rough way, it is probable that they very early succeeded in discovering the use of the gnomon. From this simple device, which consisted chiefly in the tracing of a meridian line on a horizontal plane, and the putting upon it an erect staff or obelisk, the Greeks invented gradually the sun-dial, *ὥρολόγια ἡλιακὰ*, or *σκιοθηρικὰ*, for the hand of their dial stood generally vertical; whereas the same lies with us in the direction of the axis of the earth, our dials not showing a variation of the hours, but an equal division of the time. Our gnomonics are therefore quite different from those of the ancients." "Herodotus," Ideler continues, "says that the Greeks, together with the division of the day, borrowed the dial from the Babylonians: Scaliger, in commenting on this passage of Herodotus, suggested the strikingly probable idea that *πόλος* was the earlier name among the Greeks for the word *ὥρολόγιον*. But Larcher asks, if Herodotus meant the dial by *πόλος*, why does he add the word *γνώμων* to it? To this it may be answered, that Herodotus might as well put the two words *πόλος* and *γνώμων* together as Suidas puts *ὥρολόγιον* and *γνώμων* together, when he asserts that Anaximander introduced them into Greece. To Larcher it seemed natural that Herodotus, in mentioning the sun-dial, thought of the pole of the earth; but Larcher knew nothing of the dials of the ancients when he thought of their constructing them parallel to the earth's axis." The gnomon (Ideler remarks) was used also without the index for hours; not to discover the hours, but the seasons, the solstices, and the equinoxes. "It is exceedingly probable," he adds, "that it was Anaximander, who lived about one hundred years before Herodotus, who first acquainted his countrymen with this invention of the Orientals; for, according to Pliny, he was the

“ first of the Greeks who discovered, or rather measured, the obliquity
 “ of the ecliptic, for which he had no other means than the obser-
 “ vation of the meridional shadow on the gnomon. We cannot assert
 “ with certainty that he had already made use of a sun-dial, as Sui-
 “ das and Diogenes Laertius assure us, or whether it was his pupil,
 “ Anaximenes, who first erected a horologion sciothericon. Be
 “ this as it may, we must always regard those first attempts (in
 “ scientific instrument making) as exceedingly raw. Centuries elapsed
 “ before gnomonics reached the perfection to which they attained
 “ among the ancients. This did not take place before the institution
 “ of the museum of Alexandria, when practical astronomy, which
 “ then began to be cultivated, made the want of an exact measure-
 “ ment of time be sensibly felt.”

This quotation from Ideler may well save me from saying much about the famous Chaldæan philosopher Berosus, whose solar quadrant was the most ingenious production of the Chaldæan school. Whether this Berosus lived in the time of Alexander, according to Salmasius, or in the time of Hippocrates, according to Vitruvius, he was at least antecedent to the Alexandrian school. Now Ideler shows that it was even late in the day of the Alexandrian school; that is, not earlier than Hipparchus' time, that the gnomonic science of the Greeks grew to a state beyond that of absolute rudeness; so that he cannot seem to contradict Delambre, when the latter astronomer expresses himself thus of Berosus' hollow sphere, that it “supposes no knowledge more than that of the form and spherical movement of the heavens.”

The greatest difference which I find on the subject of ancient astronomy, between Delambre and Ideler, is in their estimation of the correctness of Chaldæan astronomy. “Their very mode of computing the appearance of the stars,” says Delambre, “must have produced, on account of refraction, an error of half a degree as to every star.” Some of these Chaldæan observations have been brought into Greece. Ptolemy has preserved to us six of their eclipses; of which, after the example of Hipparchus, he has made use in order to determine the movements of the moon. “Now,” says Delambre, “if the Chaldæans could have themselves determined
 “ those movements of the moon, why were the determinations not
 “ also brought into Greece along with the observations from which
 “ they had been deduced? or why has Ptolemy left us no mention
 “ of them? Besides in what consisted those observations? On such
 “ a day, two hours before midnight, or an hour after sunset, the moon
 “ was eclipsed to the north, or to the south, by a half or a quarter of
 “ its diameter. The time is never expressed but in hours: the quantity
 “ of the eclipse is never reduced to a smaller fraction than a fourth
 “ of the diameter of the body eclipsed. For such observations it
 “ was only necessary to have eyes and a little attention.”

“The same Chaldæans,” Delambre adds, “according to the account of Diodorus Siculus, assiduously observed the rising and setting of the stars and planets from the tower of the temple of Belus, one face of which looked to the east, another to the west. This account has nothing improbable. These observations may have given to the Chaldæans the first perception of the length of the year, the first notion of the obliquity of the sun's annual

“ route, with regard to the equator, and may have conducted them
 “ to a division of the equator. They had not, however, according
 “ to all appearance, any distinct idea of the ecliptic. It was not
 “ the circle of the heavens which they divided. We are told that
 “ they determined the portions of the equator which passed through
 “ the horizon in a given time. The number of these portions is
 “ always proportional to the time that passes; but the same is
 “ not the case with the arcs of the ecliptic, which rise within the
 “ same given time. The operation which equally divided the equa-
 “ tor could but very unequally divide the ecliptic.” Ideler’s idea
 of Chaldaean astronomy is more favorable. The Chaldaeans, he says,
 (Technische Chronologie, Vol. I. p. 206.) “ were acquainted with
 “ several lunar periods. Among others worthy of attention, was that
 “ of 223 changes of the moon.” From Geminus, an ancient Greek
 astronomer, Dr. Ideler shows, that in the formation of this pe-
 riod, the calculations of the medial daily movement of the moon,
 made by the Chaldaeans, corresponded exactly with those of the
 Greek tables; and respecting their calculations, he says, “ their ex-
 “ actness must excite our astonishment. They discovered the syno-
 “ dical month, or period of the moon’s return to the sun, only with
 “ an error of $4\frac{1}{2}$ seconds; and the periodic month, or the time of the
 “ moon’s return to the same point in the sun’s path, only with an
 “ error of a second too much.”

We have here proofs of Chaldaean accuracy in sidereal observations, that must have required *not a little*, but a *great deal of attention*. But still with all this attention, experience, and accuracy, it does not appear that they could predict eclipses of the sun. Diodorus Siculus confesses that they could not; and to speak *generally* of their astronomy, the state of their dialling, which Ideler describes, shows that it must have been still a crude and imperfect science.

Whilst the sciences that were to perfect Geography were thus slowly advancing, and centuries before they reached their highest ancient cultivation by the Alexandrian Greeks, Herodotus, by his historic work, practically enlarged geographical knowledge to a valuable extent. Even before his time voyages had been performed, and prose works had appeared, which had tended to the same effect. Hecataeus and the other logographers of Ionia, who described places and antiquities, were eclipsed in reputation by Herodotus; but still they were useful pioneers in the march of historic literature. Still more useful to Geography were the voyagers; among whom the most distinguished was Hanno, the Carthaginian admiral, who, between five and six hundred years before our era, was sent with a fleet to visit the western coasts of Africa, with a view to colonise them, and to extend the boundaries of commerce. This commission he fortunately fulfilled, and reached as far as the isle of Cerné, which in the opinion of Monsieur Gossellin is the modern isle of Fedal. To this point, about the latitude of Cape Non, Monsieur Gossellin limits the periplus of Hanno. Monsieur Malte-Brun, though he does not imagine Hanno’s navigation to have gone quite so far southward as some theorists have pushed it, seems to me not over-reasonable in suspecting that Hanno went farther south than Gossellin allows. He contends that if the Phœnicians and Carthaginians could sail to Britain, and even to Jutland, which was a much greater distance to

the north than Cerné was to the south, they must have sailed farther southward in Africa. To this it may be answered, that admitting Himilco, another Carthaginian voyager, to have gone later in the same age to a greater distance than Hanno went in a different direction, the cause may have been, that the seas and shores of the north had been much longer frequented by navigators than those of the south, and their navigation northward would therefore be easier.

On his return to Carthage, Hanno deposited an official Report of his voyage in the public archives. The senate caused an extract from that Report to be made out in the form of an inscription, which was placed in the temple of Saturn. A Greek copy of it has been preserved to us, and a full and amusing commentary upon it is to be found in the works of Gosselin.

Another navigator of antiquity was Scylax of Caryanda. Three persons of this name figure in ancient Geography, but my business at present is only with the oldest Scylax, who is mentioned by Herodotus, and who must have therefore preceded him. Herodotus says, "that by the orders of Darius Hystaspes, he brought a fleet round the capes of Arabia to the most northerly part of the Red Sea." Here we have another story from the father of history, which it would require all his own credulity to digest: "A fleet of Persians accomplishing a voyage which the Greeks under Alexander the Great tried and failed to accomplish." Arrian must have read this passage in Herodotus, and must have smiled at it; but he thought so little of its importance that he has not deigned to notice it. He gives such distinct proofs, however, of the difficulty of doubling the Arabian Capes, to navigators in those days, that we must conclude Herodotus to have mistaken some rumour of Scylax's land journey from India for this imaginary periplus.

However immature Astronomy may have been, in (and even after) the days of Herodotus, it is nevertheless evident from his own account, that more correct ideas about the shape of the earth than he himself entertained had begun to circulate. Without believing for a moment that the Pythagoreans had scientific means to discover that system of the plurality of worlds and of the earth's motion round the sun, at which they merely guessed, it is difficult to imagine men thinking at all, from age to age, upon the subject, and failing to have an idea of the earth's rotundity. The roundness of the moon was a hint to them that the earth might have the same shape, and, whatever the vulgar might think, philosophers in the very infancy of astronomy were aware that the sun and moon were large bodies. If these floated in space, it was evident that the earth could float also. That this truth was surmised in Herodotus's time we collect from the old historian himself, whom some of the illuminati appear to have tormented with doubts about the earth's flatness. Herodotus is, in fact, not a fair representative of the physical philosophy of his age. He was not imbued with any portion even of its scanty science. Far be it from me, though I speak thus freely of the venerable man, to undervalue all the due respect and gratitude that we owe to his memory. His principal object was history and not geography; yet so much did he extend geographical information, that the proportion of space on the globe, known to Ptolemy centuries later, scarcely exceeded that which the map of Herodotus comprehended. The reason was that he knew

more of Africa than Ptolemy, and vastly more than Strabo; so that the ground gained in Geography for many ages after Herodotus scarcely equalled the ground that was lost.

As a writer he is pre-eminent for clearness and suavity—for benignant moral feeling, and for wielding with graceful ease vast historical materials. Veracious as to all that he saw, he is credulous as to what he heard, only from an honest excess of faith in human testimony. The pleasure which we receive from Herodotus, unless I am deceived by accidental associations, amounts to poetical enjoyment. How can this be, it may be asked, when there is neither figure nor color of fancy in his limpid diction, nor impassioned eloquence in his placid morality. No; but his topographic description has a romantic expanse of scenery, opening vistas to the imagination, from the steppes of Scythia to the gates of Babylon and the pyramids of Egypt. The mind is carried over his historic horizon of almost all the world unfatigued and unperplexed; and, when he crowns his narrative by bringing all the nations he has described into contact with invaded Greece, he gives history an interest resembling epic grandeur. The genius of prose literature appears in his writings as if she had gone abroad indeed over the world in quest of truth, but yet as if she had so freshly parted from the bowers of poetry that their odours still remained upon her robes.

Yet in some instance this great writer is a sort of prototype of parson Adams for simplicity: his *naïveté* is absolutely amusing. Of those who hinted at the roundness of the earth, he speaks with even less than his usual good nature—calling them *presumptuous persons*.

It is highly probable that he was annoyed by men of more physical research than himself with arguments against his opinion of the earth being flat. Let us hope, for the credit of his age, that there were persons "presumptuous" enough to smile at his doctrine respecting the diversity of climates. According to him the cause of all such diversity lies not in the northern or southern latitude of a country, but a country has its peculiar climate raw or genial, like its richness or poverty of soil, according to the winds by which it is most frequently visited. This idea, however, was not peculiar to Herodotus, for the Greeks before him had placed an island of the blest with its eternal spring to the north of Scythia, as if they thought by getting north of Boreas they eluded his icy breath.

For this mistake the Greeks have some apology in the circumstance, that the winds in their region of the world have extraordinary powers to make places alike in latitude exceedingly different in climate. But still Herodotus exceeds all the allowance that can be made for the prejudices of his age, when he says that in winter, when the cold winds rule in the north, they force the sun to turn away from them to the warmer winds of the south. His accounting for the coldness of the nights in India by the far western distance of the sun, is another proof of his crude notions of meteorology.

But having now detained you longer, I fear, than I have been able to sustain your interest in the subject, I must conclude my remarks; and I must defer to another opportunity availing myself of the eventual permission, which you may give me, to offer a few farther speculations on the same subject.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY:—

THE NEW MAGAZINE.

“Puis donc qu’il suffisoit, en ce temps là, d’avoir la figure humaine, pour se mêler d’écrire,” ...

NOTE ON RABELAIS.

THE literature of the nineteenth century is overladen with books and with authors to a singular excess. The difficulty is to go into any mixed company of ten or twelve persons, and not encounter at least one of the craft. On this account we boast of the age in which we live, and twaddle about “the march of intellect:” yet the motto which is placed at the head of the page, as a finger-post to guide the reader on his journey through the volume, indicates that even in the old times folks knew a thing or two; and that the itch of writing is not a new disease in the intellectual nosology. The old curate of Meudon himself entertained the same flattering notion of the advances of his own age; and though he had not the ready-made technical at hand to express the quick-step of mind, he seems to have thought the rising generation of his latter days in possession of the thing. “*Je voy,*” he says, “*les briguants, les bourreaux, les palefreniers de maintenant, plus doctes que les docteurs et prescheurs de mon temps.*” But, after all, may there not have been more of the jealousy of the craft in such complaints, than of real foundation? A limited market is more likely to be overstocked than a large one; and we know that the classic writers who have escaped the ravages of time, bear a very small proportion to those who have utterly perished. It is not then very unlikely that even before the age of newspaper puffs, the first authors were incommoded by the press of their cotemporaries; and that they regarded with dislike every new candidate for fame or bread, as an interloper at Nature’s feast, for whom no cover had been provided. In all ages man has loved monopoly; and it is far from improbable that the outcry of a surplus of intellectual labor has been raised, rather to favor the pretensions of a few, than from any great regard for the interests of the many. A learned judge, not long deceased, a considerable admirer of port and sherry, used to rebuke the petulance of the junior bar in complaining of bad wine on circuit. “All wine,” he was wont to say, “is good: some wine may be better than others, but it is all good.” The same may, with more truth, be asserted of books; for however inferior a literary production may be, there is none, it has been said, so bad, as to be without something that repays the trouble of perusal. The characteristic of the literature of our times may be the quantity, rather than the quality of its samples; but this only shows that the readers of the day are more numerous than select; and for the rest, the evil, if evil it be, is altogether an affair of the booksellers.

To define the qualifications of authorship, and to determine what does, or does not, entitle a man to appear in print, is no easy matter. From Milton to the manufacturer of Warren’s poetical puffs the distance is immense; and the terms must be large that will embrace them both. But why the learned commentator on Rabelais should have adopted the possession of the human face divine, as a necessary ingredient in the complex we call an author, I know not; unless it

be that every scribbler endeavours to put the best face he can on the matter, while the great end of reviews and newspaper critiques is evidently to throw the poor man out of countenance. Certain it is that there are books, and those too having their share of popularity, which have so much of mere animality about them, that, for any thing that appears on their surface, they might as well have been written by a dog or a baboon, as by one of the lords of the creation; and the judicious reader at every page is tempted to exclaim, "What beast has done this?" There are indeed particular classes of works, which are invested with strong marks of the peculiar propensities of some distinct species of animal, and powerfully suggest the idea that they could only have been written by one who participated largely in its nature; in so much that it might be no bad scheme of classification to arrange libraries and catalogues according to the methods of Linnaeus or Cuvier; and to assign each book to the animal by whom it might have naturally been composed. Works of sterling merit might be distributed among the noble and generous species; encyclopedias might be given to the elephant; reviews to the hyena; party pamphlets to the jackal; occasional verses to the butterfly; and grossly personal and indecent libels to the hippopotamus, which, according to Plutarch, was, among the Egyptians, the adopted symbol of all impurity.

But enough of this conceit.—There is no fault so frequently objected against the literature of the present day as its lightness; or, to use a severer term, its flimsiness. There may be more or less of justice in the assignment of such a quality to the works of our contemporaries; but the propriety of considering it as a fault is altogether questionable. It is with modern literature, as with modern architecture; and books and houses are alike constructed with a view to the short term of their leases. The ancient folios, like the old Gothic edifices, are built for long duration; and both have in many instances outlived their original purpose, and are suffered to fall into neglect and ruin. But the lath-and-plaster volumes of our times are scarcely proof against the elements, and have little more than an ephemeral existence. This however is any thing but an evil; for so prolific has the press become, that if the tithe of a tithe of its productions outlived a year, no libraries would be vast enough to contain them; nor the days of Nestor, or Methuselah, be sufficiently long for acquiring the very elements of learning. New books, moreover, like new buildings, receive the progressive improvements of the age; and the one contributes to the health and cleanliness of the mind, as the other does to that of the body: neither have lumber-holes for dust, rubbish, and cobwebs; and prejudices, like the rats and mice, get a notice to quit on each new re-edification. The older structures, both literary and architectural, might have possessed more grandeur, magnificence, and elaboration of detail; but the modern are lighter, more commodious, and are better adapted to the wants and habits of the consumer.

One signal advantage which literature has gained by the modern state of things, is to be found in the downfall of authority. The hot-bed growth and rapid succession of authors allow no time for any one of them to be erected into an infallible standard, to which his successors in all future generations shall be obliged to conform. Had

Aristotle written for Messrs. Longman, or Murray, there would have been no danger of his ruling philosophy despotically for fourteen hundred years; and it may be more than doubted whether Homer himself, so circumstanced, would have set a fashion in Epics, and compelled all future spinners of cantos to dedicate their second book, in imitation of his catalogue of ships, to an enumeration of the *matériel* of their subsequent campaign. We, of the present day, "come like shadows, so depart;" and this bull-in-a-china-shop sort of influence is not within our reach. There will be no more conning of Cicero, nor giving of days and nights to Addison, to form a style. Each age, hereafter, will choose its own manner of writing, as it will the fashion of its clothes, or the cut of its political constitutions. As the monotony of Grecian architecture has yielded to the pleasing, though capricious, fancies of the emancipated Mr. Nash, so the quaker-like simplicity of Homer has given place to the arabesque originality of certain living liberators of the English Parnassus. The competition, which has arisen between the authors of modern times, has had the further advantage of quickening all their movements. Compare the cumbrous periods and floundering verbiage of the very best writers of King James's day, with the snip-snap epigram style of newspaper penny-a-line men. It is the difference between a broad-wheel waggon and a railway steam-carriage. The great business of a modern author is to seize his opportunity. He knows that the world will neither await his leisure, nor suffer him to "bestow all his tediousness" upon his readers. The age of things is arrived, and we have no longer time to throw away upon words. Formerly, when books were scarce, and a well-locked glass case contained the whole floating capital of a nation's literary amusement, a voluminous proser was a public benefactor; for he helped to pass away the long winter's nights, that too frequently hung heavily on hand. Burton's folio on Melancholy was an inexhaustible mine of cheerfulness; and a ponderous romance that took a year in perusal prevented more suicide than the stomach-pump.¹ But now, a man who is beforehand in his literature must be a hard reader; and a literary proser is as sedulously avoided, as a button-holding monopolist in conversation. He who does not condense his subject within the smallest possible space, has no more chance of the public ear, than a country *put*, amidst the epidemic coughing of the House of Commons.

That this rapidity is generally unfavorable to the interests of literature, is an old woman's prejudice. Brevity is not only the soul of wit, but of perspicuity. That which cannot be well expressed in a few words, rarely becomes more intelligible by being wrapt up in many. It is in vain that objection may be taken to the want of clearness in brevity, or to the example of Tacitus, whose obscurity is at least as conspicuous as his terseness. Exceptions only prove the rule; and it may be questioned whether the enigmatical puzzles of Tacitus do not reside more in the quaintness of his conceits, and a purposed implica-

¹ "Tant que nous aurons des livres," says Mad. de Sevigné, "nous ne nous pendrons pas."

tion of ideas, rendered necessary by the times in which he wrote, than in the mere shortness of his affected sentences. How many verbose definitions are less expressive, than the simple term to be defined? What speaking can be plainer, and at the same time more brief, than the energetic style of the orators of Billingsgate? Lawyers have attempted to make things clear by tautologies and circumlocutions; and instead of arriving at the unequivocal communication of a vender of haddocks and flounders, they have deluged the world with fraud, sophistry, and injustice.

We read books now like music, at sight; and a cramped passage that requires study to comprehend, is a *sentence* of condemnation against its author. Whatever may be thought of this result, its attainment is not to be insured without labor; and it is some proof of the merit of those authors, in whom it is the most conspicuous. *Questo facile*, says an Italian, *quanto è difficile*. With eight hundred folio pages to turn in, a man must be a blunderer indeed, who cannot tell his story; and it may be questioned whether there is any meaning at all in that head, which does not contrive to convey its ideas to the reader, before he arrives at so remote a “*finis* :” but to condense an entire science within two pamphlets of Useful Knowledge, or to bring the history of an empire into as many volumes of a Family Library, requires that the subject should be well digested by the author before he puts pen to paper. If it be true that modern book-makers take less pains than their predecessors, it must follow that they come better prepared for their task; and let critics say what they will of an indolent recourse to dictionaries, abridgments, and indexes, a man is not less meritorious for availing himself of these improvements of his age, than he is less a traveller for having circumnavigated the world in a steam-boat.

That this rapidity is purchased by a deterioration of quality, is nothing to the argument. It is true, there are more flimsy, paltry, common-place productions than formerly, because there are more printed books of all sorts; but then the very worst of them are richer in ideas than the same class of older date, simply because the common stock of knowledge among the people is greater; and the very country ladies and boarding-school misses require their reading to be of a higher level than that which contented their ancestors. The prevalence of a contrary opinion is very much to be attributed to the fact, that the sciolists of the old times were a graver cast of personages, and wrapped up their fooleries more neatly in form and syllogism. There may be as much downright nonsense (be it said without irreverence) in a sermon or a polemical quarto, as in a Minerva-press romance, or an apology for the life of a celebrated impure: but it wears such a solemn face of wisdom, that few have the grace to find it out. There is as much sheer gossip, bulk for bulk, in the Deipnosophists and Athenæus, as in the “*Memoirs of a Lady of Quality* :” but then it is gossip in Greek type, and amuses the idleness of heads of colleges; and where is the shameless critic, who dares make it the unhallowed subject of his caustic pleasantry? A certain degree of deterioration, however, does accompany those changes in all manufactures which render them cheaper, and therefore commoner. The calicoes and muslins, the knives and razors, which Glasgow and Birmingham distribute

through all the shops from Whitechapel to Peru and Calcutta, are not as generally good as those which formerly had exclusive possession of the market; but the best are still to be had by those who have the taste to select, and the means of paying a proportionate price. The only peculiarity in the case of books is, that the worst are not usually the cheapest. The articles are made up to suit the customers; and it is by no means unnatural, that they, whose purses are full and their heads empty, should think more of the form than the substance; and should be more lavish in their desires concerning the margin, than in what regards the text.

If the natural term of life of modern books is shorter than formerly, it is a necessary corollary that the span of periodicals should be yet more brief. Even an almanack lasts out its year, but the most Parr-like longevity of a magazine is closely confined to "one calendar month;" and every thing about it should be calculated on this datum. There is also another sense in which the duration of a periodical is especially circumscribed. There is no longer a possibility of protracting a work of this description, like the *Gentleman's Magazine* of other days, through an hundred volumes. It is to little purpose that an editor in search of preternatural longevity, changes his hands, and tries to refresh the worn-out constitution of his journal by a transfusion of new blood into its veins. In such a work, "Nature's copy's not eterne." The round of popular topics is not infinite; and when a magazine has said its say upon all debateable subjects, its time is come: its superannuated vivacity is but the frisking of an elderly courtier, and it must leave the ground to new competitors, whose capers are not only more becoming but more vendible. A change of plan, or the commencement of a new series, is like the false hair and teeth of an antiquated beau, or like the painting and white-washing of a delapidated mansion,—a deceitful exterior which covers, but does not prevent inevitable ruin. The best of beer is not for ever saleable under the same sign; and as the King of Prussia is changed for William the Fourth, and Nelson yields the honors of the sign-post to the Duke of Wellington, so must the favorite titles of periodicals find their assigned term, and give place to newer and more fashionable rubrics. Identity thus residing in a name, it may yet seem strange that this name should be so important; but the fact is so. There is a freshness and spring in the youth of a journal, which all the bountiful harvest of its autumn cannot supply. The fruit is indeed ripe, but the sap no longer rises in the plant, and a leafless winter is at hand. It is with great pleasure therefore that we contributors find ourselves with a new house over our heads, with its thousand untenanted corners to explore, and ample scope in their decoration, for the display of whatever taste, nature and cultivation may have bestowed on us. A new magazine is to a writer like a new lease of life,—it is a mill for grinding the old young; and if, perchance, we do not profit by the operation, we have still a chance of our readers yielding to the illusion, and giving us credit for the same novelty which is found in the title-page. The present conjuncture too is favorable to a new undertaking, because every thing in life and literature is undergoing a revolution. New ideas are abroad, and new wants are springing up, which the dog-trot of experience is insufficient to supply. To please the times, we must

go with the times; and something more is expected by the rising generation, than the vague generalities and atrocious slander that, ten years ago, passed for sense and spirit, and made the fortune of a periodical. Twaddle is no longer the essential attribute of an essayist; and solemn plausibility will not confer the requisite lunction of immortality on a leading article. The world suffers too keenly, not to think intensely; and while kingdoms are revolving into their first elements, and governments crumbling to pieces on all sides, the most graceful trifling will no longer catch the attention even of waiting-maids, and the dandies of the second table. If Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, he was not dependent for his bread on the voluntary payment of his music by an audience of subscribers.

Here, then, we start in a new career, unbound by pledges, and unfettered by the memory of the past. We may sport the newest opinions, unoppressed by the charge of inconsistency; — we may assume the newest forms without subjecting ourselves to the imputation of caprice. Like a butterfly escaping from the state of a chrysalis, or like a phoenix rising from its ashes, (similes, by the way, perfectly new to — the pages of this journal,) we commence a fresh existence. Look out, good readers; and we solemnly promise you, in all honor and good faith, — a faith that will never be broken, — that you shall see, — “ what you shall see.” M.

MAY DAY.

ANOTHER year! and I am still among the sons of men,
And thou, my own dear sunny May, art greeting me again :
How fresh is every gale that comes upon thy morning wings !
How sweet the carol of the lark that in mid-ether sings !

The tomb of winter yields its dead to thy celestial power,
The glowing orb of day gives hues to herb, and tree, and flower ;
The breath of life breathes over earth, and e'en my heart is glad,
That many months of storms had made more weary worn and sad.

The glorious May ! she comes, she comes, with bright and starry brow,
Nature yields to her father God all adoration now :
Is there a heart so base, so fall'n, that feels no impulse high,
When happiness is greeting man, while joy stands laughing by ?

O come upon thy wings, bright May, with thy own flowery band,
There is no cheek so fresh as thine, no lip so rich and bland !
With primroses and cowslips strewn along thy odorous way,
Come in thy own pure sphere of light while zephyrs round thee play.

My heart is thine, for thou again hast steep'd it deep in youth,
The hours long perish'd now return as if they came in truth ;
The wild-flowers' boy-remember'd smell, the balm of heaven's own air—
Thou bring'st back things to me again, long flown—Oh ! tell me where ?

Where I shall be when thou, fair month, wilt many a year return,
Earth's unborn millions to rejoice—in my unheeded urn !
O dear art thou to me, sweet May, in this my latter time,
And welcome thy soft hours again, thou child of Summer's prime !

FASHION IN MUSIC.

ENGLAND, more than any nation in the world, is governed by fashion. In other countries she may be powerful, but here she is omnipotent. She controls our opinions, our manners, our habits of social intercourse, our tastes; reconciling us to error in our judgments, discomfort in our lives, and barbarism in the fine arts. Music is a fashion at present, and therefore everybody is musical. The *ton*, as usual, is given by a few, and implicitly followed by the multitude. And the essence of fashion is absurdity: this quality displays itself abundantly in the manner in which music is cultivated by all ranks. The leaders of the *ton* have determined that English music is low, and that nothing is admissible into good company but what bears a name dropping from the tongue with Italian softness, or rattling in the throat with German gutturals. A familiar English name must not be mentioned to ears polite. Much is said about the general cultivation of music in England; but it may be more than doubted whether this sort of cultivation has tended to its advancement.

Far be it from us to say that the blessings of music — one of the most delightful gifts of our merciful Creator — are to be the exclusive portion of a few. It has been given us to sweeten our toils, to soothe our griefs, to excite our best and purest feelings, and to heighten the enjoyment of our happiest hours. Its influence is almost as extensive as that of the blessed sun himself, cheering and animating all nature. The capacity, therefore, of being “moved with concord of sweet sounds” is denied to few indeed of the whole human race. But we abuse this, like every other good gift of providence, by sacrificing the genuine delights which we could derive from music suited to our different degrees of taste and education, to a vain and heartless affectation and parade of technical learning and skill. Nor is this abuse confined to the uneducated; the example is set by the great masters of the art, and followed by the whole world of music. The productions of our native composers are entirely neglected, our national music is utterly despised, and we constantly suffer the vexation of hearing ladies (for example) who could sing with sweetness and feeling such things as are within the compass of their powers, insist on exhibiting a feeble mimicry of Sontag or Malibran. Nay, the folly descends to the tradesman’s “fine daughter,” who awakens the echoes of Thames Street or Mincing Lane with “Una voce poco fà,” or “Di tanti palpiti,” and astounds her auditors with strange noises on her piano, which she calls a Fantasia of Herz or Pixis.

This view of the present state of music is forced upon us, look which way we will. Among the composers of the present day (more particularly if we add those whom the world has recently lost) are to be found very great names; and many of their works will long survive them. Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Spohr, and Hummel, form only a part of this illustrious band. But even these great men have fallen into the error of mistaking the means for the end, of indulging in difficulties for the sake of outdoing each other. They have ransacked their brains for strange modulations; and have put their fingers and instruments to the torture to achieve surprising feats of dexterity; while their auditors, bewildered by their intricacies, or wondering at their sleight-of-hand, have fancied themselves delighted with their music. It is true that this charge applies but partially to the great masters whom we have named; but it does apply to every one of them in a very serious degree; and the worst of it is, that their example has produced a set of artists of a lower grade, and yet possessed of talent enough to obtain popularity, in whose music display of difficulty is the principal feature. Beethoven himself, in his grand and expressive compositions for the piano-forte, introduced passages similar to those of which the music of Czerny, Herz, Pixis, &c. is almost entirely made up. And, while the

powers of this noble instrument are daily extended by our manufacturers, those powers are every day more and more abused by our performers. What is the use of the mechanism by which our Clementis and Broadwoods have given it the mellowness of the voice, and almost the *sostenuto* of the violin, if it is to be used to exercise the two hands in galloping and clattering from one end of its keys to the other?—an employment at which some fashionable performer may be seen, at our concerts and in our drawing-rooms, working with unwearied perseverance for half-an-hour at a time. In the case of some performers, whose faculties have been devoted to the acquirement of this valuable accomplishment alone, such things occasion a smile; but when we see men of real genius and talent so employed, we are very differently affected. We have among us, however, at least one great performer, who has not been infected with the general contagion, and who, though equal to any of his cotemporaries in learning, richness of imagination, and power of hand, has never for a moment lost sight of the true end of his art;—we speak of John Cramer. Under his magic touch the instrument becomes an Italian voice, breathing the very soul of feeling, and supported by strains of harmony of inimitable richness and continuity, swelling like the loud peal of the organ, and dying away like the sinking tones of the Eolian harp. Of Cramer, too, it is to be said, to his immortal honor, that he *alone*, of all existing performers on the piano-forte, pays a true homage to the memory of Mozart, whose divine concertos, but for him, would have been forgotten for ever. While A will play only the music of A, and B that of B, Cramer on the greatest occasions, when he calls into action all his powers, lays aside the music of Cramer, and takes that of Mozart,—a noble trait of high-mindedness and classical spirit! Amid the prevailing vitiation of taste, it is pleasing to see, that our countrymen are still able to value as they ought the qualities of this charming musician, whose impassioned simplicity never fails to give more universal delight than the most brilliant exhibitions of his rivals.

But this is a digression from which we must return. It is not in the case of piano-forte music alone that the general taste of composers and performers is corrupted. The same thing is the case with the violin. Look at the concertos of Viotti, those models of expression, grace, and purity; compare them with the fantasias of Mayseder, and consider which of them are preferable as works of art. In general it may be said, that instrumental music is no longer composed with any due regard to regularity of design and symmetry of structure. The established forms of the concerto and the sonata are thrown aside; and all instrumental compositions, for public or private performance, consist of *fantasias*, *capriccios*, *pot-pourris*—any thing, in short, that releases the author from the fetters of art, and enables him to string together as many flourishing vagaries as he may think proper. Even the SYMPHONY, the noblest of all forms of instrumental music, is in danger of passing away. The Philharmonic Society, the very object of which is the support of the highest kinds of music, hardly ever performs a new symphony,—a proof of the decay of this species of composition in the foreign schools; and this great institution would not perform an English symphony, however excellent, because English music is not *the fashion*. Of this spirit they have exhibited more than one instance: even that lesser kind of symphony, the opera-overture, has suffered a decay. An overture by Mozart, Cherubini, or Beethoven, was a highly-finished symphony in all respects but length and number of movements. An overture by Rossini, Auber, and the other popular writers of the day, is a tissue of showy passages and pretty airs, mixed with great bursts and masses of sound, but connected in no way save that of being in the same measure, and in the same or relative keys;—unless they have the further connexion of being picked out of the piece that follows. Weber, in the Freyschütz,

set an example of this method of constructing an overture; and the plan has been highly praised, as giving the audience an idea of the subject of the piece. But, though Weber succeeded in producing a very masterly overture, yet we never could discover that any of its merit arose from its different *motivos* being afterwards heard in the opera. How is the audience, before having seen the piece, to foreknow, while hearing the overture, the passages which they are to hear again? Or, when the audience already know the piece, what are they to learn by hearing, before it begins, snatches of airs, &c. picked out of it? We confess we cannot see the *philosophy* of this plan. That Weber has linked together with wonderful ingenuity, the fragments out of which he has constructed this overture, is certain; but it is equally certain, that if he imposed on himself this task for the reason which has been assigned, it was a needless one. If he did so for the sake of saving himself the trouble of imagining new subjects, that is another affair; and this supposition, indeed, is far from unlikely. Mozart, who certainly had no such system in composing his overtures, makes a part of the ghost-scene in *Don Giovanni* serve as the introduction to the overture of that piece. But this is the overture which he is said to have delayed writing till the night before the opera was performed. Even then, however, his principal movement, a highly-finished and elaborate one, was written without having recourse to the opera for a single bar; and, after this Herculean labor, it was no wonder that he was glad to avail himself of something he had already written, possessing the character he required. Be this as it may, we are very far from being singular in considering the overture to the Freyschutz inferior, not only in symmetry and unity of design, but in grandeur and effect, to the "*Il Flauto Magico*," the "*Egmont*," and other *chef-d'œuvres* of Mozart and Beethoven; while, on the other hand, it is immeasurably superior to any other similar production of the present day.

In regard to vocal music it may be remarked, that it has been saved, by the limited powers of the voice, from so extensive a corruption as has fallen to the lot of instrumental music. Singers have always attempted to emulate the feats of instruments, and do not do so now more than they did a century ago. The Gabriellis and Cuzzonis of former times seem to have astonished the world by feats very similar to those of our Catalanis and Sontags. But even they have been compelled to acknowledge that the true empire of the voice lies in expression; and expression, therefore, has ever been the quality most cultivated by the greatest singers, and most valued by the public. Even vocal music, however, has descended since it reached the point to which it was raised by Cimarosa and Mozart. The Italian school has become more and more shallow, and the German more and more profound; while the cause of vocal music has been equally injured in either way. The love of display exhibits itself equally in both schools. The Mercadantes and Pacinis of Italy cover their trite airs and flimsy harmonies with a gaudy tissue of roulades and flourishes; while the Germans think all melody common-place, even in a ballad, unless it wander through a variety of keys and is full of sharps and flats; and they encumber their scores with an overwhelming load of accompaniments.

There is certainly no lack of genius at present in the musical world. But the masters of the art seem to be *afraid* of simplicity, and to consider it as something synonymous with imbecillity. They should be aware that, in all the fine arts, simplicity is a point to which an approach is gradually made in the progress towards perfection. "*Questo facile, quanto è difficile!*" exclaimed a great musician of a former age. When Mozart applied himself to compose, he was always sure of producing excellent music; but it must have been only in the happiest moments of inspiration that even a genius could give birth to "*Batti, batti*," or "*Vedrai, carino*," simple and in-

artificial as these lovely airs seem to be. Music, in the rudest periods of the art, was excessively complex and difficult. "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Booke" contains lessons full of passages that would put Moschelles or Hummel to their mettle; and in days when vocal music had neither melody nor meaning, the parts were combined with a degree of intricacy and contrivance which even now appears wonderful. As the art advanced, composers gradually learned to be simple; and, though they have for some time been retracing their steps, we earnestly hope they will learn to be simple again.

Such being the state of music among the masters of the art, its state must be similar among the *dilettanti* and the public. Whatever the professors are, the amateurs will endeavour, or affect to be. Every young lady of fashion must play or sing all that is played or sung by her fashionable master; and every young lady of fashion must be sedulously imitated by every young lady of no fashion. In this age, when it may be said more truly than at any former period, that "the toe of the peasant galls the kibe of the courtier," all ranks almost affect the manners and pursuits of the highest; and thus a wretched smattering of fashionable music (among other fashionable things) is universal. Such music can never be a source of real enjoyment, either to the smatterers themselves or any body else; it is merely one of the thousand and one forms of the prevailing affectation and vanity.

Were it from a genuine love of the art that music is so much cultivated by the public, that music only would be sought for which is truly calculated to give pleasure; there would no longer be a competition among professors for pre-eminence in the art of constructing puzzles, or of performing feats of musical legerdemain. He would then be most highly valued, who best knew how to employ the resources of learning and execution, not to raise childish wonder, but to heighten the beauty and expression of his music. Then too, there would no longer be an indiscriminate study of the same kind of music among all classes and degrees of society. Were music cultivated for its own sake, its higher and more difficult branches would form the pursuit of those who, from station in society and education, possessed the means of studying it successfully. Nor would this deprive those not so situated of their full measure of musical enjoyment; for there is much good music suited to the opportunities and capacities of persons in every class. Then, certainly, the general diffusion of music would not only advance the progress of the art, but would have a beneficial effect on the manners of the age, by adding to the amount of pure and innocent enjoyment.

Notwithstanding this universal cultivation of music, and the multitude of professors who swarm in every quarter, composition does not flourish in England. At the theatres, the new musical pieces are almost always the works of Italians, Germans, or Frenchmen; and in our concert-rooms and drawing-rooms there is the same exclusive choice of foreign music. Bishop is the last dramatic composer who has gained a considerable reputation in England. For a number of years he enjoyed a sort of monopoly in the supply of theatrical music—a monopoly, however, of a legitimate kind, derived from the merit of his productions. He took Mozart for his model, imitating that master in his means of producing dramatic effect, the open and natural style of his melody, and the richness of his accompaniments. In those days, the works of the foreign masters were familiar only to the frequenters of the Italian Opera. But the memorable season when "Don Giovanni" was brought out at that theatre, under the administration of Mr. Ayrton, was the beginning of a musical revolution. That gigantic production became popular in an unexampled degree, and thousands ran to see it, who had never before dreamed of entering an Italian theatre. It was immediately found expedient to adapt it to the English stage. This was done by Mr. Bishop himself; and from

that time commenced the decline of his favor as an original composer. A similar adaptation of "Figaro" was found to be equally attractive. Then came the brilliant Rossini with his "Barber of Seville," and Weber with his "Freyschütz;" and the public would no longer rest satisfied with what Bishop, or any other English composer, could do for them. Since then, the stage has depended for its support on *adaptations* of foreign operas; the works of Mozart, Rossini, Weber, Paer, Winter, Auber, and Boieldieu, having been successively laid under contribution for that purpose.

This expedient of supplying the stage with foreign music adapted to English words, is a clumsy one, and has many bad effects. There is an intimate relation between the language of a country, and the style of melody which belongs to it. The peculiarities, for instance, of the Italian melody, are derived from the syllabic feet, accents, and inflexions of the language; and a style of melody, essentially different from the Italian, arises out of these features of our own language. Compare a fine melody of Cimarosa with a fine melody of Purcell; observe the relation of the notes to the words, and the difference will be apparent. To transfer, therefore, the music of the one country to the language of the other, is to make a forced marriage which can never be happy. The Italian musical phrases lose their continuity and smoothness by the English consonants and short syllables; while the English words lose their force and expression by being drawn out, as much as possible, to suit the Italian musical prosody. All this is most injurious to the art, as it breaks that union between sense and sound which is essential to good vocal music. The adaptation of English words to German music is more practicable; but still liable to a similar objection: and there is another objection equally strong in both cases:—literary men of talent will not descend to the drudgery of cobbling up these adapted pieces; which, accordingly, (with an exception or two) are full of ignorance, awkwardness, and bad taste.

We are far from regretting, however, the production of some of these foreign master-pieces on the English stage. Even under the great disadvantage which we have just noticed, they are admirable models of dramatic composition, and would have been of great benefit to our native school had it not been for the baleful influence of fashion. When it became the fashion to admire these foreign works, it became (*more Anglico*) the fashion to despise our native productions; and, in place of our artists having been stimulated and encouraged to exert their best powers, they have been chilled, disheartened, and absolutely driven from the field. How much better they have ordered this matter in France! The French school of music, till lately, was wretched. The national taste was bad; and they had not a single native composer who was truly great. Till within the memory of the present generation, every advancement in French music was effected by foreigners. Even those whose music became most eminently national—Lulli and Grétry—were foreigners; the one an Italian, and the other a Liegeois with an Italian education. The French have had a succession of Italian and German composers constantly resident in Paris, and engaged in writing for their national opera. In this manner the talents of Gluck, Piccini, Cherubini, and lastly Rossini, have been employed; and the effect has been, that the French school is now as excellent as it was formerly execrable. The French have had too strong a spirit of nationality to allow fashion to prejudice them against their own countrymen; and even when these great foreigners were producing their finest works, the productions of the French artists, when they deserved it, were hailed with pleasure and pride. Méhul was not despised because Gluck was the great object of admiration; and, more recently, Auber and Boieldieu have not been crushed by the weight of Cherubini and Rossini. The consequence is, that France is now repaying her debt to Germany and Italy; and the operas of her composers are delighting the inhabitants of Naples and Vienna.

Is there less musical talent in England than in France? Our whole musical history proves the reverse. England can furnish her *contingent* of illustrious names, from the very infancy of the art; and, at this moment, London possesses many artists of high talent in every department of music, who are evidently deterred from exerting their faculties by the chilling indifference with which every thing English is received. It is unlucky, too, that the most recent attempts have been made by composers of an inferior class, who, by their clumsy mimicry of the German masters, have given too much reason for their failure; while our composers of the highest rank have retired from the field, seemingly in disappointment and disgust. But we trust they will not be totally discouraged; indications of a better spirit are of late observable. It is *beginning* to be the fashion to pay some attention to native talent; and a really good English opera would probably now meet with justice from the public.

SONNETS.

If these few tablets of devoted rhymes,
 Writ by a tremulous pen and fading eye,
 Come to your lily hand when wither'd Time's
 Has proved their writer did but live to die—
 Oh! treat them gently—scoff not at their style,
 Nay—even think the flint that I have worn
 Within my spirit and my heart, erewhile
 Was not the temper there most kindred born!—
 Sigh in your pity—"Had he met with me
 "In the young dawn of feeling and romance,
 "Perhaps my beauty and my purity
 "Had urged his virtues'—check'd his faults' advance!"
 Thus say—for reckless as I then may be,
 E'en in the tomb I hope to dream of *thee*!

'Tis true I'm sad—but pity not my grief,
 There is a pleasure in my kind of woe;
 I would not for a vulgar joy's relief
 Exchange or part my melancholy—no!—
 Light hearts, free minds may, like the sunny rays
 Of day-light, joy in gairish noon-tide hours;
 My spirit is a thing that loves the haze
 And the dim loneliness of twilight bow'rs!—
 There does it dwell—weeping and thinking o'er
 A thousand ecstacies that might have been
 Rear'd in its heart, as flow'rs on foreign shore,
 Had they been planted in its vernal green:—
 Pity not me—for thus in numb'ring all
 The joys I've lost—my tears for joy must fall!

W.

MEMOIRS OF THE MACAW OF A LADY OF QUALITY.

DICTATED BY HIMSELF, AND EDITED BY LADY MORGAN.

‘ONE of the most striking ridicules of that “biped without feathers”—man—is the self-sufficiency with which he appropriates to himself the highest qualities of creation. He alone, in his own estimation, has intellectual powers; he alone is a thinking, talking, laughing, crying animal, and reasons, abstracts, and is possessed of a soul for the sublime and beautiful! After thirty years’ intercourse with this conceited jackdaw of humanity, in both his extremes of civilisation, I have not been able to discover the slightest evidence of this boasted superiority, I will not say over the parrot, but over the lowest animal in the ranks of ornithology. The other day, at one of my lady’s blue parties, I heard a profound physiologist confess that the whole is a mere question of structure, and that the only difference between man and macaw lies in the bumps and depressions, and the *poco meno* and *poco piu* of the nervous system. “They have both,” he said, “passions, perceptions, appetites, impulses; and the vices and crimes of both are pretty much on a par.” This was all very well; but, notwithstanding such resemblances, we natives of the tropics are still the master-works of nature; and it would take some trouble to convince me that there is not more than a formal difference between a parrot and the most giddy, inconsistent, and (by fits and starts) the most lunatic animal in the whole organised creation.

‘The parrot tribe, of which we macaws are the natural aristocracy, have, it must be acknowledged, some qualities not of the most amiable kind, in which we approach towards human nature. Like man, social and gregarious, we are noisy, pert, and clamorous in society; and every individual of the community wishes to be heard above all his fellows. We love and hate from selfishness or caprice; and we are as jealous of the favors of our mistress, as an intriguing mamma is of the ball-room preferences of a titled dandy. Rapid in our perceptions, we are (like man) almost always false in our conclusions. We go on, mimicking in gesture, and reiterating in sound, all that we see and hear; and we repeat the nonsense that has passed for truth on the foolish world for ages, with such an oracular air, that we might be mistaken for Solons and Bossuets in half the private circles, and public assemblies, which occupy the attention of human society. I remember, one evening, being in an excellent humor in my lady’s conservatory, (behind the pink boudoir so well known in the world of fashion,) and talking away in the most fluent and emphatic manner to an auditory of birds and butterflies, real and artificial, when some person in the adjoining room exclaimed, “Is that Sir C. W. practising for the house?” “No, no,” said another; “it is the popular preacher rehearsing his next Sunday’s discourse on the beauties of church establishments.” The fact is, that I had picked up in my lady’s salon so much of the jargon of *bon ton* sentiment, moral, religious, and political, that the mistake was not unnatural; for my ordinary discourse is very much made up of the most select and admired passages, (which are repeated from mouth to mouth,) from the maiden speeches, splendid replies, and able statements of

both houses of legislature, intermingled with scraps of pulpit oratory, table talk, and "leading articles" of the day, which form the current circulation of all fashionable assemblies.—But our resemblance to man does not stop here. Mischievous from vengeance, or from idleness, we commit every species of devastation; yet, like the favorites of human society, we redeem all our vices by the amusement we afford, and the ennui we dissipate. Hating our own species for their success, and ambitious to climb or creep into favor with those who assume a mastery over us, we have all the pride and baseness of humanity in its highest social perfection. In one particular, however, our superiority to man is decided. We are no hypocrites, and we never stoop to lie. In our locomotive faculties also our pre-eminence is incontestable; and to what purpose should a greater facility of motion be conferred on us, if our perceptors were not keener, our desires more varied, and our volitions more sublime and intense, than those of the living clod of the valley, who presumes to dispute with us in intelligence and thought? But though we talk as well as the human species, we are held to talk only at random! All our best hits must needs be nothing better than lucky accidents! Who told *them* this? Who could give *them* the slightest information of our moral organisation? Was it Doctor Kennedy, or Mr. Brook, who dissected my old friend the far-famed parrot of Colonel O'Kelly? Those learned anatomists tell us, that they found the muscles of his larynx (like those of Signor Strillaforte, who was cut up about the same time by Sir A. Carlisle) to be enormously developed by practice. But where are their phrenological observations? It does not follow that there was a whit the less meaning in the *gorgheggiamenti* of the Signor, or in the chatter of poor Poll, than in any given oration of a minister of finance; or that if certain human heads that I know were cultivated to the artificial exuberance of a cauliflower, or a cabbage, they would attain to a tithe of the meaning of the Colonel's intelligent *protegé*. Look into either house of parliament, and turn into Cross's Menagerie; listen to the noise and chatter about nothing of men and birds, and then decide whether language was given exclusively to man to conceal his thoughts, or whether parrots are the only animals who especially employ the gift of speech to show up their incapacity. The other morning, as I was pattering about, pecking the housemaid's heels, and preventing the porter from reading his Morning Post in peace and quiet, that grave and reverend personage very unceremoniously drove me into the back hall, and shut the door upon me; so I hopped up stairs to my lady's dressing-room, and hammered with my bill till I gained admittance. Since my dear mistress has found her eyes less useful, and less dangerous than when they softened the iron visage of a certain great lexicographer, she generally employs her page to read to her, in the early part of the day; and when I had, on this occasion, taken my place on the back of the chair, and commenced one of my noisy accompaniments to the boy's prelections, she bid me be quiet; for "Poll," said she, "we are reading about you." The page continued to read aloud from the works of a naturalist, who has described us tropicals in a style as brilliant as our own plumage. His notions, however, of our moral qualities and native customs are perfectly absurd.

He denied us all talent, and attributed our pertinent answers, as usual, to chance. I could not help uttering one of my sharp loud laughs; which was at once placed to the account of coincidence, though it was as sincere and sardonic, as ever a follower of M'Culloch bestowed upon the economical declamations of Mr. Sadler. "So Poll," said her ladyship, "that laugh is as much as to say, you don't believe a word of it."—"Dont believe a word of it," I repeated; and the tittering page was sent to the housekeeper's room for a plate of *maringues* to reward the apropos. At that moment the door opened, and the groom of the chambers announced Lady —, one who enjoyed the privilege of an early admittance to my lady's dressing-room.

'This lady and myself had made our debut in high life together many years back at the same assembly, and nearly with the same success; which placed us at first in the ranks of rivalry. But time, which softens all antipathies, and the similitude of our fates (for we had both somewhat survived our fashion) had finally reconciled us; and we were now on terms of great familiarity and friendship. In my classifications of human varieties, I had long assigned her a place with the *Parus Cæruleus*, or blue titmouse. She resembled, in many points, that diminutive but lively bird. The titmouse is remarkable for a superabundance of vitality, and a reckless courage disproportionate to its size and powers, which impels it to assault birds of far superior bulk and strength. It has also the faculty of picking holes in dense sculls, and of sucking out the brains, where there are any. It wages a sportive, but mischievous, war with owls and buzzards; and has a decided antipathy to caterpillars, which it hunts out of buds, blossoms, and the ears of corn; gaining only for its useful services the persecution of that human vulture—man, who can not distinguish between the destruction of the reptile, and a real injury to the fruit. I am always glad to see my little Lady Titmouse drop in, in B— street, for her vivacity excites me; and we chat and flutter about so like each other, that it is quite wonderful.

"*Bon jour grande princesse*," she said on entering: "I am glad to see your ladyship in such spirits," for my mistress was still laughing at my last impromptu; which she forthwith repeated to explain her hilarity. "So then, Poll, you are in favor once more," was the reply. "Oh! she is most amusing," continued my mistress, "and says and does things so like humanity, it is quite shocking." "What a libel on the poor bird!" said Lady Titmouse.

"You would have thought by her attention to Buffon, and the meaning of her laugh, that the animal understood every thing it heard."

"To be sure it did," said Lady Titmouse, hastily; "why should it not? It has ears, eyes, memory, association, every thing that goes to make up mind—" "Hush," said the Countess, putting her hand on the speaker's mouth; "dont be profane, child, it is quite *mauvais ton*." "My Lady—hear me out. I am sure if the macaw were to write her own story, she would—" "Do you write it for her, then," interrupted the Peeress. "With all my heart," replied Titmouse; "and if the bird will relate all it has seen and heard for the last twenty years, the memoir would be worth all the auto-

biographies that have been puffed into public notice by the egotism of authors, or the speculation of intriguing booksellers."

'At this observation my every feather stood an end; I shuddered and screamed. I had heard many foolish and many conceited persons say on my lady's blue and grey parties, (for she had parties of every colour,) that they hoped Lady Titmouse would not "put them in her book;" and though I did not exactly know what this meant, yet as it seemed (on their own evidence) to be a punishment reserved for the silly and the vain, I expressed my aversion to the process so clearly, that the little blue cap exclaimed, "But you see the macaw declares off; yet we understand each other so well, and we have lived so much in the same set, that I should like to write her life under her own dictation." My lady seemed much amused by the fancy; and they both said so many odd and amusing things on the subject, and ran over so many names and anecdotes with which I was acquainted, that the idea of writing my own life grew upon me amazingly. Authorship is the most fashionable *passe par tout* to notoriety; and, to say the truth, I had long been jealous of certain Honorable and Right Honorable Personages, whose conversational powers were far below my own; but who, by putting the shreds and patches which their parrotty memory supplies into black and white, had rather cut me out with the dispensers of ton. So watching my opportunity to ensure co-operation and secrecy from my co-biographer, I opened my proposition. We were soon agreed; and perched together one summer's morning, when the weather was wet and the town empty, we proceeded to business. I narrated in my own way; and she translated and prepared for press in her's. For the style, therefore, I beg not to be answerable; but for the events and their circumstances I stand or fall by their truth; and, by the honor of a macaw, I have neither suppressed nor altered a tittle of it.

"I am a native of one of the most splendid regions of the earth, where nature dispenses all her bounties with a liberal hand; and where man and bird are released from half the penalties to which, in other climes, their flesh is heir. I was born in one of those superb forests of fruit and flowers so peculiar to the Brazils, which stood at no great distance from an Indian village, and was not far removed from an European settlement. This forest was impervious to human footsteps. A nation of apes occupied the interior; and the dynasty of the *Psittacus Severus*, or Brazilian queen macaw, inhabited the upper regions. Several subject-states of green and yellow parrots constituted our colonial neighbours. My family held the highest rank in the privileged classes of our oligarchy; for our pride would not admit of a king, and our selfishness (so I must call it) would allow of no rights. We talked nevertheless in our legislative assemblies of our happy constitution, which by tacit agreement we understood to mean 'happy for ourselves;' but the green and yellow parrots too plainly showed a strong disposition to put another interpretation on the phraseology. My paternal nest was situated in the hollow of one of the most ancient and lofty trees in the forest. It had once been rich in fruit and flowers, gums and odours, and all in the same season; and though it was now scathed at the top, hollow in the trunk, and was threatened with total ruin from the first hurricane, we still pre-

ferred it, because it *was* the oldest. I owed all my early impressions, and much of my acquired superiority, to my great grandfather, who lived to an extreme old age, and attained a celebrity, of which we were ourselves at that time unaware. He was the identical bird which was brought from Marignan to Prince Maurice, Governor of the Brazils, and whose pertinent answers to many silly questions are recorded in the pages of the greatest of English philosophers. My great grandfather was soon disgusted with the folly and cruelty of what is called civilised life; and having seen an Indian roasted alive for a false religion's sake, he thought that some day they might take it into their heads to do as much by a macaw, for the same reason. So he availed himself of an early opportunity of retiring without leave from the service, and returned to his native forest, where his genius and learning at once raised him to the highest honors of the Psittacan aristocracy. Influenced by his example, I early felt the desire of visiting foreign countries. My mother too, (who though fond and indulgent, like all the mothers of our race, was as vain and foolish as any that I have since met with in human society,) worked powerfully on my ambition, by her constant endeavours to 'push me up the tree,' as she called it, in her way. I was already a first-rate orator, and a member of the great congress of macaws; while in our social re-unions I left all the young birds of fashion far behind me: and as I not only articulated some human sounds picked up from the Indians, but could speak a few words of Portuguese and Dutch, learned by rote from my great grandfather, I was considered a genius of high order. With the conceit, therefore, of all my noble family, I was prompted to go forth and visit other and better worlds, and to seek a sphere better adapted to the display of my presumed abilities, than that afforded by our domestic senate and homespun society. On one of those celestial nights, known only in the tropical regions, I set forth on my travels, directing my course to the Portuguese settlement, which the youthful vigor of my wing enabled me to reach by the break of morning. Having refreshed myself with a breakfast of fruit, after the exhaustion of my nocturnal flight, I ascended a spacious palm tree, which afforded an admirable view of the adjacent country, and a desirable shelter from the ardors of the rising sun. My first impulse was to take a bird's-eye view of the novel scene which lay before me, and I gazed around for some minutes with intense delight; but fatigue gradually obtained the mastery over curiosity, and, putting my head unconsciously beneath my wing, I fell into a profound sleep. How long this continued, I know not; but I was suddenly awakened by a strange uttering of unknown voices. I looked, and beheld two creatures whose appearance greatly surprised me. They had nothing of the noble form and aspect of our Indian neighbours. One of them considerably resembled the preacher-monkey in countenance and deportment: his head was denuded of hair, and his person was covered by a black substance, which left no limb visible except his ancles and feet, which were very much like those of an ape. The other had all the air of a gigantic parrot: he had a hooked bill, a sharp look, a yellow head; and all the rest of his strange figure was party-coloured, blue, green, red, and black. I classed him at once as a specimen of the *Psittacus Ochropterus*. The ape and the parrot

seemed to have taken shelter beneath the palm tree, like myself, for the purposes of shade and repose. They had beside them a basket filled with dead game, fruit, and honey; and the parrot had a long instrument near him on the ground, which I afterwards learned was a fowling-piece. They talked a strange jargon of different intonation, like that of the respective chatter of the green and the grey parrots. Both seemed to complain, and, by the expression of their ugly and roguish faces, to interrogate each other. As soon as they went away, I endeavoured to mutter to myself the sounds they had uttered, but could retain only two phrases. The one had been spoken by the ape and ran thus: "Shure it was for my sweet sowl's sake, jewel:" the other was, "Eh, Sirs, it was aw' for the love of the siller." I was extremely amused by my acquisition; and, being convinced that I was now qualified to present myself at the settlement, was about to descend from my altitude, when the two strangers returned. They had come back for the gun, which they had left behind them. As they picked it up, it went off, and I was startled into one of my loudest screams. The strangers looked at me with great delight; he whom I likened to the parrot, exclaiming "Weel, mon, what brought you here?" I answered in his own words, for want of better, "Eh, Sirs, it was aw' for the love of the siller." He dropped his piece and fled in consternation, calling lustily "Its auld clooty himsen, mon, its auld Horny I tell ye; come awa, come awa." His friend, who seemed more acquainted with our species, encouraged him to return; and offering me some fruit from his basket said, "Why, Poll, you cratur, what brought you so far from home?" I endeavoured to imitate his peculiar tone, and replied, "Why thin it was for my sweet sowl's sake, jewel." "Why then," said my interlocutor coolly, (for I never forgot his words,) "that bird bates cockfighting." They now both endeavoured to catch me. It was all I wanted, and I perched on the preaching-monkey's wrist, while he took up the basket in his left hand, and in this easy and commodious style of travelling, we proceeded. On approaching the settlement, a fierce dispute arose between the friends; of which, by each tearing me from the other, I was evidently the object; and I am quite sure that I should have been torn to pieces between them, but for the timely approach of a person who issued from a lofty and handsome edifice on the road side, attended by a train of preacher-monkeys, of which he was the chief. He was quite a superior looking being to either of my first acquaintance, who cowered and shrunk beneath his eagle look. They seemed humbly to lay their case before him; when, after looking contemptuously on both, he took me to himself, caressed me, and giving me to an attendant, said, "This bird belongs to neither, it is the property of mother church:" and the property of mother church I remained for some years. Of my two friends of the palm tree, one, the preacher-monkey, turned out to be a poor Irish lay brother of the convent of which my new master (an Irishman too) was the superior. My yellow parrot was a Scotch adventurer, who came out to give lectures on *poleetical economy* to the Brazilians; and who, finding that they had no taste for moral science, had become a servant of all-work to the brotherhood. My dwelling was a missionary house of the Propaganda, established for the purpose

of converting (i. e. burning) the poor Indians. The Superior, Father Flynn, had recently arrived from Lisbon with unlimited powers. He was clever, eloquent, witty, and humorous; but panting for a bishopric in his native country, he was principally employed in theological writings, which might bring him into notice and hasten his recall to Europe.

‘ Next to the servant’s hall of a great English family, the first place in the world for completing the education of a macaw of genius, is a convent. Its idleness and ennui render a monkey, or a parrot, a valuable resource; and between what I picked up, and what I was taught by the monks of the Propaganda, my acquirements soon became stupendous. Always following my kind master from the refectory to the church, assisting at mess or at mass, being near him in the seclusion of the oratory, and in the festivities, he frequently held with his more confidential friends; I had loaded my astonishing memory with scraps of theology and of fun. I could sing a French drinking song, taught me by the sub-prior Frère Jacques, and intonate a “Gloria in Excelsis” with a true nasal twang. I had actually learned the Creed in English;¹ and could call all the brothers by their name. I had even learned the Savoyard’s dance from my friend Frère Jacques, and sung “Gai Coco” at the same time, like Scaliger’s parrot, from whose history Frère Jacques took the idea of teaching me. I did this, it must be acknowledged, with great awkwardness, turning in my toes, and often tumbling backwards in a clumsy and ludicrous way. But this amused my religious friends more than all the rest; for, like the great, they loved a ridicule quite as well as a talent; and, provided they were amused, were not nice as to the means. My fame soon began to spread on all sides, and the anecdotes told of the macaw of the Propaganda soon reached the circles of the Governor of the Brazils, who wrote to request the pleasure of my company for a few weeks at the palace. This was a compliment which he had never paid to the learned superior of the order, and my master was evidently hurt. He declined therefore the invitation for me, on the plea that he would soon visit Rio Janeiro himself, when I should accompany him into the vice-regal presence.

‘ This visit shortly took place, not for the object supposed by the community, (who parted with me, even for a short time, with great regret,) but for another purpose. The British Ambassador, Lord —, who had recently arrived at Rio, was a countryman of Father Flynn’s. He enjoyed eminent literary celebrity, was a delightful poet, and well acquainted with the Portuguese language. The superior had no doubt that his own literary and theological merits were equally known to his excellency, whom he visited with a view to negotiating a passage in the British man of war; for he had been called on a secret mission to Ireland, and wished to depart without notifying his intention to the subalterns of the Propaganda. I was not included in the muster-roll of this expedition; but, anxious to lose no opportunity of seeing the world, and desirous of beholding the Governor, who had shown his taste and politeness by inviting me to

¹ “Rhodoginus mentions a parrot which could recite correctly the whole of the Apostle’s Creed.”—*Animal Biography*, by the Rev. W. Bingley.

his court, I contrived to nestle myself in the carriage without the superior's knowledge, and followed his steps to the very anti-room of the embassy. It was too late to send me back; for I was instantly seized by a company of pretty young animals, the very reverse in appearance of the preacher-monkies of the Propaganda; they all seemed to find in me a kindred soul: my master was ushered into the cabinet, and I was left with my new acquaintance, who were called "*attachés*," but whom I at once classed with the *secretary-birds*,¹ while here and there, I thought, was mingled among them a specimen of the booby, or *Pelicanus Sula*. Two of these mischievous creatures seemed to delight in tormenting me from mere idleness and ennui, which I bore for some time with great patience, as I saw the boobies pay them much respect. One was called Lord Charles, and the other the Hon. Mr. Henry. I learned these names with facility, and contrived to repeat them, as they had been taught me, by the frequent iteration of one of the boobies. Meantime Father Flynn, with a jesuit's adroitness, was endeavouring to gain his object, as I afterwards learned; but on alluding to his works and celebrity, he discovered that the ambassador had never so much as heard of him, though he had heard wonders of his parrot, which he requested might be sent for. I was immediately ushered into the cabinet as the superior went out, and I never saw my dear master more. Perhaps he could "bear no rival near the throne;" perhaps, in his pre-occupation, he forgot to reclaim me. Be that as it may, he sailed that night, in a Portuguese merchantman, for Lisbon; and I became the property of the representative of his British Majesty. After the first few days of favoritism, I sensibly lost ground with his excellency; for he was too deeply occupied, and had too many resources of his own, to find his amusement in my society. During the few days I sat at his table, I entertained his diplomatic guests with cracking nuts, extracting the kernels, peeling oranges, talking broad Scotch and Parisian French, chaunting the "*Gloria*," dancing "*Gai Coco*," and, in fact, exhibiting all my accomplishments. I was, however, soon sent to the secretary's office to be taught a new jargon, and to be subjected to new tricks from the underlings of the embassy.

' Here I picked up but little, for there was but little to pick up. I learned, however, to call for "*Red tape and sealing-wax*,"—to cry "*What a bore!*" "*Did you ever see such a quiz*,"—to call "*Lord Charles*," "*Mr. Henry*," and pronounce "*good for nothing*," a remark applied by the young men to the pens, which they flung away by hundreds, and which the servants picked up and sold, with other perquisites of office incidental to their calling. Whenever I applied these acquisitions with effect, it was always attributed to chance; but I was so tormented and persecuted by Lord Charles and Mr. Henry, who being unpaid *attachés*, had nothing to do, and helped each other to do it, that I took every opportunity to annoy them. One day, when the anti-room was filled with young officers of the British frigate, one of the boobies, pointing to Lord Charles,

¹ "*The Dutch*," says Le Vaillant, "give this bird the name of Secretary, on account of the bunch of quills behind its head."—Bingley, *Animal Biography*.

called to me, "Poll, who is that?" I answered, "Red tape and sealing wax;" and raised a general shout at the expense of the little diplomatic pedant. An Irish midshipman present, a Mr. O'Gallagher, pointing to Mr. Henry, asked me, "Who is that, Poll?" "Good for nothing," I replied; and Mr. Henry flew at me in a rage, swore I had been taught to insult him, and that he would wring my neck off. This he would have done but for the protection of the chaplain, to whose breast I flew, and who carried me away to his own room. In a few days I was consigned to Mr. O'Gallagher the midshipman, as a present to the chaplain's patroness, a lady of high rank and celebrated sanctity in Ireland, near to whose Propaganda the family of O'Gallagher resided. I was the bearer of a letter of introduction, in which my pious education and saintly acquirements were set forth, my knowledge of the Creed exposed, and myself recommended as a means of aiding her ladyship's proselyting vocation, as animals of less intelligence had done before. I embarked therefore on board the British frigate—an honor which had been refused my old master, and was treated with great care and attention during the voyage. On arriving in a British port, my young protector got leave of absence, and took a passage in a vessel bound for Dublin. On the morning of our coming to anchor, my cage was put on shore on the quay, while O'Gallagher returned to look after his luggage. Thus left to myself, I soon attracted the attention of a wretched, squalid-looking animal, something between a scare-crow and a long-armed gibbon. His melancholy visage dilated into a broad grin the moment he saw me; and coming up and making me a bow, he said, "Ah! thin, Poll, agra, you're welcome to ould Ireland. Would you take a taste of potato, just to cure your say-sickness?" and he put a cold potato into my cage, which he had been gnawing with avidity himself. The potato was among the first articles of my food in my native paradise, and the recollection of it awakened associations which softened me towards the poor, hospitable creature who presented it. Still I hesitated, till he said, "Take it, Miss, and a thousand welcomes; take it, agra, from poor Pat." I took it with infinite delight; and holding it in my claws, and peeling it with my beak, began to mutter "Poor Pat! poor Pat!" "Oh musha, musha! oh, by the powers!" he cried, "but that's a great bird, any how—just like a Christian—look here, boys." A crowd now gathered round my cage, and several exclamations, which recalled my old friends of the Propaganda, caught my attention. "Oh! queen of glory!" cried one; "Holy Moses!" exclaimed another; "Blessed rosary!" said a third. I turned my head from side to side, listening; and excited by the excitement I caused, I recited several scraps of litanies in good Latin. There was first an universal silence, then an universal shout, and a general cry of "A miracle! a miracle!" "Go to Father Murphy," said one; "Off with ye, ye sowl, to the Counsellor," said a second; "Bring the baccah to him," cried an old woman; "Mrs. Carey, where is your blind son?" said a young one. Could faith have sufficed, I should indeed have worked miracles. In the midst of my triumphs, Mr. O'Gallagher returned, and carried me off, put me in a carriage, and drove away, followed by the shout-

ing multitude. That night we put up at an hotel in Sackville-street, and the next morning the street re-echoed with cries of "Here is a full account of the miraculous parrot just arrived in the city of Dublin, with a list of his wonderful cures, for the small charge of one halfpenny." Shortly after we set off by the Ballydangan heavy fly, for Sourcraut Hall. I was placed on the top of the coach, to the delight of the outside passengers; where I soon made an acquaintance with the customary oratory of guards and coachmen, which produced much laughter. I rapidly added to my vocabulary many curious phrases; among which the most distinct were, "Aisy now, aisy," "Get along out of that," "All's right," &c. &c. &c. with nearly a verse of "The night before Larry was stretched," tune and all, and the air of "Polly put the kettle on," which the guard was practising on his bugle, to relieve the tedium of the journey. Like all nervous animals, I am extremely susceptible to external impressions; and the fresh air, movement, and company, had all their usual exhilarating effects on my spirits. Our lady of Sourcraut Hall, Lady C—, received myself and my protector with a ceremonious and freezing politeness; asked a few questions concerning my treatment, gentleness, and docility; and, desiring my kind companion to put me on the back of a chair, she bowed him out of the room. When he was gone, the lady turned to a gloomy-looking man, who sat reading at a table, and who looked so like one of the Portuguese brothers of the Propaganda, that I took him for a *frate*—"What a poor benighted creature that young man seems to be!" she said. The grave gentleman, who I afterwards found was known in the neighbourhood by the title of her ladyship's "moral agent," replied, "What, Madam, would you have of an O'Gallagher—a family of the blackest Papists in the county?" My lady shook her head, and threw up her devout eyes.—Dinner was now announced, and the moral agent giving his hand to the lady, I was left to sleep away the fatigue of my journey.

I awoke very hungry, and consequently disposed to be very talkative, but was silenced by finding myself surrounded by a crowd of persons of both sexes who were eagerly gazing on me. A certain prostrate look of sly, shy humility, lengthened their pale faces, to the exclusion of all intellectual expression. They formed a sort of religious meeting, called a tea-and-tract party; but the open door discovered preparations for a more substantial conclusion to the *obligato* prayers and lecture of the evening. My new mistress was evidently descanting on my merits, and read that paragraph from the chaplain's letter which described my early associations, my knowledge of the Creed, and announced me as a source of edification to her servants. Two or three words of this harangue operating on my memory, I put forth my profession of faith with a clearness of articulation and fidelity really wonderful for a bird. What exclamations! what turning-up of eyes! I was stifled with caresses, intoxicated with praises, and crammed with sweetmeats. The moral agent grew pale with jealousy, when Doctor Direful was announced. He rushed into the room like a whirlwind, but stood aghast at beholding the devout crowd that encircled me. Instead of the usual apophthegms and serious discourse, he heard nothing but "Pretty

Poll," "Scratch a poll," "What a dear bird," &c.—The malicious moral agent chuckled, and explained that the bird had, for the moment, usurped the attention which should exclusively belong to his reverence, who had taken the pains to come so far to enlighten the dark inmates of Sourcraut Hall. Dr. Direful stood rolling his fierce eye (he had but one) on the abashed assembly; and, pushing me off my perch, drove me with his handkerchief into the dense crowd which filled the bottom of the room, and consisted of all the servants of the house, with some recently converted Papists from among the Sourcraut tenantry. All drew back in horror, to let one so anathematised pass without contact. I coiled myself up near a droll-looking little postillion, who, while turning up the whites of his eyes, was coaxing me to him with a fragment of plumb-cake, which he had stolen from the banquet-table. Dr. Direful returned to the centre of the room, and mounted a desk to commence his lecture. The auditory crowded and cowered timidly round him, while he, looking down on them with a wrathful and contemptuous glance, was about to pour forth the pious venom which hung upon his lips, when a sharp cry of "*Get along out of that,*" struck him dumb. Inquiry was useless; for all were ready to swear they had not uttered a word. Dr. Direful called them "blasphemous liars," and proceeded one and all to empty the vials of his wrath through the words of a text of awful denunciation, which I dare not here repeat; but his words were again arrested by the exclamation of "Aisy now, aisyy—what a devil of a hurry you are in!" uttered in quick succession. He jumped down from his altitude; and, in reply to his renewed inquiries, a serious coachman offered up to the vengeance of this Moloch of methodism the mischievous postillion, who had that morning detected the not always sober son of the whip in other devotions than those to which he professed exclusive addiction. When I saw the rage of all parties, I thought of the roasted Indians of the Brazils, and shuddered for the poor lad. After a short but inquisitorial examination, in which he in vain endeavoured to throw the blame on me, he was stripped of his gaudy dress, and in spite of his well-founded protestations of innocence, turned almost naked from the house. When peace was restored, a hymn was sung as an exorcism of the evil spirit that had gotten among the assembly; when being determined to exculpate the poor postillion, I joined with all my force in the chorus, with my catholic "*Gloria in excelsis,*" which I abruptly changed into "Polly put the kettle on." Thus taken in the fact, I was, without ceremony, denounced as an emissary from Clongowes, brought to Sourcraut Hall by the Papist O'Gallagher, with a forged letter, to disturb the community. I was immediately cross-examined by a religious attorney, as if I had been a white-boy, or a ribbon-man. "Come forward," he said, "you bird of satan!—speak out, and answer for yourself, for its yourself can do it, you egg of the devil! What brought you here?" I answered, "It was all for my sweet sowl's sake, jewel;"—and the answer decided my fate, without more to do. And now loaded with all the reproaches that the *odium theologicum* could suggest, I was cuffed, hunted, and finally driven out of the gates by the serious coachman to perish on the highway. On recovering from my fright I found myself at the edge of a dry ditch, where the poor

shivering postillion sat lamenting his martyrdom. I went up to him, cowering and chattering; and at the sight of me the tears dried on his dirty cheeks, his sobs changed to a laugh of delight; and when I hopped on his wrist, and cried "Poor Pat," all his sufferings were forgotten. While thus occupied, a little carriage drawn by a superb horse, with the reins thrown loose on his beautiful neck, ascended the hill; at the sight I screamed out "Get along out of that!" which so frightened the high-blooded creature that he started, and flung the two persons in the carriage fairly into the middle of the road. One of them, in a military dress, sprung at once on his feet, and laying the whip across the naked shoulders of the postillion, exclaimed, "I'll teach you, you little villain, to break people's necks." "Oh! murthur! murthur!" cried the poor boy, "shure, it was not me, plase your honor, only the parrot, Captain." "What parrot, you lying rascal?" "There, Captain, Sir, look forenenst you." The captain did look up, and saw me perched on the branch of a scrubby hawthorn-tree. Surprised and amused, he exclaimed, "By Jove! how odd!—What a magnificent bird!—Why Poll, what the deuce brought you here?" "Eh, Sirs," I replied at random, "it was aw' for the love of the siller." The captain, and his little groom Midge, who had picked himself up on the other side of the cabriolet, shrieked with laughing—"I say, my boy," said the captain, "is that macaw your's?" "It is," said the little liar.—"Would you take a guinea for it?" asked the captain. "Troth, would I; two," said the postillion.—"Done," said the captain; and pulling out his purse, and giving the two guineas, I suffered myself to be caught and placed in the cabriolet: the young officer sprang in after me, and, taking the reins, pursued his journey. We slept that night at a miserable inn in a miserable town: the next morning we arrived at my old hotel in Sackville-street, and shortly after sailed for England.

'The Honorable George Fitz-Forward, my new master, was a younger brother of small means and large pretensions. He had been quartered at Kil-mac-squabble with a detachment, where he had passed the winter in still-hunting, quelling *ructions*, shooting grouse and rebels, spitting over the bridge, and smoking cigars; and having obtained leave of absence, *pour se d'écrouer*, was on his way to London for the ensuing season. We travelled in the cab by easy stages, and halted only at great houses on the road, beginning with Plas Newyd, and ending at Sion House. My master's rank, and my talents, were as good as board-wages to us; and as the summer was not yet sufficiently advanced for the London winter, we found every body at home, and had an amazingly pleasant time. My master was enchanted with his acquisition. I made the *frais* of every society; and my repartees and bon-mots furnished the Lord Johns and Lady Louisas with subjects for whole reams of pink and blue note-paper. My master frequently said, "That bird is wonderful! he is a great catch!" and my fame had spread over the whole west end of the town a full week before our arrival in London.'

[To be continued.]

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

‘HERE is a day! an English day in February!—rain, snow, wind—sleet, snow, rain—snow, rain, sleet,—reciprocated *ad nauseam*, and all in the course of three little hours of sixty minutes each!—Horrible climate!—Wretched beings who are heirs to it!—Lapland is a perpetual Paradise to it—Siberia an eternal summer! . . . Why should I stay here and die? for die I must—Who can live in such a country? and how can people, respectable people, be guilty of such a lie as to say that they do *live* in such a country? They don’t; and they know they don’t.—It is not life, nor is it death—it is some intermediate state which they cannot understand, and have no term to express. But I see the horrid distinction too palpably, and sink, sink hourly under the knowledge!

‘I’ll go out:—I cannot catch more than fifty entirely English complaints, which no man attached to the institutions of his country can wish to be without.—Yes, I’ll go out; for I shall have that simpering Simpson calling again, who pretends to cheerfulness—the impostor!—Cheerfulness in the city!—Preposterous lie!—and comes here grinning, chuckling, and crowing out his good-humour, as he thinks it—his melancholy, the unhappy man!—That Johnson, too, threatened *he* would call—Heaven avert such an infliction! I hate that fellow; and I hate his fat French poodle, waddling and wheezing about the place, like a hearth-rug with an asthma!—And that Mr. Mountmidden, the poet—poet, pah!—That’s a puppy—one of the sore-throat-catching school—fellows who think a sonnet and a neck-cloth incompatible! He’ll be coming here, with his collar down on his shoulders like a greyhound’s ears, and his eyes turned up to the attic windows, as if he was apostrophising the nursery-maid over the way. Thank heaven, I hate every affectation most heartily!—

‘I must go out; for, only listen a moment to those Miss Thompsons, next door, beating Rossini to death with wires!—and he deserves the martyrdom;—that intolerable Italian has done more to break the peace of this country than all the radicals and riotists in the last quarter of a century. And there’s that Betty, below, buzzing about like a bee, with that eternal Barcarole! I begin to be of opinion with Mrs. Rundell (*Domestic Cookery*, p. 18.), that “Maids should be hung up for one day at least.” If I stay at home, I shall be bored again with that rhubarb-headed Doctor counting my pulse and the fractional parts of his fee at the same time—one, two, three, four, five pulsations—shillings, he means, in fewer seconds; and looking at my tongue—What’s my tongue to him, the quack!—as Figaro sings, “Let him look to his own.”

‘Yes, I’ll go out; for it is as safe out of doors as in.—More wind!—There’s a gust! A Trinidad tornado is a trumpet-solo to it!—More sleet—now snow—and that’s rain! What a country! what a clime!—Good heavens! there’s a gust!—Ha! ha! ha! the chimney-pots at No. 10 are off on a visit to those at No. 11!—and the fox which surmounted the chimney at No. 9, is at his old tricks with the pigeons at No. 8!—Whew!—well-flown pigeon!—well-run fox!—Down they go over the parapet, with a running accompaniment of tiles and coping-stones!—That slow gen

tleman with the umbrella!—the whole is about his head!—down he goes!—he is killed!—Murder!—no, up he gets again!—away goes his umbrella!—and now his hat!—a steeple-chase is sedentary to his pursuit!—they have turned the corner, hat, umbrella, and gentleman!—two to one on the hat!—no takers?—Oh lachrymose laughter! melancholy mirth!

‘Mrs. Fondleman, if anything should happen to me in my absence—Why do you smile, Madam?—my affairs are arranged—you will find my will in the writing-desk; and the cash in the drawer will disburse your account for the last quarter.’

“La, Sir! are you out of your senses?”

‘Suppose I am, Madam, have not I, as an Englishman, the birth-right to be so, if I choose?—Not a word more, but give me my paraboues, cloak, and umbrella, and let me go, for go I will. . . . It is a sullen and savage satisfaction, in a day like this, when Nature plays the churl, and makes one dark and damp at the heart as herself, to look abroad at her in her own wretched woods and swampy fields, and to see that she is as melancholy and miserable as she has rendered us. . . . Pish! pah! pho! rain, sleet, and snow. Merry England!—but no matter—out I will go. No, I will not have a coach—a hearse would be more german to the weather. It is of no use your dissuading me, Madam, I am determined.

‘Well, here I am, I care not how many miles from town, that charnel-house of cheerfulness!—What a walk I have had! Walk? wade, I should have said. And what a frightful series of faces I have met all along the road!—and all, I am happy to say, to all appearance, as miserable and unhappy as myself—all climate-struck, winter-wretched, English-happy! But I am wet, weary, and hungry—where shall I dry myself?—where dine myself? Psha! what is the use of drying or dining, either? *Tædet me vitæ!*

‘What have we here? “The Marlborough Head.” Another glorious cut-throat’s fighting face, making five in ten miles; two land, and three amphibious!—I wonder when the men of peace may hope to have their heads hung out for signs? Well, the men of war are welcome to the preference, and may divide their out-of-door honors with the Blue Boars and Red Lions of less naval and military publicans. “Horses taken in to bait”—aye, and asses too—I’ll enter. . . . Curse the bell-rope!—woven of cobweb, I suppose, that it may be added as another item to the bill. Waiter!

[*Enter Boots.*]

“Zur.”

‘What a brute! in a smock-frock tucked up—one hand in his pocket fumbling his halfpence—a head like a hedgehog—a mere mandrake in top-boots and corduroys—with a Salisbury-plain of cheek; the entire being a personification of that elegant compound word *chaw-bacon*. What is man, if this Cyclops is one!—Have you any thing to eat?’

“Zur?”

‘Why do you stand there rubbing your hair down? It’s flat enough, you sleek roughness! Send your master.’

“Ize noa measter, Zur.”

‘What have you then? who is your keeper?’

"Missuz."

'Well, send in the Sycorax. What a horrible dungeon of a room they have put me into!—fit only for treasons, stratagems, and spoils!—dark, dismal, black-wainscoted, and ringing to the tread like a vaulted tomb! But what matter!—can it be more dreary than my mind? No. Then here will I take "mine ease in mine inn." Curses on that peg in the wall! It was put up to hang a hat upon; but it seems by its look to hint that it could sustain the weight of the wearer. And that imp there, perched on the point of it; how busy it is adjusting an unsubstantial rope with a supernatural Jack Ketch-like sort of solemnity!—Shadows seem to flicker along the wall, and hideous faces mop and mow at me! That knot in the oaken wainscot glares at me like the eye of an Ogre! The worm-eaten floor cracks and squeaks under my tread; and the cricket shrills under the hearth-stone!—And that hideous half-length of a publican of Queen Anne's Augustan age!—how the plush-coated monster stares at me, like an owl from an ivy-bush metamorphosed into a wig!—I cannot bear this!—Waiter! waiter!— [*Enter the Landlady.*]—What, in the name of all that is monumental, have we here? The Whole Duty of Man, in one volume, *tall copy—neat.*—I never beheld such a woman till now!—six feet two, I should think, in her slippers!—Respected be the memory of the late landlord of the Marlborough Head! If he subdued such an Eve as this, he was a greater conqueror than him whose sign he once lived under.'

"What is your pleasure, Sir?" curtseying respectfully.

(I stand up—and my eyes are on a line with the keys at her waist.)

'Mrs. — Mrs. —'

"Furlong, Sir, at your command."

'Furlong!—mile, exactly—not a foot less. Be good enough, Mrs. Furlong, to let me have a couple of chops, cooked in your most capable manner; and, pray, do show me into a more cheerful room!'

"Certainly, Sir." (I follow like a minnow in the wake of a leviathan!)

'Aye, this will do better. Here I can see what is going on in the world, though it is not worth looking at. [*Exit Landlady.*] I have an antipathy to tall women, but really there is something sublime in this Mrs. Furlong; and as a lover of the picturesque, I shall patronise her. Now, if I was not sick of this working-day world, and all the parts and parcels of it, I should be tempted to propose for about one-half of Mrs. Furlong, twenty *poles* or so. She has blue eyes—fair hair—a complexion like a May morning, and really looks handsome, and somewhat of the lady in her widow's weeds: 'Fore heaven! I've seen worse women!—Then her voice is soft and low—"an excellent thing in woman." And this is a snug inn too;—a comfortable room this—carpeted, clean, and cosey—a view of watery Venice, in oil, over the fire-place, and Before Marriage and After Marriage, in Bowles and Carver's best manner, on opposite sides, as they should be Ha! the chops already!—and very nice they look!—a shalot too!—Really, Mrs. Furlong, the outworks of my heart—no very impregnable fortress—are taken already. Now let me have just a pint of your particular sherry. Ha! this looks well—

pale and sparkling too, like a sickly wit. I insist upon your taking a glass with me, Madam.'

"Sir, you are very good."

'Quite the contrary.—A good-sized husband to you!' (Mrs. Furlong smiles, shows a very good set of teeth, and curtseys.)

"Ah, Sir, you gentlemen will have your joke. Your better health, Sir—for you do not look very well."

'She has spoken this with such a pitying tenderness of tone that it has gone through my heart, and would, had it been iron!—What makes my lips quiver, my tongue falter, my voice thicken, and an unusual moisture come into my eyes? One touching word of sympathy?—Am I then again accessible to those blessed influences upon the heart and affections — pity and human kindness? Yes—then I live again!—Oh! honey in the mouth, music to the ear, a cordial to the heart, is the voice of woman in the melancholy hours of man! Mrs. Furlong is called away, and I am spared from making a fool of myself in her presence. Ah, Mary, I will not accuse thee with all the changes which time and disappointment have made in my heart and feelings; but for some of these thou *must* answer!—Thou wert my first hope and earliest disappointment! What I am thy little faith has made me;—what I should have been—but no matter—I feel how desolate a wretch I *am*, how changed from all I was and ought to be—it is thy work, it is thy deed, and I forgive thee! Behold me here, a broken-spirited man with furrowing cheeks and whitening hair, tears in my eyes, and agony at my heart! Behold me an unsocial man, suspected by the world and suspecting the world—I, who trusted in it, loved it, and would have benefited it! But I have done with it now—I loathe it and avoid it! And why? Why am I now harsh of nature — uncharitable in thought, if not in speech — unforgetful of slight offences—revengeful of deep ones — jealous of looks — watchful of words? — I that was gentle, tender of others, to myself severe; forgiving, incapable of anger, open-minded, suspicionless! — But why should I anatomise myself? I give my heart to the vultures among men—let them glut on it; and good digestion wait upon their appetite!'

"Did you call, Sir?"

'No, Madam; but I am glad you are here, for your coming in has interrupted a melancholy thought.'

"A melancholy thought!—Lud, Sir, do you surrender yourself to such a weakness as melancholy!—Life, to be sure, is a serious thing to the most cheerful of us; but to the over-anxious, and those who groan under its cares, death were happier than such life!—The really heavy obligations of existence are worthy of our gravest thoughts; but the lighter evils, the cares and anxieties of the day,—Sir, I never allow them to make a deeper impression on my mind than my pencil does on my slate: when I have satisfied myself as to the amount, I rub the lines off, and begin again."

'And am I to be taught philosophy by a Plato in petticoats, and the economy of life by a Dodsley in dimity? — *Nunc dimittis*, then, be my ditty! Pardon my expressions, Madam—the insolence of humbled pride. I sit rebuked. You are a sensible woman, Mrs. Furlong—have, apparently, right views of life; now tell me,—what is the end of it?'

"Death, I should think, Sir."

'A pertinent answer, Madam; but you are on the wrong premises.'

"I am on my own."

'Indeed—I am happy to hear it; and if I was a widow-watcher, I should make a note of that fact. I meant, Madam,—what is the design, the intention, the moving motive of life?'

"Happiness here and in another and a better world."

'Yes, Madam; but our happiness here — what an uncertain good it is — a hope never in our own hands, but always in those of others! And what do they merit, who, entrusted with so precious a trust for our benefit, deny it to us, and withhold it from us?'

"The same unhappiness at the hands of others."

'What if you would not, if you might, whiten one hair of their heads with sorrow who have silvered the whole of yours—what do they merit?'

"They do not merit so much mercy."—(She leaves the room.)

"A negro has a soul, your honor!" said Corporal Trim, putting the right foot of his postulate forward, but in an undecided attitude, as if he doubted whether his position were tenable. "My uncle Toby ran through in his memory all the regimental orders from the siege of Troy to that of Namur, and remembering nothing therein to the contrary, came to the Christian conclusion,—that a negro had a soul. And why not an innkeeper—especially if a woman? — My prejudice is to let against that abused class of hosts and hostesses: to be sure, it was formed on an acquaintance with those only of the Bath road: *they* may not require souls, as their guests are chiefly fashionable people. Here is a woman "with a tall man's height," humbly stationed beside one of the highways of life — and stunned and distracted with the stir and bustle of the goers to and comers from the shrine of the great Baal, who has yet contrived to keep her heart from hardening, and her soul in whiter simplicity, in a common inn, than the shrinking and secluded nun shut up from the world in a convent! There is *indeed* a soul of goodness in things evil!—an inborn grace, which the world cannot give, and cannot take away! Else how should this poor woman have that which so many minds, so much safer placed to preserve their freshness and native worth, have altogether lost and live without?—One half the vices of the world are only acts of conformity with the prejudices of the world. Give a man an ill name, and he wears it as if it were a virtue and proper to him, and keeps up the tone of his depravity with a due sense of its decorum — its keeping, and color, and costume. — When will the world learn better? Oh thou worst and vilest weed in the beautiful fields of human thought — Prejudice,—grow not in any path of mine, for I will trample thee down to the earth which thou disgracest and must defile! — But "Thinking is an idle waste of thought." 'Waiter.'

"Zur."

'What Cyclops again! But that's a prejudice too. Have you an entertaining book in the house?'

"Missuz have, I daur to zay, Zur."

'Bring it then, my good fellow. A change of thought to the mind, like a change of air to the body, refreshes, invigorates, and cheers.'

"Here be one, Zur."

'Aye, this will do — nothing so well. Joseph Andrews! Good, good! Blessings be on thee, inimitable Fielding!—for many a lingering hour hast thou shortened, and many a heavy heart hast thou lightened. See the book opens of itself at a page which a man must be fathoms five in the Slough of Despond if he read it with a grave face and a lack-lustre eye!—World, I bid you good *den*!—for here will I forget you as you are, and re-peruse you as you were . . . Ah! I remember well my first acquaintance with Joseph Andrews. I was then a very serious yet very happy boy, — any book was a treasure, but a stolen perusal of one like this was a pleasure beyond all price and worth all risks; for works like this were among the profanities from which I was carefully debarred:—mistaken zeal! If discovered in my hands, it was snatched away; and if it escaped the fiery ordeal, it was well. But who shall control the strong desires of youth! — I remember, too, the candle secretly purchased out of my limited penny of pocket-money; the early stealing to bed; the stealthy lighting of the "flaming minister" to my midnight vigil; the unseen and undisturbed reading of this very book deep into the hours of night; and the late waking, and pallid look, the effects of my untimely watching. I remember, too, how nearly my secret was discovered; for laughing too loudly over the merry miseries of poor Parson Adams, the thin wainscot betrayed me: I remember, ere I had breathed thrice, the sound of a stealing foot heard approaching my bedroom-door — the light out in an instant—the book thrust deep down under the bed-clothes, and how I was heard snoring so somnolently, that I should have deceived Somnus himself.'

"Ecod, you did'um capital!"

'Eh? what! — what have you been eaves-dropping at my elbow all this time, you Titus Oates of a traitor?"

"Yeez, Zur—you didn't tell I to go."

'Go, bring in candles and a pint of sherry—let down the blinds—heap the fire—and don't disturb me till I disturb you.'

"Yeez, Zur. . . ."

'Vanish, then, good bottle imp!—And now for Joseph Andrews.

'Capital! excellent! inimitable and immortal Fielding!—And thy bones lie unhonored in an alien's grave, and not a stone in thy native land records the name of the instructor and delighter of mankind!—Well, there is no accounting for the negligence of nations. * * * Who knocks? Come in.'

"Do you mean to sleep here to night, Sir?"

'Sleep here, Mrs. Furlong! No—quite the reverse.'

"I thought you did, as it is so late."

'So late! how late?"

"Eleven, Sir."

'Impossible! Have I been reading so long?"

"It is very true, Sir."

'And what kind of night is it?"

"Starry and frosty, and the moon is rising."

'What in England? Then let me have my bill, for I shall be glad to witness such a phenomenon.'

"La, Sir, it is ten miles to town, and a gentleman was stopped on this road only last week!"

‘ How long did they stop him, Mrs. Furlong ?’

“ Long enough to rob him of his watch and ten pounds, I assure you.”

‘ Well, as I have no watch, and only five, they need not detain me half the time. And if I should come back, bare and barbarously beaten, like poor Joseph Andrews, you are no Mrs. Tow-wouse, Madam—I could not be in better hands.’

“ I am glad to see you so merry, Sir.”

‘ Merry, Madam ! I never mean to be serious again, except at my own funeral, and then it will be expected of me that I should look grave. I have learnt, since that I have been here, that melancholy is to be medicined by mile-stones ; that a slight attack of it is to be subdued by four of those communicative monuments taken in the morning before breakfast, and four at night following supper ; a severe one, by twenty ditto, in two portions or potions, washed down by three pints of sherry, and kept down by two mutton chops and shalots, and two volumes of Joseph Andrews,—a prescription of more virtue than all which have been written from old Paracelsus’s days to Dr. Paris’s.’

“ Well, Sir, you certainly are not the gentleman you came in, and I am glad to see it. Here is your bill, and if you will run the risks of the road at this late hour, I can only wish you safe home, and a long continuance of your present good spirits.”

‘ Thank you, Mrs. Furlong, thank you ! And if I come this way again, I shall certainly, as the poet says,

“ Stop at the widow’s to drink !”

So good night, Madam. Once more, good night * * * Blessings be on every foot of Mrs. Furlong—that best of physicians ; for SHE HAS CURED ME OF MYSELF !

TO NATURE.

“ Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes !
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius !”—

GREAT daughter of the Sire Supreme !
In whose reflective charms we see,
Unscathed, the mitigated beam
Of viewless Deity.

O, lead me, Nature, to thy shade !
Far from life’s varying cares and fears ;
Affections spurn’d, and hopes betray’d,
And naught unchanged, but tears ;—

And guide me on, through sun and storm,
With thine immortal steps to range ;
In variation, uniform ;
Immutable in change.

Oh! teach me, on the sea-beat hill,
 Or by the mountain torrent's roar,
 Or in the midnight forest still,
 Thy great and awful lore!

Nor less, beside the calm clear sea,
 Or, in the leafy cool reclined,
 With thine own greenwood minstrelsy
 Restore a wearied mind:—

And grant my soul a bliss to own
 Beyond earth's mightiest to bestow,
 Which Love himself might give alone,
 If Love be yet below.

Oh! I have loved thee from a child!
 And sure, on childhood's rapturous hour,
 Thine eye of loveliness hath smiled,
 With most approving power:—

For in that season bright and sweet
 Roams the blest spirit pure and free,
 Ere woman's art, or man's deceit,
 Hath stol'n a thought from thee.

And I would be thy child again,
 Careless, and innocent, and still:
 Oh! snatch me from mine own wild reign
 To heed a holier will!

Oh! sadly is the soul unblest,
 That ne'er the sacred joys hath known,
 Of those who in thy temple rest
 Majestically lone!

And, smit with a celestial love,
 In secresy converse with thee,
 And hear thee bring them from above
 Thy wondrous history!

How, when the great Omnifick word
 Through the far halls of Chaos rang,
 And life the dark cold billows stirr'd,
 Thy charms to order sprang—

Forth danced, thy genial steps beneath,
 Herbage and flower; to weave thy pall,
 Campania brought her painted wreath;
 Her roseate treasures, Gaul.

Recount thy Sire's unbounded power,
 Recount his unexhausted love,
 Who sent thee, from this cloudy hour
 The shadows to remove—

And teach me, in thy still recess,
 To search a clearer page than thine,
 Where Mercy, Wisdom, Faithfulness,
 Illumine every line!

So when I cease on thee to gaze,
 May I thine Author's glory see,
 In realms whose voice shall chant his praise,
 When thou no more shalt be!

THE EXECUTION OF CALAS.¹

MY DEAR SPALINGRIER,²—I took up my pen yesterday to write to you, but could not; it was not that I wanted matter to relate, but firmness to relate it. Now don't be frightened by this, nor suppose some calamity has befallen yours or mine; though indeed the murder of the innocent is your affair, and mine, and every one's. I think you once congratulated me, or reproached me with, (I forget which) my strong nerves. Had you seen me yesterday, you would never again do so; strong as they might be, poor Calas proved too strong for them. You must have heard his execution was determined on; and you have probably heard it was deserved. Oh, my friend! you did not see him die—I did, and in his death, his acquittal. Guilt could never yet so mimic innocence, but that the last scene would lift the mask; never, if death be a cheat, did he look so honest as here. What a grievous thing to have the weight of innocent blood to account for! yet surely Calas' judges have that to answer for. A thousand exchequers, to my thinking, could not buy out a drop of it; a thousand battles could not show horror equal to it. When justice is guided by bigotry to the destruction of innocence, she well deserves to be painted blind: an antidote becomes a poison; a cure, a plague; and a blessing, a bitter curse. I thought I had so often looked death in the face that his ugliest grimace could not scare; and that after having so often dared him and seen him dared, so often inflicted him and seen him inflicted, I must have met him in his worst form. But, no! I had not seen virtue fall by the hand of power without the consolation of a tear, without the reputation of a martyr. Time, they say, wears out all sorrows; but his art must exceed my faith, if he can ever efface the sorrow of good Calas broken on the wheel! The effect on me was such as I cannot express. It is so deeply fastened in my breast, that I cannot lay it upon my paper; nor can I turn my thoughts from it. It is still obtruding itself upon my imagination. You know how you feel after reading a horrible romance; that may give you a faint idea of my state—one painful thought suggests a worse. When I think on Calas, I think of his grey hairs—then of his words—then of his groans—but a truce to sentiment—I will describe.

Obliged to join my troop, which were attending the execution, I mounted Fontabras more tardily than I should have done for a charge, hoping all might be over when I reached the square; but, alas! the genius of cruelty is too subtle a planner to be overreached by plain thinking, too skilled an epicure to devour her food; she loves by mumbling it to prolong her pleasure, yet is she not to be satisfied with a bare taste! but, enough! She may be said without a metaphor to gnaw the very bones: she was this time too cunning for me; she had but just lifted the curtain when I took my seat. When I reached the square, I found it blockaded by persons of all ranks, for this trial had excited universal admiration. The great majority, however, were of the lower order, and of them the plurality were women, for I have always remarked, the fair sex, though averse perhaps to the acting of a tragedy, are greedy of its representation. My uniform, however, was my passport, and, making way on all sides, they suffered

¹ Calas was a merchant of Toulouse, of the reformed religion, broken on the wheel upon a false accusation, originating in his supposed hatred of his son (who had committed suicide) for being of the Catholic religion, and on that account accused of murdering him. The story of the protection of his family by Voltaire, and of the reversal of the infamous sentence upon him, must be familiar to our readers.—We think of the execution of Riego when we read this.

² This, says the chronicle, is the name of the ecclesiastic in the canton of Berne, to whom this letter was written, and by whom it was communicated. The writer was the famous cavalry officer, Le Fualde Conté, mentioned by Frederic in his History of the Seven Years' War.—This is the first time we have seen this letter in an English garb.

me to canter up to my post at the head of the squadron, that lined the scaffold. Fronting me stood the instrument of torture; but as such a thing I am sure never yet met the eyes of the pastor of Rullingen, a description may be necessary. Imagine a wheel of iron about two feet in diameter, so broad that a man could lie on it, and yet not broad enough for him to lie easily, the circumference grooved cross-wise at regular intervals, so that the blow from the crow-bar of the executioner might be the more certain to break the limb or splinter it more effectually; this wheel raised above the level of the scaffolding half a foot by means of chains made fast from the axis, at either side, to iron posts at the interval of six feet. The wheel is of hammered iron, and so weighty that though elevated as I mentioned, it requires no inconsiderable force to swing it. It is elevated in order to enable the criminal's body to perform the circuit of the machine, and an apparatus is provided for stretching the human body to the completion of the circle. This engine was further defaced by the gouts of blood and mouldering flesh which the last occupant had left as his memorial on its circumference. In the back ground two inferior artists in death held between them the manacled culprit. A chubby-faced mayor, in whom custom and obesity seemed to have stifled all painful feelings, sat erect in his chair to the right, with watch in hand, awaiting the moment to begin the torture. On the other side, a tall monk of the order of La Trappe, whose stern but contemplative countenance formed a powerful contrast to the city magistrate, was silently surveying the preparations, sometimes casting a searching look to the criminal, sometimes muttering an inarticulate prayer from the missal which he held in his bony hand. The executioner, a horrid fellow with a face veritably a hangman's, was busied in his appalling preparations. His dress, his make, his physiognomy, all were in unison with his character. His dress like his bloody trade was scarlet, closely fitted to his trunk, and setting in the fullest light the gigantic proportions of his frame—his heavy and unwieldy feet, his tremendous arms and brawny shoulders. His country I understand is Germany, and, indeed, his face presented the beau ideal of a German given by the most violent libellers of the nation. Insensibility and brutish stupidity vied in his countenance with a ferocious admiration of sottish enjoyment; such a man as would break you on a wheel for his amusement, and drink himself into insensibility for his pleasure. His face, which seemed to have been supernaturally enlarged at the lower extremity for the reception of a hideous mouth, was roughly shaved for this occasion save under the chin, from which the shaggy and unkempt hair luxuriantly hung in filthy curls so as to conceal completely his bull-like neck. Gradually narrowing to the top, what should have been his forehead formed the peak of a cone, in which two closely-set eyes rolled palely and leeringly on their sunken axis with an unfeeling glare and celerity of evolution, which formed a striking contrast to the unwieldiness of his other motions. His very name, Hans Boucher, was in character, and must excite an association even in a man not given to punning. He was occupied in binding his victim with no gentle grip to the hellish machinery I have been describing, and binding his legs above the ancles to the iron with such pressure that the blood stood black in the extremities of his feet: he returned to his stool waiting for the next signal of the magistrate to bind his hands. There was a mighty feeling in the crowd against the condemned man; "The murderer of his son" resounded from all sides, and the gamut of exultation broke sullenly in varied cadence from the mass of beholders, at the prospect of his approaching punishment. I was anxious to observe the behaviour of the criminal: it was not that of a man conscious of an unpardonable crime. He turned his swimming eyes and hoary locks to the crowds and blessed them. The magistrate gave the signal, and the unhappy sufferer was made fast to the engine by his dreadful attendant, and so stretched

that his body, his hands and feet meeting, described the circumference of the wheel. The man of death then stood beside him awaiting the signal to begin his horrible chastisement. The monk, who had been for some time engaged in prayer, rose from his knees, and thinking this a fit time to address the criminal when death had made sure of him, ere it began its operations, slowly approached and coldly bade him think upon his sins. I think I shall be able to give you the conversation as it fell from them, for it made too great an impression on me to be soon forgotten. "I have thought on them, father," returned Calas, "for could I think I had none, I would lie here entirely happy; although," added he, looking round, "happiness does not often make her couch thus."—"We are all sinners," replied the friar, "but thou art a mighty one." "I acknowledge it," said Calas, "but I thank Heaven, I can never acknowledge the crime for the which ye have brought me here."—"Sinful brother," answered the monk, "thy debt is grievous, and thy creditor is urgent, thy time is short but thy account is long." "I know it," replied Calas, "and therefore will not plunge myself into deeper embarrassment by acknowledging an item more monstrous than all that debt; well I know my time is short, for were it stretched out until that sun, which is now shedding his last beams upon me, should have reverted from his travel to the spot he now holds in heaven, it would be too little to clear the arrears which have been gathering on this head during sixty-five such courses; well I know that my time is short."—"Clear as that sun-light which thou blasphemously call'st to witness, and certain as the death which surely awaits thee, thou man of sin, is the truth of thy horrible crime in the eyes of all men. What a fool art thou then, when all men are justly thine enemies, to refuse the peace of one whose friendship is yet open to thee, and to reject that balm which can alone soothe thy broken bones! Know'st thou not, how all hate thee? feel'st thou not that thou deserv'st all hatred? and dost thou, for the forlorn hope of deceiving men, cast away the true stay of the Almighty, who has given to his ministers the power of absolving sinners, though dyed if possible deeper than thou art." "I see," replied the Protestant, "that all men hate me, and that I can still pray for them suggests a hope that I am not so all-abandoned of God's spirit as thou wouldst have me think. I cannot, my good father, accept of thy mediation, nor acknowledge thy ministry; yet may I thank, and I do thank, thy good intentions; but death, though he meet me in fouler raiment than he," turning his eyes towards the executioner, "has clad him in, cannot be avoided when the alternative is perjury."—Here the conversation was interrupted by the magistrate's signal to the deathsman to begin his murderous work. The giant lifted a club of iron, and with it struck the extended limb of his victim. Never till that moment did I understand the full force of the text which says, "the iron entered into his soul." You cannot conceive the intense suffering depicted through the heaving trunk, and on the convulsed features, by this bruising between iron and iron. The blow took effect at the knee-joint, and, though given with force, was not intended quite to break the leg, but merely to try the spirit of the sufferer, and to give a specimen of what was to follow. The mayor, however, seemed afraid he had begun too violently, and, beckoning Boucher, said in an under tone, "Unless you make the culprit last the two hours, you lose your place." Boucher replied with a leer of horrid purport, which triumphed in gauging human suffering, and, resting on his arms, stood awaiting further orders. However, the sufferer resumed his composure, the monk his lecture. "Think, my son," said he in a softer tone, "how little able art thou in this case of flesh and blood to abide the torments this worm of the earth can inflict; how then will thy immortal spirit, and sensitive essence endure the eternal bruising of God's wrath? Repent, my son, while there is a way left, or one to show it thee. Thou art one of the many who have lived in

abominable heresy, and one of the few who have taken life from them to whom under God thou gavest it. Living thus and doing this thou couldst not be saved unless by a double repentance. Oh then, how doubly damned thou diest a heretic in creed! a murderer in heart! Murderer of a son, I will reconcile thee to thy Father." As the man of God proceeded, a temporary enthusiasm animated his features; the salvation of a sinner so far overcoming the apathy with which he usually looked on earthly things, as partly to dispel the sullenness which commonly wrapped his mind, in the same degree as you may suppose his solitary lamp to have illuminated the cold damp walls of his monastery, as he glided to vespers. With kindling animation he ran through his discourse, urging all the arguments that memory could supply, or imagination suggest, for the conversion of the sinner, or the terror of the heretic. "I thank thee for thy honest pains," said in answer the patient Calas, "but the terms I accept not; though it might procure me a quiet death, it would not insure me a more peaceful grave. I thank my God, I am of a sect which does not think them damned who do not in all things like themselves; and I thank my conscience that it acquits me of the foul crime for which, if committed, damnation were my due." "Obstinate heretic!" muttered the father; and the second blow fell with a heavy hand. I had turned away not equal to the sight, when the din of the iron against the bone, and the groan which followed, convinced me it had been more violent than the first; in truth it had completely broken the leg at the tibia: so exquisite was the torture, that he fainted instantly, but as quickly recovered. He uttered no articulate complaint, and it was only by the painful compression of his lips, and the starting of his eye-balls, that the agony of his spirit could be discerned.

But I must, my dear Spalingrier, pass quickly over this distressful tragedy, which was two hours in the acting. The blows occurred at regular intervals of fifteen minutes, with such direful effect that, after the eighth stroke, every joint in his body was dislocated, and every bone broken. He frequently fainted, and was as often recovered by the diabolical skill of his tormentor, who employed all the arts of the most practised physician to detain the last flickering beam of exhausted nature. I think he looked less horrible when engaged in the open functions of his office, crushing flesh and marrow, than when employing all the most refined arts of usual kindness for the prolongation of misery; nor can I ever forget the smile with which he ushered in returning sense after the eighth horrible interval. The stern disciple of La Trappe looked at the opening eyes of the tortured, and saw that in ten minutes they were to close for ever. He kneeled beside him, and conjured him to sever himself from his sin. The old man, with a voice firm as heretofore, turned himself, as far as he was able, to the confessor, "Think'st thou, my father," said he, "that it were worth my while for these shreds of being, these rags of existence," moving as he spoke his shattered right arm, "to throw myself impenitently into the furnace that ever burneth? Of what service is concealment now to me? it cannot conciliate the good-will of man, it must have already doubled the anger of God; it cannot bring me back to my family, and much I fear," said the good man, with the first tear I had seen him shed, "it will not save my family from following me. Of what service the further concealment?"—"For Heaven's sake then," cried the monk in a voice tremulous with emotion, "confess and be saved for your last minute is counting." "Were my life to be granted me," continued Calas calmly, "what boon would it be? what, but to transport these fragments of a man to a more languishing couch? What, but to change this decisive physician for a tedious death-bed, and to barter the strokes of the iron for the loathsomeness of the gangrene? I wish not for this—I *will* make my dying confession."—"Do for God's sake," reiterated the friar. "But wilt thou trust to it utterly?" said

Calas.—“Though it were to contradict my firmest thoughts,” replied the friar, stooping towards the dying man, “I would not doubt it.” “I am innocent!” answered Calas, and grasping the friar’s fingers in his clammy hand, he swooned away. A tear forced itself from between the sunken lids of the ecclesiastic, unused to such moisture since he had first stooped within his narrow cell; it stood upon his pale cheek for a moment as if doubting how to shape its course over so unknown a track, or as if frozen at its source by the severity of his brow. He shed but that one tear! but it was the widow’s mite!—it was all he had!

Lifting his eyes towards the magistrate, he muttered a request for the coup-de-grace. The magistrate nodded to the executioner, and Boucher again heaved his weapon. The weight of the iron and the force of the blood burst at once all the arteries of the stomach, and crushed the vertebrae: the blood gushed in torrents from his eyes, his mouth, his ears—a gasp convulsed his frame—a groan—one gasp more—and he had ceased to suffer. The man of God eyed for a moment the bleeding visage, where blood had not quenched the gentle flame of resignation; then threw his look upwards, then downwards on the assembly, and, with finger slowly raised and voice of thrilling expression, declared—“A righteous soul has taken flight!”—“Voilà l’ame du juste qui s’envole!”

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

FROM the white cliffs of Dover to Pentland-firth,
Rejoice for a queen had this morning birth:
The politic Bess and the conquering Anne,
Our green isle ruled with more might than man;
And peace, it is said, and joy shall abound,
And genius smile when a third is crown’d.
A third is come,—on her bright birth-day
New-string the harp and new-nerve the lay;
And tell how her coming by prophets old,
Was in visions seen and in songs foretold;
How they saw her in gladness and glory pass
Like the phantom monarchs in Banquo’s glass—
Nought was heard but joy, nought seen but a smile
In England, Scotland, and Ireland’s isle.
Earth, sea, and air, were in peace that morn,
When Princess the third of our land was born;
Shapes shone in the sky; in the ancient woods,
The haunted mountains, and lonesome floods,
A sound not mortal, they say, there went—
’Twas nature uttering her glad consent:
Men added their voices, and shout on shout
From cottage and castle came mirthsomenely out;
And a hoary old shepherd, while life’s last sand
Was running, cried, “God is yet with our land!”

From dark St. Michael to Orkneys’ foam
Earth seems to know that a Queen is come.
Had the mountains a voice, we should hear a cry
From Criffel, brown Skiddaw, and Piinlimmon high:—
“Our sides untrod by a foeman’s feet,
Our tops where the cloud and the eagles meet,
And the fairies dance to the charm’d pipe’s sound,
Is the meetest place where our Queen can be crown’d.”
Had the sea a tongue, from its fathomless brine
It would offer her homage and say, “I’m thine

On the Birth-day of the Princess Victoria.

From east to west, and from pole to pole
 I own thee Queen, and I yield me whole.—
 Could the islands speak, they would cry amain,—
 “Queen of all islands, come hither and reign.”
 The Alps and the Andes would shout o’er the wave,—
 “Princess of Freeman, come touch us and save.”
 Old Rome, as she grovels and numbers her beads,
 And sums up her relics and settles her creeds,
 With her feet unshod and her bald head bared,
 And with all the spirit her priest hath spared,
 Shall turn to thee : on this troubled globe
 She may hope to live if she touch thy robe.

O never, no never was maiden born
 To such glorious hopes : from the rustling corn,
 The pastures, valleys, and headlands wild,
 Sweet tongues were heard, saying—“Bless thee, child !”
 The green oak said to its neighbour the pine,
 “We’ll bear her in triumph and rule o’er the brine,
 While wood can swim, and while winds can urge
 The bellying sails o’er the snoring surge—
 While lads from Tweed, and Thames, and Shannon,
 Can guide the rudder and level the cannon,
 And smile in battle—so long shall we
 Crown her and keep her the Queen of the Sea.”
 The lilies of Bourbon all tremble like reeds—
 Spain drops her musket and snatches her beads—
 The Bear of the Russias all sullen and slow
 Slinks savagely back to its deserts of snow—
 The two-headed eagle, her talons and beak
 New reddened in life’s-blood flies off with a shriek ;
 And the stars of America, wax’d nigh the full
 Of their glory, before thee shine dimly and dull.
 The oppressor his sword, and the tyrant his chain,
 Drop trembling and sigh—“They are useless and vain.”
 Hail Queen of the Ocean ! how bright in thy hand
 Is the sceptre which rules both on water and land.

O fairest and gentlest, slight not my line,
 When thy name lends its lustre to verse more divine !
 From the heart of the island of which thou art heir,
 What strains shall be breathed yet of rapture and prayer ?
 In verse like thy glory triumphant and long
 Thou wilt reign the crown’d princess of poem and song.
 The heart sunk in sadness shall see thee and laugh—
 On his gold look the miser and reckon it chaff—
 The mother shall hold up at arm’s-length her child,
 And bid it look on thee. The rude and the wild
 Grow gentle before thee, and aged men cry—
 “Thank God we have seen thee before that we die !”
 The hero shall name thee while drawing his sword,
 The preacher shall name thee while preaching the word,
 The young bride shall name thee while vowing her vow,
 And the poet muse on thee with light on his brow.
 O fairest and best—the proud kings of thy blood,
 Were but types of thy splendor on mainland and flood :—
 Mind shall rule—talents flourish, and, not as of old,
 Will greatness be weighed in a balance of gold.
 The time and the Princess are come, and the reign
 Of genius and glory shall glad us again !

A SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM IN THE HERMITAGE AT SIRMIONE.

At all events Catullus undoubtedly inhabited this spot, and preferred it at a certain period to every other region. He could not have chosen a more delightful retreat.—*Eustace's Italy*.

How beautiful ! and did I think when leaning, in the summer that is gone, upon the green old gate of our village church-yard, with Catullus in my hand, and watching the golden light of a June evening glimmer upon the blades of grass hanging over the field-bird's nest,—that in the coming June I should be standing in the same spot, and breathing the same air, and drinking in the same rich sunshine with him who christened *Sirmio* the loveliest of poet-homes ! Time ! thou bringest from thy vigil at the gates of Paradise a beauty upon thy wings, like the bloom of balmy flowers unto the bruised spirits of men ! Sometimes beautiful exceedingly are thy path-ways upon the earth, when Memory walketh by thy side, and the brightness of her feet turneth into light the dark shadows of thy footsteps. Let me kneel down and worship thee. Man fleeth before thy face like an autumn-leaf, and the moss darkens around his name, and his palace moulders into his tombstone ; but Nature liveth on in her joy and glory, the breath of God is in her nostrils, and his song remaineth upon her lips,—whether it be at morning-time, when her face waketh up all radiant with gladness from the bosom of the Deity, or in the evening, when her plumes, like the sun-set clouds along the Apennines stretching into the distance, are enfolding within their shadow the palaces and the graves of earth, as beneath the golden dome of a temple in the heavens. The light becomes a dim gloaming to my half-closed eyes, and the vineyards and the far-off villas of Verona, and the purple clouds upon the mountain-tops, are the phantasy of a summer sunset in Italy ! The clouds are linked like the many-coloured wings of ten thousand immortals folded one over another—one mighty *testudo*, upon which Apollo, like a Persian conqueror, walketh up into the battlements of heaven. How beautiful ! and yet that green old gate ! I seem to lean upon it once again ; and the wild honeysuckle is falling about my feet, and the linnet is singing unseen close by my side amid the green stillness. Delightful was it to lie along by the hedge-rows in a May evening, with one hand upon the bridal hymn of *Peleus and Thetis*, and the other covering my eyes, when the air was gentle as the nestling of a bird to slumber ; and my heart was so calm and holy, that the spirit of peace in its white raiment seemed to sit by my side : and I could hear the “ gnat bustling,” as the enthusiast Keats called it, down in the deep grass, and the little wren shaking its moon-touched feathers among the fragrant leaves, as it looked forth upon the setting sun.

And here was the villa of Catullus ! I have wandered over Italy—the spirit's Holy Land. I have bathed my heart in her beauty even as in a fountain of rich perfume. I have garnered up in the garners of my memory all the voices of her music and her love. Now that I sit me down to transcribe these brief and imperfect records of thoughts and feelings, my eyes are covered with her remembrances as with a silver-woven curtain. I have sat in the Coliseum

in the still moonlight, with no sound save the beating of my own heart, and the rustling of the pale ivy, as some bird, startled by the moving of my foot, stirred in its dwelling place.

I have walked in the "Street of Tombs," with Byron impersonated in his poetry by my side, leading me "like a mysterious guide" through the ruins of the city, and ever and anon "turning the light of his dark lantern" upon the moss-grown and time-worn inscriptions. I know every grave in Rome and Florence. Oh, how often in the emerald-lighted nights of summer have I gathered thy joy and melody about me like a raiment, thou city of the Muses! Thy statues—thy living statues! Apollo the heaven-gazing, the golden-haired, with his limbs shining with vigor, as the Italian writer,¹ from whom the author of the "Childe" was not ashamed to borrow, pictures them; and thy Venus, with her bosom where the bird of Paradise may build its nest, and sing on for ever. Thy pictures and thy statues are like the shadows of cherubim upon my spirit! Mine eyes are dark with the brightness of thy visions. Let me sit down here in the soft and balmy air, and think for a season. And here was thy villa, thou sweetest of the singers of the olden time; and here thy days might well roll along like the low-toned glidings of that silver water, which wandereth at "its own sweet will" before me²—friends, when thou hadst need of them, and solitude when thou didst desire it. Truly, I can pardon many of the crimes of the invader of Italy, for his gentle homage to the abiding place of Catullus. Napoleon is related to have deviated from the direct road in his way to Peschiara from Milan (when he was going to negotiate the peace of Campo Formio) for the sake of visiting the peninsula of Sirmione. And upon another occasion, on the restoration of Mantua, the birth-place of the poet Virgil, the conqueror ordered an obelisk to be erected to the memory of the bard; and not only exempted the inhabitants from any contributions, but expressed a wish that they might be indemnified for any loss sustained by them during the continuance of the war. I could add many other instances of a like character, little known and less regarded. We cover the memorial of the mighty with the names of victories and of honors, and leave scarcely a corner, where the stone sinks into the green earth, for the commemoration of the purer impulses of the bosom.

Surely it must have been on such an evening as this that Catullus composed his exquisite Marriage Song, beginning "Vesper adest." The Italian light seems to hang about every word. I will attempt a version, a very free one, of a few stanzas as I sit on this mossy stone.

THE CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Vesper waketh; on the hills of heaven
Breathing the light our hearts have sought so long:
Linger beside the festal board no more—
The virgin cometh; come with lyre and song,
Hymen! to whom the spirit's thousand hymns belong!

¹ Gorius.

² The Lake Benacus: it is spoken of indifferently by the inhabitants as "Lago di Benaco," or "Lago di Garda."

THE CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Hesper! fearfully thy beauty burneth;
The damsel from her mother's arms thou tearest,
Folding herself within her mother's arms,
Unto the glowing boy the vestal one thou bearest.
Aught darker can the warrior do in the captured street?
Hymen! Hymen! rise and come, with thy flowers about thy feet!

THE CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Hesper! pleasantly thy beauty gleameth,
Thou givest strength unto the lover's vow;
Thy light was shining round our mother's bridal,
Thy fire awoke the gladness on her brow.
Hath heaven a lovelier hour of day?
Hymen! Hymen! rise and come, with thy garland and thy lay.

THE CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

The flower springeth in a secret place,
The plough doth touch it not, unthinking by
The wild goat boundeth, and the gentle air
Doth cherish it beneath the summer sky;
The shower doth lead it forth in light;
The youthful bands, the virgin choirs their longings pour—
The careless hand doth nip its flower—
The youthful bands, the virgin choirs desire it no more!
So the maiden chastely pure unto her own is dear—
When passion's hand her beauty-flower staineth,
No longer pleasant to the youth, or dear unto her own,
The lovely one remaineth!
Hymen! Hymen! rise and come, for the golden daylight waneth!

THE CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

The widow-vine upon the meadow bare,
Lifteth not up her head; no cluster shineth—

I can write no more, for my pencil is broken, and I have no knife wherewith to mend it, and by that means to mend the verses, which are of course to be viewed only as scattered fragments. What a gush of moonlight among the ruins of that old chapel! and how exquisite the song of the bird comes upon its feet of dreams into my heart from that mulberry-bush! Who would wish to die if he could listen to such a melody for ever! A mulberry-bush, perhaps, grew in that same spot more than two thousand years ago, and Catullus sat, it may be, where I am meditating now, and listened to the singing of the bird which had found a home among the foliage. Birds ever have a nest in the poet's heart, yet when was bird more touchingly remembered than the swallow of Lesbia? François Noel, in his interesting translation of the works of Catullus, offers a very graceful version of this little dirge into Italian by a young Greek, who gave it to him at Venice. It possesses much of the charming negligence of the original.¹

¹ Piangete, o Veneri,
Piangete Amori,
E voi piu teneri,
Leggiadri Cori;

Il passerino
Di Lesbia un rio
Fatal Destino
Lo si apio;

J. B. Rousseau remarks in one of his Letters, (the tenth I think,) that it is easier to catch the thought than the expression of an author. "For this cause," he continues, "one always succeeds better in translating Martial than Catullus, who thinks less but speaks much better than the other." As to Martial, I hate him with more sincerity than even Cowley. If the author of "The Davideis" had been an architect, and employed to build a cathedral, he would have given all the spires a twisted spine, like the tower at Pisa. He was a self-caricaturist. But what has Cowley, or the metaphysical school, to do with Catullus, the most pure and idiomatic of the Latin authors? Is it not a "burning shame" that a work, in which the poems of the bard of Sirmione are spoken of as a few epigrams, should be in use in all our public schools? I allude to Lempriere's Classical (!) Dictionary. Many and many a time, on the old oaken form in our Harrow Hall, have I cast the book from me in anger and disgust; and now that the spirit of discontent is awaking within, let me ask what the dolts mean by questioning the propriety of the term *learned* (*doctus*), as applied to Catullus. If the reader be critical on the subject, he may refer to Scipio Maffei, "Degli Scrittori Veronesi," pts. 3, 4. edit. fol., or La Monnoye, "Notes sur les Jugemens des Sçavans." I laugh it to scorn. O ye moths, eating away the beauty of the garments of the high-priests of nature! do ye suppose that Plato christened Anacreon (the wild, the dissipated, yet muse-loved Anacreon) *wise* (*σοφος*), because he was endowed with that high and spiritual wisdom for which Socrates was celebrated? How truly did Cesarotti exclaim, in his "Introduction to the Course of Greek Literature,"—"Ignorance is the mother of error!" The Greeks, by the word *learned* (*σοφος*), understood *excellence* in its manifold significations, whether it be in painting, or in sculpture, or in poesy. So Zeuxis, when he breathed into his Penelope the charms of the fairest virgins of Greece—and Praxiteles, when he moulded the statue "which enchants the world"—and Sophocles, when he read his *Œdipus* before the judges at Athens—were all wise and learned (*σοφοι* and *docti*). They put the girdle of Venus around the spirit of wisdom.

Listen! it is only the nightingale weary of singing, sinking down amid the odorous leaves into its slumber of dreams. Alas! that at such an hour I should disquiet myself with the vain babblings of the foolish and self-conceited! I was speaking, in a former part of this rhapsody, of the delicacy of expression which so peculiarly distinguishes Catullus. His diction is pure as the gold dust upon the blue petals of the Persian lily; and his imagery—it is like the silver shadowings on the plumage of the dove, beautiful and precious to the

Angellin raro,
Delizie sue,
Che a lei piu caro
Di gli occhi sue.

Che qual infante,
Amabil prole,
La madre amante
Conoscer suole,

Tal dolce ameno
Lei conoscea,
Ne dal suo seno
Mai si logliea.

Ma pergolando
Sopra la gonna
Giva piando
Solo a madonna.

soul, as it maketh a path among the dark myrtle-groves of Palestine. Every thought is covered with the dew of a May-like imagination. "Catulle a de l'âme et du goût," says Freron, "Martial n'a que de l'esprit et de l'art." Martial was an *arid*-minded man, with a strong dash, however, of common sense. He would have made a very lucid speech at St. Stephens' on a financial question, and, with practice, I think he might have managed a *stiff* article on political economy in the "Edinburgh;" but he had scarcely any grace of expression—he was the Joseph Hume of poetry. He had one suit of words with which he clothed every idea, without any respect to its stature. If it were as large as that incarnation of modern miracles, the Rev. Edward Irving, it mattered not; he was like an army contractor, he made no difference in size. Catullus, on the other hand, is all grace; taste was the scribe, if I may be allowed so to express myself, who wrote the manuscript. I have been frequently reminded, during a perusal of Catullus, of the mirthful tones of the lighter kind of French poetry. The student will find some very elegant and *picturesque* imitations of the minstrel of Verona in the "Cabinet des Muses," 1658. The following lines, which are written in French on a blank leaf in my Catullus, will suggest to the memory the delicious "Carmen de Acme et Septimio:—"

Euphrasie to my bosom folding—
 "If thy lover," thus I sigh'd,
 "Dearer than his life-blood prize not
 Thy gleeful charms, my gentle bride,—
 A pilgrim lone in Libya's desert,
 By tigers mangled, may I die:"
 I spoke, and the heart of Euphrasie
 In her pleasure breathed a sigh.
 Faintly her head she bendeth,
 And on my dim and dewy eyes
 A kiss her purple mouth bestoweth,
 Sweet repayment, while she sighs—
 "Ah! that thy fondling in thine arms,
 Thus may ever live and die!"
 She ceased, and the heart of Euphrasie
 In the joy forgot the sigh.

The air is heavy with perfume; it feels as if the choirs upon the pearly walls of heaven were shaking off the bright bloom from their gorgeous wings upon the winds of night. The element is full of light, as of a myriad radiant eyes looking down upon the earth from beneath their bright-veined lids, and the evening-glow glimmers amid the thick leaves, like the fingers of the spirit-moon hiding themselves in the dark ringlets of Endymion, when they sit together in some retreat for Echo in the glens of Thessaly. It is the bridal time of the earth and sky!

How mournfully the thoughts of home come over my mind in this blessed hour, like shadows upon golden water—

And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
 Come chasing countless thoughts along.

I will open my Catullus yet once more, and read aloud—though not like the Grecian of old, with a pebble in my mouth—a few

stanzas of the Epithalamium on Julia and Manlius, which I translated among the Euganean hills. And here let me linger for a moment, and admire the love-poetry of Catullus. He has thrown a garment of enchanting purity around the queen of love, yet transparent as the gossamer veil which the young girl (in Apollonius Rhodius) held up in the balcony to catch the moon-gleams. How his pictures come stealing over the senses, like the summer air over the violets of Colonos, the birth-place of the poet who unfolded the "beautiful" unto Greece!¹ Her hair is braided with a golden *diadema*, and her feet are covered with golden sandals: sweeter than the voice of the muses' fountain is the dancing of her footsteps.

Is not the similitude of a lovely girl to a myrtle of "Araby the blest," very delicious?

Like a myrtle lifting high
Its gleamy boughs in Araby,
Which the wood-nymphs, as it grew,
Water'd with their honey-dew.
Hasten hither, linger not
By the sweet Aonian grot,
Where with cooling voice the rill
Wandereth round the Muses' hill.
Call the mistress to her dwelling
For the young bride pining,
Let her heart with love be bound,
Like the ivy round and round
The oak its tendrils twining.

Wedding spirit, thou dost find
A shrine in every human mind;
Hymen! Hymen! every knee
In every land is bow'd to thee!
The sire invokes thee for his own,
The virgin doth unbind her zone;
The bridegroom too with longing ear
In trembling hope thy voice doth hear;
Unto the wild boy's arms thy hand
The flower-like maiden giveth:
Thou who in the Muses' land
In beauty liveth!
Venus without thee can gain
Naught worthy of an honest strain;
But if thou propitious be,
What god may we compare with thee!

Draw the bars and bolts aside,
Throw the palace portals wide—
The virgin cometh!
Dost thou see upon the summer air,
The torches shaking their golden hair?
Slowly sets the evening sun,
Come forth, lovely one!

Cease thy weeping, for to thee
Grief or danger cannot be;

¹ Sophocles.

Fairer eyes have never seen
The morning in its golden sheen,
Walking from the ocean green—
Like a hyacinthine flower
In a wealthy prince's bower.
But the evening's course is run—
Come forth, lovely one!

Come forth, timid bride, and listen;
Dost thou see the torches glisten,
Shaking about their golden hair?
Come forth, spirit fair!

Truly, the bridal song of Julia and Manlius is "like a stalk laden with its own beauty." I have only picked a blossom here and there, as fancy tempted; but when I return to my own quiet, dingy rooms in Jesus College, who knows that I shall not sit down and make a perfect version of the immortal poet, sending out the spirit of his sweet and beautiful dreamings, like a creature of light and perfume, over the dark seats of learning and science. Shelley had often listened to the sounds floating upon "the silver wave of this sweet singing." Compare the portrait of the young bride—

Floridis velut enitens
Myrtus Asia ramulis,
Quos Hamadryades Deæ
Ludicrum sibi roscido
Nutriunt humore—

with the balmy opening chant of the "Sensitive Plant"—

A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew.

What do ye know of the bright and holy treasures which the student bringeth out of the old temples of antiquity, O ye vain and clod-like children of earth! Go on in the path of your Moloch-idol, and fling your souls, your everlasting souls, beneath the wheels of his advancing chariot. Your breath is rank in my nostrils, your very innermost thoughts are "clotted with contagion." Who starved Burns? who forsook Bloomfield? who murdered Keats? Their blood be upon your heads and upon your children.

EDWARD SEYMOUR.

TO A BROKEN ÆOLIAN HARP,

ON LISTENING TO IT FOR THE LAST TIME, ERE LEAVING A LONG-LOVED RESIDENCE.

YET once, once more, thy wild sweet note I bid the breezes swell—
Yet one more gush of harmony—then, then, a long farewell!
A long farewell to all the dreams thy music used to bring
Of life and hope's rejoicing morn, of youth's unblighted spring!

My airy harp! once more the winds shall o'er thee gladly sweep,
To rouse in every ringing chord the soul that slumbers deep—
To pour one last—one parting strain, forth on the list'ning ear
That ne'er perchance on earth again thy much-loved tones may hear.

Alas! these loose and broken chords, all trembling and unstrung,
How changed are they from days when first their joyous music rung!
When rush'd their loud, ethereal voice, triumphant, wild, and free,
Up, up to heaven,—a pealing tide of breeze-like melody!

How changed! Now scarce the bending ear their breathings faint may
know

The dim, sweet sounds that whisper it in murmurs soft and low,
Like some far-distant spirit's wail; the mournful notes may seem
Like music heard imperfectly in man's fast-fading dream.

Yet ah! thus changed, thus quiv'ring low, thus ling'ring ere we part,
Than loftier tones more kindly these speak to the aching heart;
They seem to bear it sympathy with youth's bright promise flown,
To mingle tears with weeping eyes that else would weep alone.

'Tis fit thou shouldst be broken thus; there *was* a sunny chain
Once bound the hearts that loved thy song, and it is rent in twain:
The cold, the lonely grave hath some, and *one*, though young in years,
Must mark her lonely pilgrimage, perchance with nought but tears.

'Tis fit thou shouldst be broken thus; it were not meet that thou,
As in the days of early bliss, shouldst pour thy glad strain *now*.
The lares of my father's hall are hov'ring o'er thy shell,
And breathing in a plaintive voice, a last—a long farewell!

A long farewell! When silver links are sever'd one by one,
When from the home of early youth each early charm is flown,
When nought save dreams and memories are left of vanish'd bliss,
For such a time how sadly meet a parting like to this!

The tears that fall lamentingly thy last low murmurs o'er,
They mourn for simple joys that ne'er can be my portion more;
For all the dreams so bright and dear those shelt'ring woods retain,
And I must leave them here and seek the selfish crowd again!

And *thou*! I know not if the breath—the wakening breath of heaven,
To rouse thy faint expiring tones, shall e'er again be given—
I know not if the hand that now must lay thee in repose,
To light and life shall e'er again thy mould'ring form disclose.

All else would pass thee careless by, to them thou couldst not be
The relic dear of *other* days,—the friend thou art to me:
I could not bear to see thee forth to hopeless ruin cast,
Yet such I ween, if I were gone, must be thy lot at last.

The spirit of thy harpings wild hath sunk to quiet sleep;
Thou too shalt rest where silence calm her voiceless watch doth keep:
No meddling hand shall trouble thee till time shall mine restore,
Or theirs who'll bear thee hence when I can plead thy cause no more.

My airy harp! my spirit harp! if this our parting strain,
To stranger ears thy chords at least can never wake again;
Mine, mine thou wert, in days more bright—those days for both are
past—

Yet mine alone thy dying voice, the saddest and the last!

POLAND.

AMID the varied conflicts of opinions among mankind, there are fortunately a few points on which there appears to be no possibility of the slightest discrepancy. And in the foremost rank of these, may be placed the gross violation of any natural right, either in the case of an individual or a nation, under the cloak of expediency. In such cases, right feelings unconsciously give the first impulse, and this is eventually confirmed by the sober dictates of deliberate reason. It is in this way that, we apprehend, the wrongs of Poland have excited so general an interest among mankind; have called forth such unqualified indignation against the partitioning powers, and such sympathy for her sufferings. Yet it may seem strange, amid such general sympathy, that no effort should have been made to save the devoted land of heroes. The truth is that, notwithstanding this universal influence, nothing could be done to remedy the evil. The partitions occurred when all Europe was engrossed with internal affairs; and, under these circumstances, to dictate to the three most powerful nations in Europe was impracticable; and the chance of attaining the object by friendly negotiations, when the second case arose, was completely destroyed by the destructive torrent of the French revolution, which in its ruthless progress threatened the annihilation of society, and menaced with complete extinction every institution, however sacred and useful, if opposed to its wild career. By such means, those most deeply interested in resisting the very principles of the Polish spoliation, were driven (in self-defence) to league with her spoliators; and thus their power of vindicating her rights was suspended by the paramount necessity of opposing similar principles, operating on a more extended sphere. It was in vain, it could be clearly demonstrated, that the partition of Poland afforded a precedent, no less than the fraudulent conquest of Silesia, for any act of political robbery; for at that very moment circumstances rendered it a superior consideration to check the spread of the example. Thus unnoticed, Poland would have remained unconscious of the enthusiastic interest excited by her fate, had not the fervid eloquence of the poet, and the oratory occasionally betrayed feelings of indignant sympathy, and showed that, though the flame was smouldering, the fire was unextinguished, and that it might afterwards burst forth in one glorious blaze. At last a ray of hope gleamed on Polish patriotism. In 1806, Napoleon, then in the full splendor of his glory, proposed the restoration of the kingdom of Poland. With the political events, and considerations that influenced this extraordinary man, we have at present nothing to do, further than to state the historical fact, that the visions which had flitted before the eyes of the delighted Poles passed away, that there was no restoration of the kingdom of Poland, and that all their highly-wrought expectations terminated in the erection of the Duchy of Warsaw in 1807. Political distractions crowded fast upon each other, and at last the Duchy of Warsaw fell into the hands of the victorious Russians, after that campaign which cast Napoleon from the odious and unenviable rank of dictator of the destinies of continental Europe.

The negotiations which commenced with the downfall of Napoleon, and were completed by the treaty of Paris, in 1814, necessarily embraced the future condition of Poland, which, though then occupied by the Russian troops, had, from previous cession to France, become a fit subject of arrangement, not for the eventual benefit of Russia alone, but for that of the entire European commonwealth. At that period the emperor Alexander displayed a spirit of liberality, which appeared to have owed its origin to various circumstances. Madame de Staël has well delineated his moral character, by saying that he was "an accident"—the mere creature of circumstances. Thus on his return from witnessing the prosperity of this country, he was so enamoured of free institutions, that he ordained the establishment of "trial by jury" throughout Poland, within six months. In this he was carried away by mere impulse, without the slightest regard to the fitness or unfitness of the institution, (however admirable in some situations,) to the wants, habits and even prejudices of the people among whom he proposed to naturalise it. There were however, in addition, some important considerations which may not have been without weight in producing a concession in favour of Poland.

Throughout all the reverses of Napoleon, even when deserted by his dearest connexions, the Poles remained faithful, and never faltered from their allegiance. Such chivalrous devotion obtained for the gallant Dombrowski and his band of heroes a favorable capitulation. But it was incompatible with the policy of the restored French government to retain in the centre of France men so deeply pledged to their unsuccessful rival. The Poles, however, refused to return to their native land without an assurance that their national independence should be recognised. Alexander, also, knew that the tenure by which a Russian throne is held is somewhat frail, and appreciating the fidelity of the Poles, sought to secure their devotion by conferring the boon most ardently desired; and, as the first mark of favor, he conferred his brother Constantine upon them as the commander-in-chief. It is probable that each of the enumerated circumstances had an influence on the emperor's mind, while the whole determined him to re-erect the kingdom of Poland, in opposition to his first intention of annexing his recent conquest to Russia as a dependent province.

Austria at this time animated, in all human probability, by jealousy of her great rival, favored the scheme, and even offered to sacrifice a part of her own dominions.

France was decidedly favorable; while the British government advocated the same cause, from considering the future kingdom a rampart against Russian aggression. This view was communicated to the congress of Vienna, by Lord Castlereagh, in 1815, and he urged the restoration of the kingdom of Poland so energetically, that his view was adopted, and the hope was re-animated that the days of Sobieski might again be revived.

The rapidity with which this decision was made, probably owed much to the return of Napoleon from Elba, which rendered it imperative that Polish partisanship should not swell the ranks of the invader. It was accordingly decided, that the Grand Duchy of Warsaw should be attached to the empire of Russia under the name of the kingdom of Poland, and that it should be governed by sepa-

rate institutions. The treaty of Vienna contains on this point the following article :—

‘ The Duchy of Warsaw, with the exception of those provinces and districts which are otherwise disposed of by the following articles, is united to Russia. *It shall be irrevocably bound to the Russian Empire by its Constitution*, to be enjoyed by His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russians, his heirs and successors for ever.’

Thus it was established, that by the constitution alone the two Sovereignities were united under one head. It is curious to remark the opinions of the Emperor Alexander himself on this point, as displayed in a letter from him, dated Vienna, 30th of April, 1815, to Count Ostrowski, the President of the Polish Senate :—

‘ President of the Senate, Count Ostrowski.

‘ It is with peculiar satisfaction that I announce to you, that the destiny of your country is about to be fixed by the concurrence of all the powers assembled at the Congress of Vienna.

‘ The kingdom of Poland shall be united to the empire of Russia, by the title of its own Constitution, on which I am desirous of founding the happiness of the country. If the great interests involved in general tranquillity have not permitted all the Poles to be united under one sceptre, I have at least endeavoured to the uttermost of my power, to soften the hardships of their separation, and every where to obtain for them, as far as practicable, the enjoyments of their nationality.’ This was published according to an authority given by the Emperor to the court.

Thus a part of Poland was re-established as a separate state, by the act of all the powers of Europe ; and, although the Emperor of Russia was to be king of Poland, still the independence and separate existence of the kingdom was perfect. We shall hereafter see how consistently these principles have been maintained.

From the time of the first re-establishment of the kingdom, until 1820, the affairs of Poland went on apparently in conformity with the constitution ; but there were perpetual breaches of that formal grant, until the Spanish revolution burst forth : then the intrigues of Austria, and the apprehension entertained by Alexander himself of military revolution, led to the establishment of the sadly-misnamed Holy Alliance, and an attempt was made to suppress entirely in Poland the spirit of national independence, which at one time, if not actually fostered, had been cheered by the smiles of the autocrat.

The Count Zaionczek, a Pole, was nominally the King’s lieutenant, but the real power was invested in the Grand Duke Constantine, who held the appointment of commander-in-chief of the army. This personage, who has played so conspicuous a part in the affairs of Poland, is worthy of something more than a mere passing notice. Though possessed of very considerable talents, he is, in fact, an untamed tiger, giving way on all occasions to the most violent paroxysms of temper. He has a deep sense of the rights of his order, and holds the feelings of every other class of human beings as absolutely nought. So soon, therefore, as he found that his imperial brother was no longer the liberal patron of constitutional rights, he gave the most unrestrained licence to his capricious and violent injustice. A few instances are better than general assertion :—A most opulent and respectable man named

Woloski, the principal brewer of Warsaw, had, through some of his people, without his own knowledge, hired as a servant in his establishment a Russian deserter. The offender was detected, and proof of innocence on the part of his employer being disallowed, the Grand Duke, by his individual decree, ordered this respectable individual to be fettered, and in that condition he was compelled to work with a wheelbarrow in the public streets! His daughter, an amiable young lady, ventured to appeal to the mercy of the Grand Duke in behalf of her parent; and the unmanly monster kicked her down stairs, using at the same time the most abusive language. In the same way, he caused two Polish officers to be seized in the dead of night, and without trial, or even accusation, sent them to Russia. Some of the publishers of Warsaw having incurred his displeasure, he sent soldiers in the middle of the night to break up the presses and to destroy the types. Taxes were levied without consulting the Diet; and when a distinguished member, Niemoyewski, protested against such proceedings, he was arrested and sent to his country-house under the charge of cossacks, who kept him there for ten years, notwithstanding the most urgent affairs that required his attention elsewhere. The students, too, especially at Wilna, were persecuted and harassed by a most notorious person named Nowozilzoff, who succeeded Prince Adam Czartorisky as curator of the universities. This fit tool in Constantine's hands, displayed on every occasion the most atrocious rapacity, and an entire absence of common humanity. One of the richest inhabitants of Lithuania had been arrested at the instance of this modern Sejanus; but 15,000 ducats, or 7000*l.* sterling, effected his liberation. His most infamous act, if it be possible to give any pre-eminence in acts all most pre-eminently wicked, was performed on the following occasion:—A boy of nine years of age, a son of Count Plater, had in the playfulness of childhood written in chalk on one of the forms, "The 3rd of May for ever," that being the anniversary of Kosciusko's Constitution. The fact was discovered by some of the innumerable spies, employed even among these infants, to Nowozilzoff, who instituted an inquiry among the boys,—not one would betray poor Plater: they were all ordered to be flogged with the utmost severity. The unhappy offender declared that he had written the offensive words. The Grand Duke condemned him to be a soldier for life, incapable of advancement in the army; and when his mother threw herself before his carriage to implore forgiveness for her wretched child, he spurned her like a dog with his foot.

Every one possessed of the means naturally fled from such unheard-of tyranny, and, among others, a highly accomplished gentleman who sought refuge in London. Constantine sent emissaries after him, in the foolish belief that he could carry him off. The emissary soon discovered the folly of his errand, and returned to the great chagrin of his master.

Shaving the heads of ladies of rank who displeased him, was a common occurrence; and, on one occasion, four soldiers were hanged because they abstained from carrying such an order into effect, as they found it impossible to do so without using personal violence. Tarring and feathering the shaved heads of the offenders was also a favorite recreation of the commander-in-chief.

This career of cruelty and oppression on one occasion met with a reproof, and the manner in which it was received is too illustrative of the Grand Duke's character not to be recorded. Among other subjects of his oppression, was a Polish officer of rank, who was confined in a foul dungeon placed under a common sewer. There the unhappy man was wasting away in a noisome and pestilential atmosphere. This happened to reach the ears of one of those men who do honor to their high calling,—a bold, intrepid priest, who considered himself bound as the minister of a benevolent Deity, to interpose, and if possible to soften the obdurate heart of the tyrant. By the mere accident of receiving permission from the Grand Duke Michael, he was admitted to Constantine's presence. He stated the object of his visit firmly but respectfully. The Grand Duke stormed—the priest declared, that undeterred by menaces he would fulfil what he deemed a paramount duty. Astonished at this, the Grand Duke sprang out of the window, declaring that there was a madman within. The priest was conveyed to a convent, where he was confined; but his interference effected no relief to the individual he sought to serve, nor did he obtain any general relaxation.

While acts of private oppression were calling forth all the hatred to Russia, which is the birthright of every Pole, political tyranny was superadded, as if it were desirable to concentrate upon one point the entire indignation of a brave and devoted people. We have already adverted to the patriotic association, modelled almost after the recommendation of the Emperor Alexander. This association, formed by the celebrated General Dombrowski, had at first a masonic and military character: having, as its object, mutual good offices among the army. Its existence was perfectly known to Alexander; who alleged in his discourses to the Diet, and indeed on all occasions, that he could not re-unite, as he earnestly desired, the Polish provinces in actual union with Russia, with the revived kingdom, because he could not discover among them either a Polish spirit, or a desire to become Poles. He therefore recommended that the association formed should extend its objects and become the means of promoting a national spirit. Of his intervention abundant proof was furnished, in prosecutions on which we shall hereafter touch. For a time this recommendation was not acted upon; but in 1820 it was adopted; when unhappily the causes, as we have already seen, which effected an entire revolution in the Emperor's political views, induced him to denounce the association as treasonable. And for its suppression, in direct violation of the constitution, he appointed a military commission, which tried and condemned civilians without any of the prescribed formalities. And, as if he were desirous of rendering its proceedings still more odious, he composed it of men of infamous character,—Haöke, Blumer, Kornatowski, Chankiewicz, and others, mere tools of the Grand Duke; who, in point of fact, issued the proclamations, dictated the sentences, and provided for their due execution. One of the most atrocious acts of this most atrocious period is the treatment of Major Lukasinski, a Polish officer of high character and blameless life. He was distinguished by the Grand Duke, indeed was especially favored on all occasions, but, being a member of the association at the time that it became particularly obnoxious,

he was arrested, and after some time brought into the presence of his imperious chief; who, addressing him in terms of kindness and friendship, invited him to repose confidence in the known attachment he felt for him; thus thrown off his guard, the unhappy man spoke with frankness and candour. He was removed to his dungeon, tried on his confession to the Grand Duke, was convicted, and condemned to be deprived of all his honors, to chains, and to perpetual imprisonment. In compliance with this sentence, he was conveyed to the fortress of Zamosc, where upwards of a thousand persons similarly circumstanced were confined. One of the Grand Duke's emissaries was introduced into the prison; he got up a conspiracy for effecting the escape of the prisoners, and, without the privity of the wretched Lukasinski, contrived to procure his nomination as the leader of the conspirators. Then further persecutions were instituted, and for this imputed crime, which, even if real, could not be blamed by any man, he was condemned to death. This was, however, too humane; death would have afforded relief to the wearied sufferer, which was not the object of Constantine. It was therefore commuted to perpetual imprisonment and a WEEKLY FLOGGING. And it was directed that a record should be kept for Constantine's especial information of the effect of each blow on the wretched victim! Humanity recoils at recording such atrocity, such cold-blooded ferocity; and we should not have ventured on making the statement, had not the facts been attested by documents found among the papers of the Grand Duke after his precipitate retreat from Warsaw last November. To guard against the possibility of relief or escape, Lukasinski was alternately confined in a prison in the heart of Warsaw, or in the fortress of Goura; and he was instantly removed, if the scene of his actual sufferings were even suspected. Unfortunately for him, at the moment of the insurrection of Warsaw, he was at Goura, and although jewels, papers, and other valuables were left behind, Lukasinski was too precious not to be carried off with scrupulous care. The actual history of his sufferings would have contributed to animate even the most torpid patriotism, when even the imperfect statements that are now communicated to the English public cannot fail to excite a disgust and detestation for the tyrant only equalled by the sympathy for the victim of his persecution. But notwithstanding these increasing grounds of dissatisfaction,—nay, of deep and unqualified abhorrence,—the good sense of the associated regenerators of their country's freedom prevailed over their excited feelings. The ferocity of the unprincipled savage but confirmed them in the path of duty and in the necessity of the utmost caution. Yet thus rendered circumspect, they never forgot that these practical illustrations of tyranny imposed upon them additional and more urgent duties to their country. Under these convictions they restricted their operations to the most narrow limit, and nothing beyond Poland and Poles was ever regarded in even a speculative view. Yet, in spite of all this caution, on the breaking out of the Russian conspiracy, after the death of Alexander, in favor of Constantine, in opposition to his younger brother, the present emperor, attempts were made to connect the Polish association with the Russian revolt.

Under this pretext an immense number of the association, already in

bad odour from having been denounced by Alexander, were arrested. The most chosen victims were persons eminent for their rank, attainments, virtues, and patriotism; not that noisy and presumptuous quality miscalled patriotism, which displays itself in idle declamation and useless turbulence, but in that silent devotion to the best interests of their country, illustrated by improving its condition and by promoting every measure calculated to benefit the people. The individuals so arrested were declared by an imperial ordinance to be guilty, in defiance of an acquittal by the senate, which alone could legally investigate the charges. The imperial decree then issued, condemning the accused to imprisonment, exile, and every penalty that unprincipled caprice could suggest. In this career of criminal folly a singular step was taken, without the chief movers conceiving it possible to produce some most important effects in the sequel. The whole of the alleged offences were published, the defence suppressed; but, as these offences involved only what every Pole felt to be a sacred duty, the disclosure produced fresh ardor in the cause, and led to the establishment of innumerable other associations, all of which conduced mainly to the recent explosion.

Among the illustrious men there is a gentleman, now in London, whose personal sufferings may be considered a fair example of the system pursued. His career may be described as one of pain and misery. His father—a distinguished champion of the liberties of his country at the period of the last partition—was expatriated: being accompanied with his wife, the subject of the present detail was born during their flight, and was seized with his father's property by the governor. He was placed with a man who appears to have possessed some of the feelings of humanity; for on the death of his own child, he reported the stranger to be dead, at the same time restoring him to his parents. Subsequently to the establishment of the Duchy of Warsaw, he entered the service of Napoleon, and served with distinction, but was taken prisoner in 1812, and was three years in prison. After the cession to Russia, and the establishment of the kingdom, he wished to retire from military life; and, after fourteen refusals to accept his resignation, the permission to retire was most ungraciously granted. His pertinacity had offended, and his integrity made him a marked man. Accordingly, on the occasion of which we speak, he was arrested, (having at that time previously spent about seven years in Russian prisons) and without condemnation placed in a dark dungeon, where for eleven months he neither saw the face of man, nor the light of day. At the expiration of that time he (with others) was suddenly taken from their cells, thrown into common carts, and conveyed under a burning sun to St. Petersburg, where he was kept in rigorous custody, until he had completed his fourth year of additional captivity. Almost at the moment of his arrest he had been married to a lovely and amiable female: he had no intercourse with his family during his wearisome confinement; and when he returned to be cheered by domestic affection, he found that he had become a father, but that his wife, worn out by her feelings, was no longer the beautiful partner of his hopes and fears, but an exhausted being, dropping fast into her grave. She died in two months. Acts like these necessarily roused that spirit,

which has since spoken in the voice of thunder to the oppressor. The suppressed indignation burst forth on the 30th of November, 1830, in the following manner:—The police of the Grand Duke, ever on the alert to render themselves acceptable to their master, by affording him objects on which he might rack his ruthless passions, planned an association for the purpose of involving the most respectable and distinguished persons in Poland; and for that purpose inveigled a number of ardent youths, just after the revolution in Paris, to attend meetings, and to avow patriotic opinions. The prime conspirator, either from indolence, or a belief that there might be danger in devising a new organisation for the association, used that which had been discovered during the early proceedings against the patriots. A copy of this scheme falling into the hands of some of the members of the actual associations, excited a suspicion that they had been betrayed; and the recollection of former horrors decided them to take instant measures for liberating themselves from their detestable thralldom.

Constantine had established a school for the education of inferior officers, with a view to destroying the national character in the army. The numbers at this establishment were at this time 180, of whom not more than six or eight were parties to the association. These however, early in the evening of the day already mentioned, went into their barrack, addressed their comrades, explained their views, and without a single dissentient, not even excepting one individual who was sick in bed, they armed themselves, and commenced their operations.

In order to understand their proceedings, it is necessary to give a short account of local circumstances. The Grand Duke, though affecting a reckless courage on all occasions, did not choose to incur the risk of living in the centre of Warsaw, but established himself at the palace of Belveder in the outskirts of the city, having at a short distance the barracks of three regiments of Russian guards. From some whimsical motive he surrounded the barrack with a wide and deep ditch, over which some very narrow bridges were thrown, so that by boats it was most conveniently crossed. Constantine had no guards about his residence, but the disguised spies were so numerous, that no stranger could approach beyond the outer gate without interruption. The habits of the Grand Duke, too, favored the plan of the conspirators. His usual practice was to rise at four, to appear among the troops and in public until his hour of dinner, which is two in the afternoon; then to retire to bed, sleep until seven or eight o'clock, then rise again and devote himself to amusement for the evening. The hour chosen for proceeding to his palace, for the purpose of making him a prisoner to be detained as an hostage, was seven. At that time the young soldiers proceeded to the bridge of Sobieski, where the main body posted themselves, while a dozen of the most determined pressed forward to complete their object. They forced their way into the palace, where they were first opposed by the director of the police, one Lubowidzki, who fled on being wounded; next they encountered the Russian General Gendre, a man infamous for his crimes; he was killed in the act of resisting. Lastly, when on the point of reaching the bedchamber of the Grand Duke, who alarmed had

just risen, they were stopped by the valet-de-chambre Kochanowski, who by closing a secret door enabled his master to escape undressed through the window. He fled to his guards, who instantly turned out. Disappointed in their prey, the devoted band rejoined their companions at the bridge of Sobieski, where they had been awaiting the result of the plan. On finding that the first object had failed, they resolved on returning into the city. In doing this, it was necessary to pass close to the barracks, where the soldiers were already mounted, but unable to cross the ditch from the precautionary arrangements of the small bridges. They could therefore only fire on the hostile party, who, from being thus peculiarly situated, returned the fire so briskly that they killed 300 before they retreated, carrying off only one of their party wounded. On reaching the city, they instantly liberated every state prisoner, were joined by the school of the engineers and the students of the university. A party entered the only two theatres open, calling out "Women home—men to arms." Both requisitions were instantaneously complied with. The arsenal was next forced, and, in one hour and a half from the first movement, so electrical was the cry of liberty, that 40,000 men were in arms. The Sappers and the 4th Polish regiment, declared in favor of the insurrection very soon; and by eleven o'clock the remainder of the Polish troops in Warsaw, declaring that their children were too deeply compromised to be abandoned, espoused the popular cause. On learning this the Grand Duke fell back forcing two regiments of Polish guards along with him.

Nowozilzoff, the criminal coadjutor of the Grand Duke, from some presentiment of danger, had gone to St. Petersburg a day before the revolution broke out. The functionaries, thus abandoned, to check the spread of principles opposed to those of Russian policy invited the most distinguished patriots to join them. These were Czartorisky, Radzivill, Niemcewicz, Chlopicki, Pac, Kachnowski and Lelewel. No good, however, resulted from this heterogeneous assemblage; for, in the hope of accommodation, the patriots were induced to allow the Grand Duke to retire under a convention, when they might have captured his entire army. The escape of so detested a person and his myrmidons excited great dissatisfaction; but no excess was committed, although the exuberance of joy among the patriot bands produced a thousand extravagant demonstrations of their feelings. Disorder might, however, have followed; and Chlopicki, a man of stern character and known devotion to the cause, declared himself Dictator—a declaration that was universally satisfactory, from the acknowledged qualities of the man. The attempt to blend his military duties with political details, in the end, proved more than he was equal to. He summoned the Diet, and sent negociators (Prince Lubecki and Mr. Iezierski) to St. Petersburg: he demanded uncontrolled authority, which was granted with one dissentient voice. Iezierski returned from Petersburg unsuccessful; as the basis of negotiation insisted upon by the Emperor was unconditional submission. Chlopicki, dissatisfied with his own failure, retired, and for two days there was no executive power: yet no one breathed a thought of abandoning the cause. The Diet then chose Radzivill as commander-in-chief: though brave, honor-

able, and intelligent, he wanted military experience ; and assumed the authority merely to prevent anarchy. Chlopicki discharged the functions of the major-general of the army ; and the Prince, with the approval of all classes, soon resigned the supreme command to the present Generalissimo, Skrzynecki, who has so nobly vindicated his claim to the arduous task imposed upon him.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CALL TO POLAND.

HAVE ye sharpen'd your swords ? for the battle is nigh—
 The morn of the conflict is breaking :
 O dark is the dawn, but slaughter's red eye
 Shall enlighten the path you are taking,
 Bright hope in your bosoms awaking,
 That the vengeance which slept under Muscovite sway,
 The treasure of years shall be kindled to day.

'Tis Freedom that calls you ! though dim be the sun,
 The darkness around you dispelling ;
 Though death-fires enshroud you, and waste is begun,
 She to deeds of high worth compelling,
 Points to every loved altar and dwelling,
 And demands from the sons of the noble in fame
 If the hell-mark of slave must still blacken their name !

By the glory your tyrants would quench, but in vain—
 By the shades of your heroes departed—
 By him who, undaunted, again and again
 For the goal of victory started,
 Kosciusko the lion-hearted—
 By all that is worthy in man's little day,
 Go dare as your fathers, or perish as they.

Have ye sharpen'd your swords for the banquet of death ?
 Have ye made the blood-deep adjuration ?
 Have ye dared on the hazard the stake of your breath ?
 Again ye shall be a free nation—
 Not vain shall be your invocation :
 The call of each sword upon Liberty's aid
 Shall be written in gore on the steel of its blade !

THE POLITICAL TIMES.

THE rapidity of the advance of freedom among modern nations, not less than the energy which impels its progress, naturally excites astonishment. In no series of years so limited, does history exhibit any thing like the changes which the existing generation may almost be said to have witnessed. The spirit which humbled the tyrannical Stuarts, maintained its fervor in transatlantic forests unquenchable amid toil and suffering, and broke out into a blaze at the American Revolution. France, disregarding the moral consequences of her interference in her blind hope of humbling a rival, caught the flame, and kindling the nations around her far and wide, indomitable, irrepressible, conquering, and to conquer, spread it from empire to empire.

Such is the brief history of the march of empires towards the form of popular or constitutional governments. The world is struggling to break asunder the fetters of ages, and to vindicate the rights of its children. It is a great and a cheering sight to the friends of liberty to behold the mighty efforts thus made for bursting the shackles that enchain the mind. But there is one evil inseparable from such a condition of things, namely,—the disorder and confusion consequent upon the rapidity of the change. The breaking at once from a state of constraint to that of almost uncontrolled liberty, has afforded the enemies of freedom a charge against freedom itself. Had the recent events in France, and the banishment of the besotted family which ruled there, been the work of the Chambers, and not of physical popular force, we should find in that country a better and more orderly state of internal government at present. Nevertheless, none but the most bigoted Ultra Tory in this land would venture to impugn the resistance of that people to the inevitable degradation prepared for them by the caitiff who governed them; or condemn the attempts to resist the re-establishment of a despotic system which had cost them so much blood and treasure to overturn. The settlement of a people into tranquillity, especially a people of the mercurial character of our neighbours, who have thus broken for a time the reign of law, will be slow; but the advantages will ultimately compensate for all the evils. It is stupid, it is ridiculous to judge such great changes in the destiny of nations by a shortsighted consideration of the momentary ills they may occasion. The moral earthquake may have overturned much that it was desirable should remain; but that which is destroyed will be erected again in a more noble and lasting form at the appointed time. The philosopher foresees this, and hails the good and evil together, content to await the certain result in the increase of the sum of human happiness. He points with truth to changes in France caused by her revolution, and asks whether a conservative system under a Louis, so eagerly attempted to be upheld by successive coalitions, notwithstanding the atrocities of Robespierre, and the ambition of Napoleon, would have obtained for the bulk of the French people the advantages they have and do enjoy. Whether seignorage, and the gabelle, and the game-laws, and a profligate nobility, a legislation emanating from the will of a Charles or a Louis, were such sacred things, that their conservation was the

duty as well as the interest of the people. It is in the history of all great national changes, effected by violence when there is no other mode of redress, to cause much ill. It is a part of the law of necessity that it should be so. We have lived to see the prophetic denunciations of Burke, and of those who supported the same principles, completely falsified in their results. He must be a fool, or something worse, who dares to assert that in the last forty years the world has not been an immense gainer by the revolutions of empires, even when accompanied too often by deeds at which humanity blushes; and when the friends of liberty have been ready to say with Roland, "O liberty! what crimes have not been committed in thy name!"

If these things are facts, and we dare assert that they are,—if the emancipation of nations from the rule and caprice and profligacy of any individual be a blessing, all good men must hail such changes, at the same time desiring that since they are too often accompanied by great evils, when they are the result of physical force, they should proceed from the wisdom of the ruling power itself. It is true, in countries which do not boast of some considerable degree of political liberty, this cannot be expected; but where political liberty exists already, and the end is rather to purify than to change, this course is the one most consistent with national prosperity, and the salutary reign of law. Mutation is the order of nature. Time is the great innovator. To preserve existing things for a long space in the same state is as unnatural an expectation as to preserve human life from disease and mortality. It is better to amend by degrees, than to resist amendment until it is effected by force.

It is with the consciousness of these truths, which are as undeniable as the fact of human existence, that we find ourselves called upon to support a reform in the British representation. The political aspect of the times impresses every thinking mind with the knowledge that all despotisms are tending to constitutional monarchies. The light of the age has shown that good government is a matter of business, not of dreamy prerogative derived from Adam. The empires around us are struggling to become what we became. We set them the example of freedom. While they are copying us, it well becomes us to purify ourselves from the accumulating abuses of the past, and still to be to them a burning and a shining light. Whether we could be so with the most corrupt system of representation that well can exist, is easily decided. Where the right of legislating is sold for hard money, and the welfare of millions depends upon the capability of raising a sufficient sum,—where an Elwes or a Dancer against a Chatham, Pitt, or Fox, are certain of success, and carry their influence with their purse until they commanded half the representation of the country, surely some purgation may be endured with advantage. The defenders of a "virtual" representation, as they call it, are dreadfully driven to their shifts. Canning did not deny the prevalence of corruption—it was to be lamented, but he deemed the present system preferable to the dangers of a change; and thought that the fact of men being returned by interest, or even by money, admitted many useful members into the House who could not

else get there. He said he would resist it, unless he saw that the opinion of the greater part of the people of England was in favor of some definite scheme in its behalf. The Duke of Wellington, to whose great talents we are ready to do justice at all times,—the Duke asserts, that the present system is the most perfect possible, and that there is no need of any reform at all. His Grace must be fearfully blinded by the beauties of the existing order of things to reason thus. We believe, in charity to his genius as a soldier, and his uncompromising devotedness to the service of his country, that he has studied the constitution of England but little. Most other defenders of corruption and Sugden, of Grampound, and East Retford, oppose reform because they make a profit by its opposite, or, in other words, because it is contrary to their interests. This portion of its opponents are numerous, wealthy, and obstinate. Most of the party have neither talents to uphold them, nor wisdom to conceal the monstrous impudence and inconsistency of their opposition. They are the money-changers in the temple of the constitution, who must be turned out from its sacred precincts, which they have too long been defiling. Away with them then, political usurers and sordid monopolists as they are—the Newcastles and Beauforts, who thus usurp the place of the British people. We ask by what service, by what right, constitutional or moral, such persons claim the privilege of governing the country through indirect influence, and, at the same time that they are trafficking with the rights of their fellow-subjects, audaciously claim for the support of their offspring the offices and places which ought to belong only to talent or public service? Talk of mean motive and lucre-loving prostration of mind among petty tradesmen in their daily vocations!—What have we of their meanness not outdone by many who claim gentle blood for themselves, and insult all around them by their arrogance! We might go on reiterating instances of corruption and mean-spiritedness; but our readers know them as well as we.

But “there is danger in the change,” say some, who declare they should not otherwise be opposed to the measure. Lord Chatham declared, if the House of Commons did not reform itself from within, it would be reformed from without with a vengeance. Is there more danger, then, in the House reforming itself,—in his Majesty’s ministers resuscitating the constitution, infusing into it a portion of health and vigor, than in leaving it to accumulate its abuses, that a few wealthy or titled families may still continue to rule it in defiance of reason and law? Will the people of England endure such a state of things, and leave to revolution what they are bound by their birth on the soil of their fathers to rectify? We believe they are not such fools. They will not see that which is their natural, constitutional, indefeasible right, trammelled, or withheld from them and their children any longer. We repeat, that if the House of Commons be not reformed from within, it will be reformed from without with a vengeance at no very distant period of time. Let it be recollected we are only borrowing this language; we are only using the words of one of the ministers of George III. who raised this nation to a pitch of glory it never knew before. This is no new-fangled doctrine, but it is old, substantial, pure, downright

English. A spirit is abroad in the earth resisting bad governments in foreign countries : it may prevail here, if it have abuses to lay hold upon, and to an extent that men of the greatest temerity would not wish to witness. Let all such danger then be avoided,—let the remedy proceed under the reign of law from the government itself, thus preventing national disorder, and warding off all danger of remedy by physical force, the duration of the evils of which, experience shows us cannot even be conjectured. The most ludicrous objection made by those who are interested in the preservation of the old system with all its abuses, is the want of right in parliament to disfranchise a rotten borough, or change the qualification of an elector. This comes with peculiar grace, as has been observed in the House of Commons, from those who have disfranchised electors by the thousand,—from many who were parties to the Union with Ireland,—from those who recollect our national history ! Such trashy arguments may be natural to my Lord Farnham, my Lord Kenyon, or his Grace of Newcastle, but they must tend to lower the majority of others who use them in public estimation. If we want examples of fallacy in argument, it is humiliating to our national pride that we find them most readily in the senate—nay, under the sanctity of the peerage itself.

It is asserted that the reform proposed is revolutionary. This is a cant phrase in the mouths of the Ultra Tories, whenever they want to alarm the timid, or whenever they fear that their own interests are endangered. There is no man in this country, except he be a follower of Carlile and his gang, who dreams of changing the form of Government. The measure proposed is but a return to the principles of the constitution and of our hereditary monarchy. It is a restoration to the people of rights of which they have been despoiled—a return to them of that portion of power in the management of their own affairs which has been usurped by those who had not the smallest right to do so—by those whom the letter of the constitution and law condemn as criminal for the acts which the reform now contemplated also condemns. The interference of the peerage in returning members to parliament is a high offence ; the corruption of electors is a high offence ; the vending boroughs in broad day as articles of vulgar traffic is a gross offence. Yet are these abuses the very things for which the opposers of reform are now in reality stickling under the plea of danger to the constitution, for which they are invoking the vengeance of their household gods, hooting “ revolution,” shouting that the Church and King are in danger, and that all which is respectable, meaning themselves and their private interests, is to be brought into contempt. If those who assert these things are brought into contempt, they will have rendered themselves worthy of it. We are of opinion, that none can be brought into contempt who do not merit it ; and that they who find themselves in this predicament are justly contemptible.

We are not, like the radicals, condemners of the aristocracy of the country. What is so denominated, is an essential part of the body politic, which must consist of gradations to excite honorable ambition and to stir up the different ranks of people to emulation. But we condemn the excessive influence of aristocratic power. In this country, aristocracy and democracy are to be kept in due balance,

that neither may prevail to the destruction of the other. We ask the King, Lords, and Commons, not the Lords and stock-borough dealers, to govern us. The present proposers of reform are of the aristocracy, essentially so; they are among the most ancient and wealthy families of the realm. They are not the peers or commoners, who have sprung up like mushrooms from Irish unions and from commercial speculations. Marshal man for man, for and against reform at the present moment, and we are fully persuaded no one will venture to denominate the Peers and Commoners who support the measure, the low or vulgar of the land; or deny that they will not in pedigree, and in every possible way, stand competition with their opponents, if they have not Doctor Sidmouth's and Pedlar Londonderry's pretensions. None we are sure of the honest and high-minded of the Tories talk such nonsense; yet there are found persons who do so. Many, may a very large portion, of the Tories admit the expediency of some reform, but differ as to the extent of the measure, and differ conscientiously on this ground only. It is the sordid and self-interested alone who deny the necessity of any reform, and in most lachrymose vein bemoan the pretended ruin of their country, in the way a lawyer would be pathetic if our jails were empty, or Jack Ketch would weep at a virgin gibbet.

Would the opponents of reform leave the matter alone, and, like my Lord Eldon, enforce penal statutes upon every occasion, and draw the rein tighter so that things might go on under compression a little longer,—leaving the future to chance or posterity, content if it lasted their day? Such a course is not patriotism if it succeed; but when the world around is struggling for emancipation from heavier abuses than we endure, is it probable, is it possible the British people would remain quiet under theirs with the consciousness of justice and right on their side? We think not—we know they would not—they dare not in their duty to God and to their children. What would be the result of a reform forced from a government by convulsion, we have not far to look for an example. Policy, reason, justice, all things sacred demand that it be conceded by the rulers to the people, not torn from them.

We have granted, that, as to the minor arrangements, the extent of the measure, the qualification, and similar provisions, many conscientious men differ. These are questions which can only be settled by calm deliberation. The present is the time to carry it into effect, if it be ever effected through the medium by which it will come safest to the people. To delay the question is a dereliction of a public duty, especially when it is considered how very selfish and sordid are the motives which actuate too large a portion of its enemies. We know something of human nature, and we should no more think a peer of the realm free from the natural influence of self-interest, than a banker or a tradesman. If a peer return half a dozen members at four thousand pounds a seat, (the market price at one time, we believe) he stands, in our estimation, as much interested as any other man who has twenty-four thousand at stake; and if instead of money he hold the same value in ministerial interest, by which he provides for his family and dependents, it is but as so many directorships or shares of

stock with a banker or trader; the influence upon the individual is precisely the same—the pure worth of the thing. We have been too long used to the stuff so frequently put forth, of an honorable gentleman, or peer, never feeling influenced by this thing or that, or being above such and such a commonplace line of conduct—we put no faith in this nonsense. Man, high-born or low-born, is the same in essentials. A man may scorn mean actions from a sense of honor growing out of a consciousness that he must not degrade himself, but, as to self-interest, all men are pretty well on a par.

It was to be expected that the opposers of the bill would advance nothing clear and new against it. The opposition in point of argument has been in the highest degree sophistical. The speeches of Sir Robert Inglis, Lord Leveson Gower, and Sir Robert Peel were the best. Mr. Horace Twiss of course spoke on the same side, and added considerably to the cause of his opponents, by the want of reasoning and the superficiality of what he delivered. Night after night passed away, even to the seventh, when it may be supposed the House was pretty well tired, before the division took place, which gave ministers a majority of one in favor of the bill. Never was a debate more pertinaciously carried on without a new argument being advanced from which the public could be a gainer. In fact, the reform of parliament has been canvassed in some shape or other for the last seventy years. Every argument that plausibility could produce, imagination invent, sophistry concoct, or credulity swallow, has been repeated *usque ad nauseam* a thousand times, to combat the plain truth “that the parliamentary system is corrupt and must be reformed,” and in all these modes of fighting off this truth, the corruption has not been denied, because it could not be denied; all has been exerted to avert that by which certain usurped interests may not suffer, cost England what it may. For our own parts, we trust we may yet say in truth what has heretofore been said, by one of the most illustrious of the friends of freedom, “Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live.” In order to say this with justice, let us rub off the abuses which time has brought upon us—let us reform.

We had written thus far in explanation of our political sentiments, when a motion of General Gascoigne, that the number of members of parliament for England should not be reduced, was carried against ministers by a majority of twenty-two. The Bill for Reform has therefore been defeated, at least for a time, upon a point which had very little to do with the question of reform itself. As a part of the bill, however, upon which ministers were determined it should stand or fall, it was abandoned by them. The dissolution of parliament seems a necessary consequence of this step, for that, or a resignation of ministers, is the only alternative. For this step Lord Grey will be loaded with abuse by the opposition. For ourselves, we think such abuse will come with a very ill grace from those who, when in office, were accustomed to avail themselves of every aid to keep their places and carry their measures, however unpopular or injurious. It would, indeed, be a wonderful stretch of politeness in ministers to say, “As you have opposed us and thrown out our bill, pray come in and pre-

clude reform for ever if possible. We give up all hopes of carrying other measures beneficial to the country ; we give up the emoluments of office as a sacrifice to your superior sagacity !" On the motion of General Gascoigne there was a warm debate : Mr. Price, who seemed inspired, under the operation of a miracle, to deliver oracles of more than Delphic wisdom in more than Demosthenian oratory, made a most extraordinary appeal to the house. After a lugubrious denunciation of the French people for not submitting to the despotism of the wretched fanatic whom they so properly dethroned, and whom he denominated " conspirators," — (Good God, what an appellation even from this till now obscure personage, or from any man, however contemptible, who treads the soil of a free country !) the honorable gentleman proceeded in his Jeremiad with apparently more eloquence, all the solemn nothingness of Mr. Sadler, and a folio of classical quotations, for which that gentleman substitutes politico-economical extracts after his own grave mode. He defended close boroughs : he pronounced that reform ought not to be granted until present men were changed into angels, (therefore we presume Mr. Price would leave the representation in the hands of the archangels his tory friends). Hume, De Lolme, Tacitus, Burke, Bacon, Virgil, Cromwell, Fairfax, Mirabeau, Lafayette, Bolingbroke, Montesquieu were all conjured up in mazy illustration, to prove that close boroughs, and by consequence seat-selling, were part and parcel of the ark of the constitution, with which it was sacrilege to interfere. He dreaded the subserviency of parliament to the choice of a large body of " uninformed individuals," and, finally, after many throes and a hard time of it, as the midwives would say, was delivered of the following stale quotation from Lord Bolingbroke : " Those who are preparing to build up a government should recollect that the kingly power ought to form the basis, and the popular power the superstructure ; for if you place a republic as the basis, and afterwards build a monarchy upon it, your building will fall into ruins on the slightest shock." This is utter nonsense. The political doctrines of 1745 and of 1790 have been proved to be very ill-fitting for the present times, and very irreconcilable to common sense. The kingly power would in this case resemble the bottom of an inverted pyramid. We hold the king's to be based on the people's power, which is the true basis of all government. In respect to the " uninformed individuals" of whom the honorable gentleman spoke, we must say, that the pretended exclusive wisdom, claimed by many of the gentry and upper ranks in this country, is one of the most unfounded, false, and dangerous mistakes into which they can fall. The habits, ease, and bad mode of education of the higher classes in general, make those who figure among them as distinguished men exceptions only ; they are in general far less informed, far more ignorant, than the middling classes ; and many even behind a good proportion of the lower. They have not kept pace with the age in which they live ; and it seems as if some are determined to shut their eyes to it, and thank God they are not as wise as their inferiors in other respects, aye, and even to cherish that ignorance as a trait of their high pretensions. There is nothing complex in voting for a member of parliament after a man's fancy, and

this is therefore no great stretch of wisdom to be conceded even to the "uninformed" class. Mr. Price was cheered as a sort of God-send by his party. His appearance was a political *avatar*, of which they have talked to the exclusion of almost every other topic, Sir R. Vyvian and Mr. Hart Davis having had no other word since upon their lips but "Prodigious!"

At length Parliament has been dissolved. The appeal to the people has been rightly resolved upon. As we have observed, General Gascoigne brought forward a motion that the number of members for Great Britain should not be diminished: it was carried against Ministers by a majority of 22. The next measure to come before the house was the supplies; and this was prevented by moving an adjournment. Of this a Bankes was the instrument; a name connected with every thing that is shuffling and pernicious in parliament—a name, that if the House gets rid of by the measure of Reform, would alone make that measure a benefit. We speak this without reference to a Whig or Tory administration; to each, to either, to both, the same name has been, and ever will be, a sign of political evil, notwithstanding the inveterate weakness which it betokens. The result of this appeal to the people by ministers can hardly be doubted in the present state of public feeling; and ministers had no other resource but that, or resignation.

The state of Ireland is, at this moment, a cause of serious apprehension. Outrages are perpetrated there daily; and fears are entertained that recourse must be had to rigid measures for repressing these disorders. The new parliament will have no light task to execute on its meeting; and the condition of that country it will be a question of paramount duty to consider.

The state of Europe, the victories of the Poles, and the occupation of Italy by the Austrians, we have not room to comment upon this month; having, as in duty bound, begun at home. We trust that the Polish commander will not venture too far, and suffer his barbarian enemies to cut him off, by interposing between him and Warsaw. Thus far the cause of freedom and humanity has been triumphant. Europe can only look to France for the salvation of Italy. Austria will soon hold that country as a province, from the Tyrol to Sparti Vento, if she be suffered to act agreeably to her own wishes. We have one hope, that her hatred of Russia may induce her to favor the Poles, or at least, to preserve a perfect neutrality. It would be too much to expect, with her natural detestation of freedom, that she would ever do more. An interesting paper on Poland will be found in another part of our number.

The French are about bringing the tyrant of Portugal to account. We trust they will do so without delay. Their honor is pledged to force from the wretch full and ample satisfaction for the insults which have been offered by him to French citizens and to France.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S LEVEE.

UNFEIGNED respect for, and a slight personal acquaintance with, the noble person who now holds the Seals, led me to attend his last levee. This could not be done without some inconvenience; and, not the least of it, was the necessity of being equipped in full court apparel. I do not object to this dress—indeed I much approve of it in those who mingle in the gorgeousness of courts; but plainer attire would have more befitted the taste of an humble *incognito*. I mention this fact, lest it might be supposed that I was guilty of the not improbable gothicism of appearing in a garb fit for the funeral, but not the levee of a Lord Chancellor. The practice of receiving the respects of the public on one or two stated occasions is sufficiently ancient, but I have understood was discontinued, or not much observed, in the latter days of Lord Eldon. It was revived with somewhat greater splendor by Lord Lyndhurst, but still it attracted little public notice. His lordship never secured any very considerable share of general favor. As a lawyer he was not at the head, though amongst the chief of his profession. For my own part, I do not regard his secondary eminence in the law as detracting much from his eminence as a public character, when it is recollected that Brougham himself ranked much below Gurney, Pollock, Campbell, and several others, whose distinction is derived from law alone—the lowest basis on which the fame of a public man can rest. In politics his career had not been such as to command respect. He was uniformly the supporter of the most profitable opinion. In early life a flagrant whig, as opening up the best field for talent; in a more advanced stage, the bitter enemy of the Catholics, so long as the star of Lord Eldon, the great dispenser of legal favor, was on the ascendant; and finally, when office had secured him, the advocate of the Catholics on what was called the constitutional ground, when all favor was in the giving of the Duke of Wellington.

It is not remarkable that the levees of Lord Lyndhurst should have passed off in quietness. I do not remember to have heard that the ceremonial was observed by his lordship, although from the known display of this fashionable lawyer there is no doubt that it was not neglected. If, however, his levees had been attended by the magnificent, it is equally certain that the fact must have attracted public notoriety. I incline to think that it was reserved for Brougham to illustrate the ancient custom, by the splendor of those who chose to be dutiful to the Lord Chancellor. The fashion of going to court is such, that it infers little personal respect to the individual monarch; but the practice of attending the levee of an inferior personage is to be ascribed to the respect which individual eminence commands. When Lord Brougham announced his levees, it could not be known whether he should receive the homage of the aristocracy, to whom it was not supposed that his Lordship's politics were very amicable. It was, moreover, thought that the republican, or, to speak more guardedly, the whig Lord Chancellor would care little for a custom in which there was no manifest utility. He had declared that the gewgaws of office delighted him not; and I dare say he would fain bring his mind to believe that all ceremonial was idle, perhaps contemptible. But it is the greatest mistake to suppose that Lord

Brougham is inattentive to the ceremonies with which his high place is surrounded. A careful observer will see clearly that imposing forms are perfectly agreeable to his mind; nobody could ridicule form better, so long as he held no situation which required the observance of customary rules: but, elevated to his present distinction, it is plain that he enjoys all the little peculiarities of his office. Somebody said that he presided in the House of Lords in a bar wig, and instanced the fact as a proof of his reforming temper; but it was not true. Accident may have obliged him to take his seat in this ungainly form, but he had no purpose of deviating from the ancient full-bottom, and he is now to be seen in all the amplitude of the olden fleece. In like manner he observes the strict *regime*, so fantastical to a stranger, of causing counsel to be shouted for from without, although they are actually present, and he adds to the oddness of this custom by receiving them with a most imposing mien, and putting on his chapeau as they advance. This is a form, for which the model is not to be found in the practice of his immediate predecessors. It is possible, however, that his extensive and minute reading may have made him aware that Wolsey, peradventure, or some great chancellor of old, had the fancy to be covered when the suppliants approached. Let any one observe with what studied dignity he performs the duty of announcing the royal assent to Acts of Parliament; he assumes a solemnity of tone for which his voice is not ill fitted, but which is unusual with him. These small circumstances, and many such which might be mentioned, show that State is not uncongenial to his mind. Why should it? His weakness consists in the unreal contempt for what is not really contemptible. With his high notions of office, I should have been surprised if he had foregone the levee; and assuredly he has not reckoned without reason; for a more splendid or flattering pageant could not be witnessed than that which his rooms exhibited. Unquestionably the most remarkable man in the empire at this moment, it is his fortune to attract the honorable regards of all who are distinguished as his compeers. It is not my intention to offer any estimate of what I conceive to be his genuine worth, as he may be appreciated in a more dispassionate time; I speak of him only as a great man filling a very large space in the consideration of the empire. Judging from the throng of all classes upon this occasion, whose favor is desirable, no man is more popular. His levee is held on a Saturday evening, at the unsuitable hour of ten o'clock; it was rather late before I could come up, and I found the whole square in the vicinity of his residence crowded with carriages. Threading one's way amidst many obstructions, I reached the house, and which (to observe on a matter so small), I should remark, is not very suitable for the residence either of its former, Earl Grey, or present occupant. It is expected that a noble aristocrat should be found in ample halls surrounded by suitable magnificence, but this is not the house in which the lordly capital of the peers should be lodged. The principal rooms are of moderate dimensions, and the suite consists only of two. It was not surely in this house that Lord Byron found the family of Lord Grey, when he formed the very exalted opinion of their patrician accomplishments, to which he gives expression in one of his

letters. The preparations for announcement were those which are usually observed. The Chancellor took his place at a corner of the room, backed by his chaplain, and was soon encircled by the visitants; his dress remarkably plain, being a simple suit of velvet in the court cut. The names were announced from the bottom of the stairs, and each person as he entered walked up to the Chancellor and offered his respects. The numbers were so great that it was impossible to devote any marked attention to each; as soon therefore as the visitor had made his bow he retired into the throng, or took his departure through the adjoining room. I was not present at the first of the levees which were held, and at which the attendance was very distinguished; but a friend who was, spoke very highly of the manner in which the Chancellor performed his noviciate. The Archbishop of Canterbury came early, and was very kindly received: he was followed by the Archbishop of York, and several other bishops, whose attendance gave proof that, differ as they might from Lord Brougham, they surely did not consider him an enemy to the Church. There is something uncommonly bland in the appearance and expression of the Primate; he is the very reverse of the full-blown dignitary who is commonly seen in high places. One's notions of a bishop are apt to be those which we entertain of a high-feeding drone—with little duty that is of much real consequence, but with a most exalted notion of such duty as he is called on to discharge. Not so the present Archbishop of Canterbury—I mistake his character extremely if he is not a meek, as well as a highly-accomplished servant of his master. I know not how he ascended to the primacy, but I am sure that it is not dishonored in his hands. Brougham evidently likes His Grace. The most remarkable visitor of that evening was the Duke of Wellington;—the crowd was astonished, and I dare say the Chancellor himself was surprised when his name was sent up—I doubt if they had ever met in the same room before. Their political lives, with the exception of the Catholic Question, were one unvarying course of opposition, if not enmity. I suspect that for a time the Duke despised the talk of the lawyer; and, on the other hand, Brougham had often declared, that the respect which he entertained for military glory was not very lofty. Some of his bitterest tirades were levelled at the Duke personally. No one will deny that it was high-minded in the Duke to lay aside resentment of every sort, and offer this mark of respect as well to the man as the office. The Chancellor was flattered by the attention, and shook the Duke by the hand very cordially. There is not much heartiness of manner about the Duke whatever may be the reality; and his dry features, thinned by the great labors in which his life has been passed, do not easily or readily relax into a smile; but on this occasion it was remarked, that his countenance was more expressive of good-will than usual: he engaged in conversation for a minute or two with the Chancellor, and then gave place to the subsequent visitors who pressed for audience. His Grace immediately joined some military friends who had previously been received. Not the least remarkable personage in the room was the Lord Advocate of Scotland. Brougham and he are very old friends, and have been much engaged in the same species of literature. Brougham was his predecessor in the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*—a fact which is not generally known, but which

is certain. Brougham was not the first editor, having filled that office for a short time after Sidney Smith withdrew from the situation. Jeffrey appeared extremely *petit* in his court-dress, and did not seem very much at home; he was acquainted with but few of his fellow visitors, and had too much good taste to occupy much of the Chancellor's attention—They did not seem to hold any conversation beyond the usual common-place enquiries.

Ascending the stairs, I was met by a hobbling old lord—Carnarvon by name. There is nothing very courtly or dignified in the appearance of this nobleman. He has been a whig the greater part of his life; but affects to be greatly dismayed at the Reform Bill; and has more than once run a tilt against the ministers, but with no very marked success. Arm-in-arm with Lord Carnarvon, came the gay and the good-looking Earl of Errol, blooming with the most healthful roseate; and immediately behind followed Sir Robert Wilson. Time and hard service have made little impression on a set of not very extraordinary features. There is a buoyancy about this historic soldier, which bespeaks a good heart. He seems to have lost much of his fancy for senatorial display; and, truth to tell, Parliament is not the place of all others in which he has been destined to shine. He is one of the few whose hard fortune in less auspicious times has stood him in good part in later days. On entering the room, I was struck by the superior brilliancy of the military costumes, always the most prominent at such times. Military rank is both common and honorable, and its apparel seems to be in favor with all classes. Hence it is that many, such as the lieutenants of counties, whose duty is exclusively of a civil nature, adopt the fashions of the army. There were half a dozen lords lieutenant in the room; among whom I particularly observed the Duke of Argyle. I am told, that his Grace is a man of talent; and his fine features, the remains of what rendered the Marquis of Lorn one of the most eminently handsome men of his time, are now thoughtful and melancholy. The present administration has given the Great Seal of Scotland to the Duke of Argyle; and in duty he is found at the levee of its Chancellor. Along with his Grace, were several other peers of ducal rank, but whose fortunes were no way interesting to me. After I had paid my respects to the Chancellor, there came tripping up the Marquis of Bristol with a springy step, which he must surely have acquired at the old court of France; for I am sure that no such movement could be attained on English ground. The elasticity of this noble Lord was such, that when once put in motion, he continued to spring up and down in the manner of the Chinese figures, which are hawked by the Italian toy-venders. Had I been told that the head of the house of Newry was a dancing-master, who had not yet learned the present modes, I should certainly have believed the story without scruple, if I had met him anywhere else. He had no sooner left the Chancellor, than he was laid hold of by a fidgetty solicitor, who was the only member of his class in the room, and who, I understand, is a sort of favorite of the Chancellor. The obsequious grin, and the affected ease of this worthy, do not convey any very favorable impression on his behalf. He was solicitor for the Queen, and in this capacity formed an intimacy with her chief counsel, which an ill-natured person would perhaps think makes him now forget in some measure the great disparity

betwixt their present condition. The Chancellor gave no discouragement to his familiarity. A certain Sir Something Noel came up immediately afterwards, of whom nothing more remarkable could be told than that he was the relative of Lady Byron ; and is, I suppose, the same person, of whom Byron expresses himself favorably when a temporary illness of his lady shortly after their marriage looked rather gestatory. A variety of lords, squires, generals, *ossa innominata* followed, for whom the Chancellor cared perhaps about as much as I did. At length Sir James Scarlett was announced, and the Chancellor left his place to meet him. His welcome was very hearty. Brougham was doubtless gratified by this token of respect from a man who was indisputably his leader in the courts, and for whose forensic abilities it is known that he entertains, and has often expressed, the highest admiration. The position of the two men was singular, and to the ex-attorney not very enviable. Scarlett was in high practice before Brougham was even called to the Bar. He kept a head of him in their profession throughout ; and twice he had filled the first places at the Bar, when the respective attainments of these eminent persons were such, that if Brougham had been placed before him, Scarlett would have had just ground of complaint ; and the Bar would have unanimously decried the appointment. Now however, by one of those cross accidents which will occur in the most fortunate lives, Scarlett was, with strict justice and universal acquiescence, placed below his former competitor, and in direct opposition to all the early friends with whom he commenced his political career. It was matter of necessity and of course that he should go out when his employers were obliged to surrender office ; and no man could complain that Brougham should then be elevated to a distinction, which in other circumstances Scarlett might have thought his own by indisputable right. The Chancellor remained longer in conversation with Sir James, than any of the other distinguished persons who appeared. Indeed, his anxiety to show this attention produced rather awkward effects. While they were closely together, Jocky Bell, as he is commonly called, the very eminent Chancery barrister, came in sight ; but he was suffered to waddle about for some time before he caught the eye of the Chancellor. Before the conversation with Sir James was finished, there were a good many others in the same unrequited plight, and the Chancellor was obliged to give them a hasty discharge. The Speaker of the House of Commons was then announced. Brougham and he met as warm friends, though certainly men having little in kindred. In point of talent there is no ground of comparison ; yet it may be doubted whether they are not nearly as great in their own way. I have no notion of the place which the Speaker held in Parliament before he was elected to the chair, and I know few situations which require more tact and management. In these qualifications the present Speaker is signally gifted. He brings a degree of good nature to the office, which no event however untoward can ruffle : his calmness never forsakes him ; he is the same easy dignified chairman at all times. The Commons are a truly turbulent body, but they are not impatient of his sway. In all emergencies he is vigorously supported : in his hands, the authority of his office, though rarely exercised, has lost none of its force. Brougham himself was one of the most fiery spirits in this hot region ; but a word from

the Speaker would calm him in an instant. Among other qualifications for command, he is possessed of a fine mellow, deep-toned voice, which, while it powerfully enunciates the "Order," frees the command from all harshness or severity. As the first Commoner in the land, and a truly estimable gentleman, he was entitled to be well received. But I doubt, if deprived of his chair, whether he could insure much regard on the score of his talents. Let me not however shade the picture which I have already drawn; it is manifest that Mr. Sutton is a general favorite. Every one was eager to pass a minute or two with him. I was much pleased to witness a frank greeting betwixt him and old William Smith, who is not now in the House of Commons; but who, before he left it, enjoyed the patriarchal rank of being the father of the body. The Speaker told him that they had not much mended since he left. Longer speeches—more of them—later hours, and fewer divisions, were the characteristics of this session, compared with its predecessors. Lord Farnham, a bluff, weather-beaten old Irish Lord—the unflinching enemy of the Catholics, and the equally determined enemy of Reform—got hold of the Speaker; and, in the course of a brief conversation, the latter informed him, that for eight entire days and nights he had never been from under the roof of the House of Commons. The House had been sitting from three o'clock in the afternoon till three and four o'clock in the morning; and then the business of the committees commenced at ten o'clock, to which he was obliged to give a good deal of attention. He spoke of the labour as being greater than any physical strength could endure. When this fact is known, it ceases to be wonderful that he should be anxious, as has been long reported, to exchange the conspicuous and most honorable situation which he now holds, for that of the youngest peerage, and become second to such insignificancies as Bexley and Sidmouth. Leaving Farnham, the Speaker was engaged for a short time with Lord Nugent and the Marquis of Clanricarde. Both of these noble Lords appeared in the splendid costume, which I believe is characteristic of the diplomatic corps. Nugent is evidently a person of most accomplished manners. The perpetual play of good humor on his agreeable features shows that the severity of his politics does not arise from any harshness of disposition. It will be recollected that he was the subject of one of Canning's pleasantries in regard to the Portuguese expedition; which, however, had little point unless his Lordship had been a very stout man,—but this is not the fact. A much larger person than Lord Nugent would have occasioned no inconvenience to the heavy Falmouth van. Lord Clanricarde is only remarkable for his connection with Canning. His countenance is any thing but pleasing: his fondness for play is well known, and had at one time placed him in a disagreeable dilemma. The last person of note who arrived, before I departed, was Sir Thomas Denman. The Chancellor was engaged with some one at the moment, and nothing passed betwixt them but an exchange of bows. It was nearly ten years since I had seen Brougham and Denman together; the Queen's trial was then the all-engrossing topic of public consideration. Who could then have foretold, that these men would have in so short a space won the confidence of a sovereign, whom they attacked with a degree of virulence, which even in those days of party violence was generally condemned? The change in feeling is creditable alike to all.

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.—No. I.

THERE is very little pride or satisfaction in retracing one's life, when misery has attended our steps, and when the bright rainbow of youth and hope has been dissipated by years and by misfortunes. To a great extent this has not been my lot. I can look around me and see millions in greater destitution; and I can feel, while gazing on those who have surpassed me—some from merit, and most from interest—conscious pride that I have “done my duty in that state of life, unto which it has pleased God to call me.”

I was born on the 2nd of November, 1796. It was a strange night; the very elements seemed to rejoice over the birth of a child of misfortune; the rain fell in torrents; the wind howled against the casements; and just as Saturn was emerging from the horizon, unseen, and perhaps unthought of, I was born—and born in a caul. The old woman's story, that a child born in a caul is always fortunate, is about as true as the popular opinion of the Catholic sailors at Malta, that a man who possesses a piece of the earth which surrounds the cave of St. John, will never be shipwrecked. To be sure, we had a striking proof of the fallacy of the latter; when the officers of the *Lively* had visited the cave in the morning, stuffed their pockets full of the treasure, and were shipwrecked near the very spot on the very evening, after having so piously guarded against the wicked machinations of the Fates. But the wood of the true cross I believe in myself; for I never knew a person who possessed any of that inestimable treasure being either hung, drowned, or murdered. I have often puzzled myself to account for the reason, that I, a child born in November, during a shower of rain, and precisely at three o'clock in the morning, could have been unfortunate in after life. Alas! when after having survived thirty-six years of bustle and inquietude, I reluctantly parted with the old and faithful servant who had received me at my birth, and who doted upon me as a son, then it was, for the first time, that I learnt the origin of my misery. It appears that to settle some trifling wager in the nursery, I was weighed and measured—weighed like a leg of mutton in the cook's balance—and measured by the lacerated fore-finger of a lady's maid! Alas! this over-balanced the caul, and all its fortunate accompaniments.

In my early youth, I am informed, I displayed a great disposition to know the why and the wherefore of every thing that passed before my eyes; and it is reported, upon the very best possible authority, that when my old nurse Nanny, blessings on her grey head! entered the nursery one day, she discovered me sitting close to the fire, with my elbows on my knees and head in my hands, seriously saying—“Smoke, smoke; I say, smoke, why do you go *up* the chimney?” The disposition here manifested to account for causes and effects was known in the drawing-room; and my sisters, willing to satisfy such laudable curiosity, proved to demonstration that smoke did generally go up a chimney, excepting when first the fire was lighted, and gave me every reason but the right one: however, from that moment I was considered as something above the common herd of big-headed boys. My words and sayings were treasured with religious care; and an epitaph on a dove, written at the age of six years by the hope of the family, is

still in existence. I would give it here, but I hate all attempts to puff myself into notice, and therefore will only assure the public that it is infinitely more poetical and more pathetic than Dr. Johnson's lines upon the duck.

I was six years off, as the horse-dealers say, when I was removed to Twyford, a school then under the direction of the learned Dr. Stretch, the author of the "*Beauties of History*;" as good a soul, as kind a master, and as lenient a punisher, as the most idle could pray for, or the most careless could request. I must not leave my home without giving a reason why my poor mother, at so tender an age, parted with her curly-headed son. We lived in Clarges-street—a dull miserable street it is, and was, and always will be; indeed it was very seldom that my brothers and myself could find a passer-by on whom we could bestow a blessing or a glass of water; but one day in July a tall, well-powdered gentleman, who had removed his hat in consequence of the oppressive heat, passed under our windows; my brother emptied the contents of a jug upon his coat, whilst I succeeded in squirting some water exactly upon his caput: he started like a red deer on beholding a man. My brother ran into the back drawing-room, and commenced placing a regiment of soldiers in regular line; whilst I, bursting with laughter, remained upon the first landing-place of the lower staircase. The gentleman knocked loud, and damned louder; and I, foreseeing the gathering storm, opened the window on the staircase, and most heroically leapt into the back-yard, falling as cats, boys, and drunken men always do, upon my legs. I was not the least hurt, but waited long enough for the besprinkled gentleman to get into the drawing-room. He had just begun his complaint, as I began to howl and roar in no common style. My mother bowed the gentleman out in a trice; there was one of her sons placing soldiers, the other in the back yard: it was quite impossible the water could have been thrown from our windows, and in the confusion of picking me up, sending for a surgeon, Nanny crying, and declaring I was killed, we got rid of the intruder, and I was left to account for my sudden appearance in the yard. I declared that I was imitating the window-cleaners, and fell out of the window; for which, when it was ascertained that my bones were whole, I very nearly got them dislocated by the hands of my sisters. My mother scolded; Nanny declared I should be locked in the cupboard; and the infernal butler suggested that school was the best place for Master Frederick.

The hint was taken, and four days afterwards I was riding a boy not very comfortably, for old Stretch was whipping me instead of the horse, merely because it had pleased me to pelt him with potatoes, as he was making his nightly round to be sure all was quiet, and his fruit safe. I was now fairly launched in life, and was as pretty a Pickle as ever Stretch had the honor to command. As in the continuation of the many eventful scenes I have witnessed, it will be remarked that I was always more or less superstitious; in short, sailors are always a little tinged with this belief,—I will give an account of the first time my mind was operated upon so strongly as never to have been able in after-life to eradicate the scene from my memory. It was at Twyford.—The school fronts into the church-

yard; and if I was at all inclined to be romantic, I could make up a very pretty little anecdote in the following compressed tale:—it was the 9th of August, about one o'clock in the morning; hot beyond the climate's regular heat;—a beautiful moonlight night, and the shadow of the old church thrown in dim obscurity over the yew-tree. We were all awake, whispering anecdotes of the dead, and confirming our belief in spectres; each boy told his newly-invented ghost-story, and I shook like a leaf whenever a plank cracked, or a bed moved. We were in the middle of a most magnificent anecdote, when we heard a scream in the churchyard;—we ran to the window, and just as quickly ran back to our beds, and buried our faces under the clothes. If, as is said, in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, I know that in the society of others there is courage. We agreed to satisfy our sight again; but no one was willing to be the first adventurer.—We drew ourselves up in line, and borrowing courage from our numbers, advanced to the window:—there we beheld in painful reality the confirmation of half our stories:—there the sepulchre had yielded up its tenant, and there we saw in the long white shroud the figure of a human being, stretched by the grave in which that very day we had seen the remnant of a being quietly entombed. I stood rivetted to the spot, my eyes fixed upon the spectre, and, lost in silent horror, was unconcerned at the nearer scene around me. One of the boys fainted;—the school was instantly in motion; half-clad maids rushed into the room, and I was awakened to the tumult by Doctor Stretch giving me a cut upon my seat of honor, which made me caper like a hariequin. But the pious and reverend Doctor, when his eyes caught the figure in the churchyard, was hardly more courageous than his pupils;—the maids screamed; the boys became more frightened and unruly, the venerable Doctor caught the alarm, and I verily believe the sexton might have buried us all without much opposition on our parts. Patience and true religion soon restored our pastor, and, rod in hand, he retired from the room, calling to the spectre of a servant, misnamed a man, to attend him to the churchyard; but the Doctor was a good general, and he proposed to his man to go and inquire the reason of the midnight intrusion. He might just as well have asked his servant to build him a steam-engine. John's legs were of no more use to him, as implements of advancing, than a cow's tail is to supply the cow with food; they shook under him like the metallic designator of a pocket compass, while his face became as white and as inanimate as a turnip. However both parties were saved the trouble of advancing, for the spectre, rising from the grave, looked towards the moon, then at the church, again at the grave, covered its face with its hands, and departed in peace, not into the grave, but out of the churchyard. It ultimately was discovered that the spectre was the wife of the dead man, who, having for a wonder lived three years in a state of happiness with her husband, came to mourn, like the Ephesian dame, as she thought unobserved, over the grave of the man who had been her husband, her protector, and friend. Nothing however could persuade me but that the spectre was a real, downright, undeniable ghost, for I suspect from some few adventures in after life, that I should not have flinched even from the touch of a woman at midnight.

I say this anecdote was the occasion of my future superstition ; and I say, with Dr. Johnson, " that reason is against, but that all believe in the existence of ghosts." However this little interlude is a mere trifle to one I saw in after life, which will be recorded in its proper place, and will, I make no doubt, be a little more amusing.

I was removed from school to school until I was safely landed at a French seminary in Chelsea. The master, who was a pert, fat, powdered tyrant, constantly amused himself by proving the hardness of my head by beating it with a thick ruler. In revenge I swore I saw a ghost in the bed-room ; the young lads all took the alarm ; some fell sick, some got flogged, some left the school for good ; and I, as the incorrigible devil who had manufactured the ghost, was sent home with evident *marks* of the Frenchman's displeasure. It was now resolved that I should never do for a parson. My father declared none of his sons should idle away life in a red coat covered with gold lace, like the Duchess of Gloucester's footmen, or loff up and down St. James's Street with hats like an Astracan merchant. It was unanimously agreed that we ought to have a sailor in the family, as my grandfather had died an admiral, and one of my uncles was a half-pay lieutenant. I gave my consent with the indifference of a boy—the uniform dazzled my imagination, and I was in raptures the first time I wore a dirk more like a toasting-fork than a weapon to war with. I was introduced to my captain in Vauxhall Gardens—poor old Bathurst ! who was afterwards killed at Navarino : he ran his fat fingers through my hair, called me by my Christian name, patted me on the back, and swore he saw a positive likeness in me to the great Lord Nelson. I was indifferent to all these caresses, and secretly employed in cursing the tailor, who had not sent home my uniform ; indeed it is but justice towards this ninth part of a man here to aver, that if cursing could kill, he would long since have been in his grave. The next morning I went to Chelsea, dressed in my uniform—a cocked hat, my cheese-toaster, a pair of boots, and a casimere waistcoat. I walked up the yard in front of Durham House with all the arrogance and all the importance of a porter at the Admiralty, who considers himself sufficiently condescending when he allows a poor half-starved expecting lieutenant to write his name down for an interview with the magnanimous first lord ; and who would see the poor devil buried in Paddington churchyard, before he would show him the way to the waiting-room. Please God we will yet reform this. The boys crowded round me ; my dirk was drawn and sheathed, as often as that used by the learned monkey at Antwerp. My cocked hat was fitted on the head of every boy in the school, and I paraded about in all the conscious pride of a drill-serjeant before his awkward squad. The French tyrant ridiculed the folly of sending such *children* to sea—his slaves were rung into the school-room, and I swore, as I turned my head towards the large iron gate, that if ever I caught the master or any of his relations in my power, I would be revenged for the word children, and the many hard blows my head had sustained. It was on the 4th of July that I stepped into my father's carriage (having left the whole family in tears) with a laughing eye and animated countenance ; and little did I then believe in the beautiful passage in Southey's *Life of Nelson*. " The pain which is first

felt when the infant branch is torn from the parent tree, is one of the most poignant we have to endure through life ; there are other griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart—but never, never do we feel so much the want of love, and the keen necessity of being loved, as when we are first launched from the haven of our boyhood into the wide and stormy sea of life !” Alas ! too soon I felt it, too soon I had necessity to call to remembrance the kind affection of a mother, the eager solicitude of my sisters, and the ever ready hand of my protecting nurse.

The ship was at Sheerness, or rather the little Nore. We drove to the Three Tuns, about as miserable a hole, in as swampy a place as the Washington Arms near Savannah. Here we slept, and the next morning at 10 o'clock we found a boat waiting to convey us on board ; and whilst we refreshed nature with some miserable fare called breakfast, my chest was sent off in the yawl, and the owner followed in the captain's gig ; they were just getting my traps on board as I came alongside. “Holloa !” said the first lieutenant (seeing my chest marked No. 6, a large lumbering thing in which my father had stowed his linen for an Indian voyage some years back ;) “Holloa, No. 6. ! why, does this youngster fancy the ship was made for him ? Here, Mr. M'Queen,” calling one of the master's mates, “strike this chest into the steerage for the present, but it must go in the hold afterwards.” Instead of the careful hands of the gentlemanlike footmen and the superintending eye of an elegant butler a parcel of half-clad savages, with long tails like monkeys, only shipped a little higher up, seized hold of No. 6, and in a moment I lost sight of it, as it descended the hole, as the first-lieutenant called it. Captain Bathurst was on deck to receive his old friend my father. I was noticed in a kind but not Vauxhall style, and the whole three were conducted to the cabin. There was a slight titter from some of the midshipmen at my frightened appearance, and as I was a very slim, elegant youngster, I was forthwith christened Fat Jack of the Bonehouse, for which civil cognomen I was indebted to almost as ugly a midshipman as ever mother bore. I turned, on descending the hatchway, to view the main-deck. Ye Gods ! what a difference ! I had anticipated a kind of elegant house, with guns in the windows ; an orderly kind of men : in short I expected to find Grosvenor Place on the water. Here were the savages rolling about empty casks ;—on one side provisions were received on board ; at one port-hole coals, at another wood ; dirty women with beer-cans were everywhere conspicuous ; the shrill whistle squeaked in my ear, and the hoarse boatswain's voice rattled like thunder in my head ;—the deck looked dirty, slippery, and wet ; the perfume was different to Smith's shop ; and when I saw some of the “young gentlemen,” as they called the midshipmen, dressed in a shabby round jacket, glazed hat, no gloves or shoes, I forgot all the glory of Nelson, all the pride of the navy, the terror of France, or the bulwark of Albion ; and for nearly the first time in my life, and I am sure the last, I took the white handkerchief from my pocket, covered my face, cried like the child that I was, and urged my father to take me back again to London. He, poor good old man, was at that moment giving a friend of

his a watch to make me comfortable ; he endeavoured to smile through his watery eye ; and this was unusual with him, for he was a man who had been pushed about the world, and had risen to affluence and power by his own exertions and talents ;—a man of much heart, but the ruggedness of life had taught him to conceal his emotions ; and while his heart was melting, his voice was as firm as ever. I saw him leave the ship, and then I felt the full force of Southey's lines. I remember leaning over the gun in the captain's cabin, my head nearly out of the port, crying with all the bitterness of a forsaken child, surrounded by strangers, who regarded me at best as "a necessary evil ;" my ears saluted with uncouth words and irreligious cursings. No one pitied me, no one attempted to alleviate my misery ; and the captain's steward, as if I could be hungry, addressed me with ; "The captain begs you will dine with him to-day." At this moment in came the captain with the midshipman to whom my father had given the watch, and I walked off under my new protector to the finest school for dainty stomachs in existence—"a midshipman's berth." I was duly ushered into the larboard berth by my guide, who announced me thus : "Here, my lads, is another mess-mate, rather green at present, but as thin as our pig, and as sharp as a penknife." "What? another!" roared a ruddy-faced midshipman of about eighteen ; "he must sit on his thumb, for there is no room for him here." By this time I was in my future berth ; it was twelve o'clock, and the hungry sons of Neptune were at dinner. A dirty table-cloth, which had stood the fingers of the boy and the mouths of the mess since Sunday, covered the table, on which was a piece of half-roasted beef, the gravy comfortably formed into a solid ; a broken plate containing two potatoes in their jackets, some biscuit in a japan basket, and a jug called a black jack, full of bad beer, familiarly termed swipes. The berth was about ten feet long by eight broad ; a fastened seat, under which were lockers, was built round the bulk-head ; and the table, a fixture from sea-lashing, was of that comfortable size that a man could reach across it without much elongation of the arm. A dirty-looking lad, without shoes or stockings, dressed in a loose pair of inexpressibles fitting tight round the hips, and a checked shirt with the sleeves turned up to the elbows, his face as black as a sweep's, and his hands as dirty as a coal-heaver's, was leaning against a kind of a sideboard, and acted in the dignified capacity of midshipman's boy. Here it is but justice to say that the occupation of these poor devils' time is so fully designated, that it has been held by good judges one of the most difficult things in the world to decide which is the worst off—a lady of easy virtue's maid, a hackney-coach horse, a pedlar's donkey, or a midshipman's boy ; for my own part, I always gave it as my opinion, and I am not now inclined to retract it, that a midshipman's boy in the *Salsette* frigate was just about as bad a situation, touching comfort, as any employment under the sun since the days of Solomon. He was as thin and as flexible as an eel, and not very likely to become as fat as the Norfolk lady's servant, who had left his mistress so thin as scarcely to make a shadow, and who, three months afterwards, was found in London as fat as a duchess's coachman, or a boxer become landlord of a public-house. "Ah, John," quoth

the lady, "I am glad to see you; why you are looking quite fat and rosy." "Yes, Ma'am," said the sawny-looking lout, "I have got a main good place now: I chews all the meat they puts in the patties in that pastrycook's shop there; that's what I does, Ma'am: and so I swallows it now and then, and gets right plump and hearty." Had poor Smith, our boy, masticated all the leavings of our hungry crew, it would not have encreased his rotundity. "Well I say, youngster," (said a brawny-looking messmate,) "it's no use your piping your eye now; so what will you have—Come, speak out like a man; why you have got a long-tail coat on—the sail-maker will soon set that to rights for you." I answered in a trembling voice, that I would take a glass of water; upon which I was saluted with a loud laugh, and the boy, Smith, forthwith began to pour out some dingy liquid in a tea-cup. "Here, you rascal," cried one, "I asked you for it before that youngster; hand it here, for I must be off and relieve the deck." A cup of water was then handed to me; and it was the bitterest drop pride ever sipped. What would I at that moment have given to have been on my road to London!

In those days, in the navy, before we had been polished by the society of females, or enjoyed the benefits of peace, the dinner service in a midshipman's berth was not exactly as rich or as elegant as the Duke of Wellington's now. Glass, a brittle material, and one which shows dirt both in the liquid and on its sides, was too expensive, and too easily expended, to be much used in the navy. Cups could answer their purpose, and therefore cups were used. The soup-tureen, a heavy lumbering piece of block-tin, pounded into shape, was, for want of a ladle, emptied with a tea-cup; the knives were invariably black, both on the handle and on the blade; and the forks were wiped in the table-cloth by the person about to use them, and who, to save eating more than was requisite of actual dirt, always plunged them through the table-cloth to clean between the prongs. Of course, as only one table-cloth was used during a week, on the Saturday it was voted always dirty enough to be put in a bag to await its ablution. The rest of the furniture was much likened unto the above: now and then an empty bottle served as a candle-stick; and I have known a quadrant-case used as a soup-plate. The sides of the berth were adorned with dirks and belts; and sometimes a mess cocked hat, belonging to no particular member of the community, was placed like the little wooden god Thor in Upsala, *à cheval*, on a large nail.

It was in a habitation like this, "a prison," as Dr. Johnson says, "with only a plank between man and eternity," that the sons of the highest noblemen in England were placed; and here, instead of the well powdered lacquey, the assiduous servant, or the eager attendant, he found but one almost shirtless boy to attend upon twelve aspiring heroes. The business of the toilette, instead of being assisted by a clear light from a window, an elegant looking-glass, and comfortable apparatus, was finished in the dark on his own chest in the steerage, the watch below cleaning the decks at the moment; and his shoes, even if he had the good fortune to keep a servant in the shape of a marine, were covered with the pulverised holy-stone, or lower-deck sand. He dressed and undressed in public; the basin was invariably

pewter; and the wet towel, dirty head-brush, &c. &c. were after use deposited in his chest, which consequently produced, from the lack of air, a very disagreeable smell. A hammock served as a bed, and so closely were we all stowed in the war, that the side of one hammock always touched that of another. How my first evening went, I have, thank God, forgotten; I only remember that at about nine o'clock Mr. M'Queen stuck a large fork in the table; instantly all the youngsters retired to bed. I remained, not being aware of the signal, when I was desired to "obey orders," and be off. My friend conducted me to my berth, and never shall I forget my first bashfulness at undressing before company. I turned round like a lady in a squall to avoid showing my legs, which could scarcely be dignified by that name at my tender age. At last I was unrigged, as the sailors say, and there I might have stood shivering and shaking like a dog in a wet sack until this time, had not my friend taken me like an infant in his arms, and placed me all fair and square in the hammock. In endeavouring to get between the clothes I lost my balance, and out I went the other side; I was instantly seized by a lady, who had some right to be in that part of the ship from her connexion with one of the midshipmen; placed properly in bed, tucked up so as to defy balancing improperly; had a kiss, which savoured much of rum; and was left not in the dark, or entirely to my own reflections.

I doubt much, if, at the time I speak of, there could be any greater change in a boy's life than being launched from his comfortable home at thirteen years of age into the stormy elements of a midshipman's berth; for in those days the company was not quite as select as at present—people of all sorts and all descriptions became midshipmen. A shoemaker, to whom a captain was indebted, cancelled the bill and the obligation by having his son placed on the quarter-deck; and hence some of the very exceptionable people, who have in after life so completely disgraced the navy; and men in good society too, who have accidentally met some of these intruders have formed their ideas of the whole profession by the blundering remarks of a hatter's son, and by the awkward demeanour of a tinker's brat. The navy now, as I once heard a very impertinent young soldier remark, is fast approximating to civilisation; and the Admiralty have with a very laudable resolution prohibited the entrance of any young man as a midshipman, who has not *their* sanction for his admittance. In those times the navy was a hard service; a midshipman was a kind of water-dog, to fetch and carry;—a lieutenant was an angel without wings; and the captain a demigod, whose very nod shook the whole ship's company, and was a law. The march of intellect, and the improved state of society on board, have altered all this. Of late years I have known a midshipman send a challenge to a lieutenant: had this occurred in 1809, I know right well what would have become of the refractory young gentleman. Suffice it to say here, that the navy are wonderfully improved since the Peace;—that now a midshipman's berth may sometimes hear the sound of a Champagne-bottle;—glass is in general use;—I have known their boy in livery—the table-cloth is changed twice a week,—young *gentlemen* form the society—and those belonging to the guard-ships at Plymouth

and Portsmouth not unfrequently cross the quarter-deck early in the morning in top-boots and a piece of pink, on their way to join the hunt. They live like and are gentlemen; and now I am happy to say, that very disgraceful intercourse which used to deprave the minds of the younger, and ruin the healths of the elder midshipmen, is no longer permitted on board. In short, if the present generation are not quite such practical sailors as the past race, they are more enlightened officers; their education is better attended to, and the suavity of the gentleman is now distinguished from the boisterous tyranny of the uneducated seaman.

A marine, who had been installed as my servant, came at 7 o'clock to tell me it was six bells;—I, not understanding that bells had any thing to do with time, was about to ensconce myself under the clothes, when my merciless valet threw off the coverings, and lifted me out in a most improper state of nudity. The horror of that toilette will never be obliterated from my memory. My pewter-basin, which was new and bright, only showed me more distinctly the dirty water in which I was performing my ablution; and I am willing to draw a veil over my first breakfast, as I was not overpleased with the greedy exhibition of some females, or the cruel disregard of my feelings evinced by the elder midshipmen.

We moved in the course of the day into the Downs, prior to the whole squadron sailing for Flushing. I felt my first feelings of disgust give way when the ship was under sail;—to be sure I was pushed about from place to place, being, like little children, pigs, and old women, exactly where I should not have been. We anchored in the evening, and I was resolved to commence seaman in earnest. I was now fairly an officer, and I began my first exhibition aloft: the first three or four ratlines I managed without much fear; but after that I clung to the shrouds, with the tenacity of death and a doctor to a consumptive patient. Up I went to the main-top to my own satisfaction, climbing through lubber's-hole; and on my return was properly applauded for the very magnanimous feat. That applause was the unfortunate reason of my future disgrace; which, as it is not without interest, I shall reserve for another occasion. Suffice it to say, that I had imbibed a little of the enthusiasm on board; for although none knew our destination, yet it was certain from the number of transports, the gun-boats, the troops, the immense fleet, &c. that we were destined for some near port, and for some pretty desperate service.

F.

THE PACHA OF MANY TALES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "KING'S OWN."

EVERY one acquainted with the manners and customs of the east must be aware, that there is no situation of eminence more unstable, or more dangerous to its possessor, than that of a Pacha. Nothing, perhaps, affords us a more convincing proof of the risk which men will incur, to obtain a temporary authority over their fellow-creatures, than the avidity with which this office is accepted from the sultan; who, within the memory of the new occupant, has consigned scores of his predecessors to the bowstring. It would almost appear, as if the despot but elevated a head from the crowd, that he might obtain a more fair and uninterrupted sweep for his simitar, when he cut it off; only exceeded in his peculiar taste by the king of Dahomy, who is said to ornament the steps of his palace with heads, fresh severed each returning sun, as we renew the decoration of our apartments from our gay parterres. I make these observations, that I may not be accused of a disregard to chronology, in not precisely stating the year, or rather the months, during which flourished one of a race, who like the flowers of the Cistus, one morning in all their splendor, on the next, are strewed lifeless on the ground to make room for their successors. Speaking of such ephemeral creations, it will be quite sufficient to say, "There *was* a Pacha."

Would you enquire by what means he was raised to the distinction? It is an idle question. In this world, pre-eminence over your fellow-creatures can only be obtained, by leaving others far behind in the career of virtue or of vice. In compliance with the dispositions of those who rule, faithful service in the one path or the other will shower honor upon the subject, and by the breath of kings he becomes ennobled to look down upon his former equals.

And as the world spins round, the *why* is of little moment. The honors are bequeathed, but not the good, or the evil deeds, or the talents by which they were obtained. Of the latter, we have but a life interest, for the entail is cut off by death. Aristocracy in all its varieties is as necessary for the well binding of society, as the divers grades between the general and the common soldier are essential in the field. Never then enquire, why this or that man has been raised above his fellows; but, each night as you retire to bed, thank Heaven that you are not a *King*.

And if I may digress, there is one badge of honor in our country, which I never contemplate without serious reflection rising in my mind. It is the *bloody* hand in the dexter chief of a baronet,—now often worn, I grant, by those who, perhaps, during their whole lives have never raised their hands in anger. But my thoughts have returned back to days of yore—the iron days of *ironed men*, when it *was* the symbol of faithful service in the field—when it really was bestowed upon the "hand embrued in blood;" and I have meditated, whether that hand, displayed with exultation in this world, may not be held up trembling in the next—in judgment against itself.

And I, whose memory stepping from one legal murder to another, can walk dry-footed over the broad space of five-and-twenty years of

time,—but the “damned spots” won’t come out—so I’ll put my hands in my pockets and walk on.

Conscience, fortunately or unfortunately, I hardly can tell which, permits us to form political and religious creeds, most suited to disguise or palliate our sins. Mine is a military conscience, and I agree with Bates and Williams, who flourished in the time of Henry Vth, that it is “all upon the king:” That is to say, it *was* all upon the king; but now our constitution has become so incomparably perfect, that “the king can do no wrong;” and he has no difficulty in finding ministers, who voluntarily impignorating themselves for all his actions in this world, will, in all probability, not escape from the clutches of the great *Pawnbroker* in the next—from which facts I draw the following conclusions:—

1st. That his Majesty (God bless him!) will go to heaven.

2ndly. That his Majesty’s ministers will all go to the devil.

3rdly. That I shall go ——— on with my story.

As, however, a knowledge of the previous history of our pacha will be necessary to the development of our story, the reader will in this instance be indulged. He had been brought up to the profession of a barber; but, possessing great personal courage, he headed a popular commotion in favor of his predecessor, and was rewarded by a post of some importance in the army. Successful in detached service, while his general was unfortunate in the field, he was instructed to take off the head of his commander, and head the troops in his stead; both of which services he performed with equal skill and celerity. Success attended him, and the pacha, his predecessor, having in his opinion, as well as that of the sultan, remained an unusual time in office, by an accusation enforced by a thousand purses of gold, he was enabled to produce a bowstring for his benefactor; and the sultan’s “firmaun” appointing him to the vacant pachalik. His qualifications for office were all superlative: he was very short, very corpulent, very illiterate, very irascible, and very stupid.

On the morning after his investment, he was under the hands of his barber, a shrewd intelligent Greek, Mustapha by name. Barbers are privileged persons for many reasons: running from one employer to another to obtain their livelihood, they also obtain matter for conversation; which, impertinent as it may sometimes be, serves to beguile the tedium of an operation which precludes the use of any organ except the ear. Moreover, we are inclined to be on good terms with a man, who has it in his power to cut our throats whenever he pleases—to wind up, the personal liberties arising from his profession, render all others trifling; for the man who takes his sovereign by the nose, cannot well after that be denied the liberty of speech.

Mustapha was a Greek by birth, and inherited all the intelligence and adroitness of his race. He had been brought up to his profession when a slave; but at the age of nineteen, he accompanied his master on board of a merchant vessel bound to Scio; this vessel was taken by a pirate, and Demetrius (for such was his real name) joined this band of miscreants, and very faithfully served his apprenticeship to cutting throats, until the vessel was captured by an English frigate. Being an active, intelligent person, he was, at his own request, allowed

to remain on board as one of the ship's company, assisted in several actions, and after three years went to England, where the ship was paid off. For some time, Demetrius tried to make his fortune but without success, and it was not until he was reduced to nearly his last shilling, that he commenced the trade of hawking rhubarb about in a box : which speculation turned out so profitable, that he was enabled in a short time to take his passage in a vessel bound to Smyrna, his own country. This vessel was captured by a French privateer ; he was landed, and, not being considered as a prisoner, allowed to act as he thought proper. In a short time he obtained the situation of valet and barber to a "millionaire," whom he contrived to rob of a few hundred Napoleons, and with them to make his escape to his own country. Demetrius had now some knowledge of the world, and he felt it necessary that he should become a True Believer, or that there was no chance of his advancement in a Turkish country. He dismissed the patriarch to the devil, and took up the turban and Mahomet ; then quitting the scene of his apostacy, recommenced his profession of barber in the territory of the pacha ; whose good-will he had obtained previous to the latter's advancement to the pachalik.

"Mustapha," observed the Pacha, "thou knowest that I have taken off the heads of all those who left their slippers at the door of the late pacha."

"Allah Kebur ! God is most powerful ! So perish the enemies of your sublime highness. Were they not the sons of Shitan?" replied Mustapha.

"Very true ; but, Mustapha, the consequence is that I am in want of a vizier ; and who do I know equal to that office?"

"While your sublime Highness is pacha, is not a child equal to the office ? Who stumbles, when guided by unerring wisdom?"

"I know that very well," replied the Pacha ; "but if I am always to direct him, I might as well be vizier myself ; besides, I shall have no one to blame, if affairs go wrong with the Sultan. Inshallah ! please the Lord, the Vizier's head may sometimes save my own."

"Are we not as dogs before you?" replied Mustapha : "Happy the man, who by offering his own head may preserve that of your sublime Highness ! It ought to be the proudest day of his life."

"At all events it would be the last," rejoined the Pacha.

"May it please your sublime Highness," observed Mustapha, after a pause, "if your slave may be so honored as to speak in your presence, a Vizier should be a person of great tact ; he should be able to draw the line as nicely as I do when I shave your sublime head, leaving not a vestige of the hair, yet entering not upon the skin."

"Very true, Mustapha."

"He should have a sharp eye for the disaffected to the government, selecting them and removing them from among the crowd, as I do the few white hairs which presume to make their appearance in your sublime and magnificent beard."

"Very true, Mustapha."

"He should carefully remove all impurities from the state, as I have this morning from your sublime ears."

"Very true, Mustapha."

"He should be well acquainted with the secret springs of action, as I have proved myself to be in the shampooing which your sublime Highness has just received."

"Very true, Mustapha."

"Moreover, he should be ever grateful to your Highness for the distinguished honor conferred upon him."

"All that you say is very true, Mustapha, but where am I to meet with such a man?"

"This world is convenient in some points," continued Mustapha; "if you want either a fool or a knave, you have not far to go to find them; but it is no easy task to select the person you require. I know but one."

"And who is he?"

"One whose head is but as your footstool," answered the barber, prostrating himself,—“your sublime Highness's most devoted slave, Mustapha."

"Holy Prophet! Then you mean yourself!—Well, now I think of it, if one barber can become a pacha, I do not see why another would not make a vizier. But then what am I to do for a barber? No, no, Mustapha; a good vizier is easy to be found, but a good barber, you know, as well as I do, requires some talent."

"Your slave is aware of that," replied Mustapha, "but he has travelled in other countries, where it is no uncommon circumstance for men to hold more than one office under government; sometimes much more incompatible than those of barber and vizier, which are indeed closely connected. The affairs of most nations are settled by the potentates during their toilet. While I am shaving the head of your sublime Highness, I can receive your commands to take off the heads of others; and you can have your person and your state both put in order at the same moment."

"Very true, Mustapha; then, on condition that you continue your office of barber, I have no objection to throw that of Vizier into the bargain."

Mustapha again prostrated himself, with his tweezers in his hand. He then rose and continued his office.

"You can write, Mustapha," observed the Pacha, after a short silence.

"Min Allah! God forbid that I should acknowledge it, or I should consider myself as unfit to assume the office in which your sublime Highness has invested me."

"Although unnecessary for me, I thought it might be requisite for a vizier," observed the Pacha.

"Reading may be necessary, I will allow," replied Mustapha; "but I trust I can soon prove to your Highness that writing is as dangerous, as it is useless. More men have been ruined by that unfortunate acquirement, than by any other; and dangerous as it is to all, it is still more dangerous to men in high power. For instance, your sublime Highness sends a message in writing, which is ill received, and it is produced against you; but had it been a verbal message, you could deny it, and bastinado to death the Tartar who carried it, as a proof of your sincerity."

"Very true, Mustapha."

"The grandfather of your slave," continued the barber-vizier,

"held the situation of receiver-general at the custom-house; and he was always in a fury when he was obliged to take up the pen. It was his creed, that no government could prosper when writing was in general use. 'Observe, Mustapha,' said he to me one day, 'here is the curse of writing,—for all the money which is paid in, I am obliged to give a receipt. What is the consequence? that government loses many thousand sequins every year; for when I apply to them for a second payment, they produce their receipt. Now if it had not been for this cursed invention of writing, Inshallah! they should have paid twice, if not thrice over. Remember, Mustapha,' continued he, 'that reading and writing only clog the wheels of government.'"

"Very true, Mustapha," observed the Pacha; "then we will have no writing."

"Yes, your sublime Highness, every thing in writing from others, but nothing in writing from ourselves. I have a young Greek slave, who can be employed in these matters. He reads well. I have lately employed him in reading to me the stories of 'Thousand and one Nights.'"

"Stories," cried the Pacha; "what are they about? I never heard of them; I'm very fond of stories."

"If it would please your sublime Highness to hear these stories read, the slave will wait your commands," replied the Vizier.

"Bring him this evening, Mustapha; we will drink a pipe, and listen to them; I'm very fond of stories—they always send me to sleep."

The business of the day was transacted with admirable precision and dispatch by the two quondam barbers, who proved how easy it is to govern, where there are not "three estates" to confuse people. They sat in the divan as highwaymen loiter on the road, and it was "Your money or your life" to all who made their appearance.

At the usual hour the court broke up, the guards retired, the money was carried to the treasury, the executioner wiped his sword, and the lives of the Pacha's subjects were considered to be in a state of comparative security, until the affairs of the country were again brought under their cognizance on the ensuing day.

In obedience to the wish expressed by the Pacha, Mustapha made his appearance in the afternoon with the young Greek slave. The new Vizier having taken a seat upon a cushion at the feet of the Pacha, the pipes were lighted, and the slave was directed to proceed.

The Greek had arrived to the end of the First Night, in which Schezehezerade commences her story, and the Sultan, who was anxious to hear the termination of it, defers her execution to the following day.

"Stop," cried the Pacha, taking the pipe from his lips; "how long before break of day did that girl call her sister?"

"About half an hour, your sublime Highness."

"Wallah! Is that all she could tell of her story in half an hour?—There's not a woman in my harem who would not say as much in five minutes."

The Pacha was so amused with the stories, that he never once felt inclined to sleep; on the contrary, the Greek slave was com-

pelled to read every afternoon, until his legs were so tired that he could hardly stand, and his tongue almost refused its office; consequently, they were soon finished; and Mustapha not being able to procure any more, they were read a second time. After which the Pacha, who felt the loss of his evening's amusement, became first at a loss how to pass away his time; then he changed to hypochondriacism, and finally became so irritable, that even Mustapha himself, at times, approached him with some degree of awe.

"I have been thinking," observed the Pacha one morning when under the hands of Mustapha, in his original capacity, "that it would be as easy for me to have stories told me, as the Caliph in the Arabian Nights."

"I wonder not that your Highness should desire it. Those stories are as the opium to Theriarkis, filling the soul with visions of delight at the moment, but leaving it palsied from over-excitement, when their effect has passed away. How does your sublime Highness propose to obtain your end; and in what manner can your slave assist to produce your wishes?"

"I shall manage it without assistance; come this evening and you shall see, Mustapha."

Mustapha made his appearance in the afternoon, and the Pacha smoked his pipe for some time, and appeared as if communing with himself; he then laid it down, and clapping his hands, desired one of the slaves to inform his favorite lady, Zeinab, that he desired her presence.

Zeinab entered with her veil down. "Your slave attends the pleasure of her lord."

"Zeinab," said the Pacha, "do you love me?"

"Do not I worship the dust that my lord treads on?"

"Very true—then I have a favor to request—Observe, Zeinab—it is my wish that—(here the Pacha took a few whiffs from his pipe)—The fact is—I wish you to dishonor my harem as soon as possible."

"Wallah el Nebi!!—By Allah and the Prophet! your highness is in a merry humor this evening," replied Zeinab, turning round to quit the apartment.

"On the contrary, I am in a serious humor; I mean what I have said; and I expect that you will comply with my wishes."

"Is my lord mad? or has he indulged too freely in the juice of the grape forbidden by our prophet, Allah Kebur, God is most powerful—The Hakim must be sent for."

"Will you do, as I order you?" said the Pacha, angrily.

"Does my lord send for his slave to insult her! My blood is as water, at the dreadful thought!—Dishonor the harem!—Min Allah! God forbid!—Would not the eunuch be ready and the sack?"

"Yes, they would, I acknowledge; but still it must be done."

"It shall not be done," replied the lady.—"Has my lord been visited by heaven? or is he possessed by the Shitan?"—And the lady burst into tears of rage and vexation as she quitted the apartment.

"There's obstinacy for you—Women are nothing but opposition. If you wish them to be faithful, they try day and night to deceive you; give them their desires and tell them to be false, they will refuse. All was arranged so well, I should have cut off all their heads, and had a fresh wife every night until I found one who could

tell stories ; then I should have rose up and deferred her execution to the following day."

Mustapha, who had been laughing in his sleeve at the strange idea of the Pacha, was nevertheless not a little alarmed. He perceived that the mania had such complete possession that, unless appeased, the results might prove unpleasant even to himself. It occurred to him, that a course might be pursued to gratify the Pacha's wishes, without proceeding to such violent measures. Waiting a little while until the colour, which had suffused the Pacha's face from anger and disappointment, had subsided, he addressed him :

"The plan of your sublime Highness was such as was to be expected from the immensity of your wisdom ; but hath not the prophet warned us, that the wisest of men are too often thwarted by the folly and obstinacy of the other sex. May your slave venture to observe, that many very fine stories were obtained by the caliph Haroun, and his vizier Mesrour, as they walked through the city in disguise. In all probability a similar result might be produced, if your Highness were to take the same steps, accompanied by the lowest of your slaves, Mustapha."

"Very true," replied the Pacha, delighted at the prospect ; "prepare two disguises, and we will set off in less than an hour—Inshallah, please the Lord, we have at last hit upon the right path."

Mustapha, who was glad to direct the ideas of the Pacha into a more harmless channel, procured the dresses of two merchants, (for such, he observed, were the usual habiliments put on by the caliph and his vizier in the Arabian Nights,) and he was aware that his master's vanity would be gratified at the idea of imitating so celebrated a personage.

It was dusk when they set off upon their adventures. Mustapha directed some slaves well armed to follow at a distance, in case their assistance might be required. The strict orders which had been issued on the accession of the new Pacha, (to prevent any riot or popular commotion,) which were enforced by constant rounds of the soldiers on guard, occasioned the streets to be quite deserted.

For some time the Pacha and Mustapha walked up one street and down another, without meeting with any thing or any body that could administer to their wishes. The former, who had not lately been accustomed to pedestrian exercise, began to puff and show symptoms of weariness and disappointment, when at the corner of a street they fell in with two men, who were seated in conversation ; and as they approached softly, one of them said to the other, "I tell you, Coja, that happy is the man who can always command a hard crust like this, which is now wearing away my teeth."

"I must know the reason of that remark," said the Pacha ; "Mesrour, (Mustapha, I mean,) you will bring that man to me to-morrow, after the divan is closed."

Mustapha bowed in acquiescence, and directing the slaves who were in attendance to take the man in custody, followed the Pacha, who, fatigued with his unusual excursion, and satisfied with the prospect of success, now directed his steps to the palace and retired to bed. Zeinab, who had laid awake until her eyes could remain open no longer, with the intention of reading him a lecture upon

decency and sobriety, had at last fallen asleep, and the tired Pacha was therefore permitted to do the same.

When Mustapha arrived at his own abode, he desired that the person who had been detained, should be brought to him.

"My good man," said the vizier, "you made an observation this evening which was overheard by his Highness the Pacha, who wishes to be acquainted with your reasons for stating 'that happy was the man who could at all times command a hard crust, like that which was wearing away your teeth.'"

The man fell down on his knees in trepidation. "I do declare to your Highness, by the camel of the Holy Prophet," said he, in a faltering voice, "that I neither meant treason, nor disaffection to the government."

"Slave! I am not quite sure of that," replied Mustapha, with a stern look, in hopes of frightening the man into a compliance with his wishes—"there was something very enigmatical in those words. Your '*hard crust*' may mean his sublime Highness the Pacha; 'wearing away your teeth' may imply exactions from the government; and as you affirmed that he was happy who could *command* the hard crust—why it is as much as to say that you would be very glad to create a rebellion."

"Holy Prophet! May the soul of your slave never enter the first heaven," replied the man, "if he meant anything more than what he said; and if your Highness had been as often without a mouthful of bread as your slave has been, you would agree with him in the justice of the remark."

"It is of little consequence whether I agree with you or not," replied the Vizier; "I have only to tell you that his sublime Highness the Pacha will not be satisfied, unless you explain away the remark, by narrating to him some story connected with the observation."

"Min Allah! God forbid that your slave should tell a story to deceive his Highness."

"The Lord have mercy upon you if you do not," replied the Vizier; "but, to be brief, if you can invent a good and interesting story, you will remove the suspicions of the Pacha, and probably be rewarded with a few pieces of gold; if you cannot, you must prepare for the bastinado, if not for death. You will not be required to appear in the sublime presence before to-morrow afternoon, and will therefore have plenty of time to invent one."

"Will your Highness permit your slave to go home and consult his wife? Women have a great talent for story-telling. With her assistance he may be able to comply with your injunctions."

"No," replied Mustapha, "you must remain in custody; but, as on this occasion she may be of the greatest assistance to you, you may send for her. They have indeed a talent! As the young crocodile, from instinct, runs into the Nile as soon as it bursts its shell, so does woman, from her nature, plunge into deceit, before even her tongue can give utterance to the lies which her fertile imagination has already conceived."

And with this handsome compliment to the sex, Mustapha gave his final orders and retired.

Whether the unfortunate man, thus accused of treason, derived

any benefit from being permitted to "retain counsel," will be shown by the following story, which he told to the Pacha when summoned on the ensuing day.

STORY OF THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

That your Highness should wish for an explanation of the very doubtful language which you overheard last night, I am not surprised; but I trust you will acknowledge, when I have finished my narrative, that I was fully justified in the expressions which I made use of. I am by birth, (as my dress denotes,) a Fellah of this country, but I was not always so poor as I am now. My father was the possessor of many camels, which he let out for hire to the merchants of the different caravans which annually leave this city. When he died I came into possession of his property, and the good-will of those whom he had most faithfully served. The consequence was, that I had full employ, my camels were always engaged, and, as I invariably accompanied them that they might not be ill-treated, I have several times been to Mecca, as this ragged green turban will testify. My life was one of alternate difficulty and enjoyment. I returned to my wife and children with delight after my journeys of suffering and privation, and fully appreciated the value of my home from the short time that my occupation would permit me to remain there. I worked hard and became rich.

It was during a painful march through the Desert with one of the caravans, that a favorite she-camel foaled. At first it was my intention to leave the young one to its fate, as my camels had already suffered much; but, on examination, the creature showed such strength and symmetry that I resolved to bring it up. I therefore divided half of one of the loads between the other camels, and tied the foal upon the one which I had partly relieved for the purpose. We arrived safely at Cairo; and, as the little animal grew up, I had more than ever reason to be satisfied that I had saved its life. All good judges considered it a prodigy of beauty and strength, and prophesied that it would some day be selected as the holy camel to carry the Koran in the pilgrimage to Mecca. And so it did happen about five years afterwards, during which interval I accompanied the caravans as before, and each year added to my wealth.

My camel had by this time arrived to his full perfection; he stood nearly three feet higher than any other; and, when the caravan was preparing, I led him to the sheiks, and offered him as a candidate for the honor. They would have accepted him immediately, had it not been for a Maribout, who, for some reason or another, desired them not to employ him, asserting that the caravan would be unlucky if my camel was the bearer of the holy Koran.

As this man was considered to be a prophet, the sheiks were afraid, and would not give a decided answer. Irritated at the Maribout's interference, I reviled him; he raised a hue and cry against me; and, being joined by the populace, I was nearly killed. As I hastened away, the wretch threw some sand after me, crying out, "Thus shall the caravan perish from the judgment of heaven, if that cursed camel is permitted to carry the holy word of the prophet." The consequence was that an inferior camel was selected, and I was disappointed. But on the ensuing year the Maribout was not at Cairo; and, as there was no animal equal to mine in beauty, it was chosen by the sheiks without a dissentient voice.

I hastened home to my wife, overjoyed with my good fortune, which I hoped would bring a blessing upon my house. She was equally delighted, and my beautiful camel seemed also to be aware of the honor to which he was destined, as he repaid our caresses, curving and twisting his long neck, and laying his head upon our shoulders.

The caravan assembled: it was one of the largest which for many years had quitted Cairo, amounting in all to eighteen thousand camels. You may imagine my pride when, as the procession passed through the streets,

I pointed out to my wife the splendid animal, with his bridle studded with jewels and gold, led by the holy sheiks in their green robes, carrying on his back the chest which contained the law of our prophet, looking proudly on each side of him as he walked along, accompanied by bands of music, and the loud chorus of the singing men and women.

As on the ensuing day the caravan was to form outside of the town, I returned home to my family, that I might have the last of their company, having left my other camels, who were hired by the pilgrims, in charge of an assistant who accompanied me in my journeys. The next morning I bade adieu to my wife and children; and was quitting the house, when my youngest child, who was about two years old, called to me, and begged me to return one moment, and give her a farewell caress. As I lifted her in my arms, she, as usual, put her hand into the pocket of my loose jacket to search, as I thought, for the fruit that I usually brought home for her when I returned from the bazaar; but there was none there: and having replaced her in the arms of her mother, I hastened away that I might not be too late at my post. Your Highness is aware that we do not march one following another, as most caravans do, but in one straight line abreast. The necessary arrangement occupies the whole day previous to the commencement of our journey, which takes place immediately after the sun goes down. We set off that evening, and after a march of two nights arrived at Adjeroid, where we remained three days, to procure our supplies of water from Suez, and to refresh the animals, previous to our forced march over the desert of El Tyh.

The last day of our repose, as I was smoking my pipe, with my camels kneeling down around me, I perceived a herie¹ coming from the direction of Cairo, at a very swift pace; it passed by me like a flash of lightning, but still I had sufficient time to recognise in its rider the Maribout who had prophesied evil if my camel was employed to carry the Koran on the pilgrimage of the year before.

The Maribout stopped his dromedary at the tent of the Emir Hadjy, who commanded the caravan. Anxious to know the reason of his following us, which I had a foreboding was connected with my camel, I hastened to the spot. I found him haranguing the Emir and the people who had surrounded him, denouncing woe and death to the whole caravan if my camel was not immediately destroyed, and another selected in his stead. Having for some time declaimed in such an energetic manner as to spread consternation throughout the camp, he turned his dromedary again to the west, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

The Emir was confused; murmurings and consultations were arising among the crowd. I was afraid that they would listen to the suggestions of the Maribout; and, alarmed for my camel, and the loss of the honor conferred upon him, I was guilty of a lie.

"O! Emir," said I, "listen not to that man who is mine enemy: he came to my house, he eat of my bread, and would have been guilty of the basest ingratitude by seducing the mother of my children; I drove him from my door, and thus would he revenge himself. So may it fare with me, and with the caravan, as I speak the truth."

I was believed; the injunctions of the Maribout were disregarded, and that night we proceeded on our march through the plains of El Tyh.

As your Highness has never yet been a pilgrimage, you can have no conception of the country which we had to pass through: it was one vast region of sand, where the tracks of those who pass over it are obliterated by the wind,—a vast sea without water,—an expanse of desolation. We plunged into the Desert; and as the enormous collection of animals, extending as far as the eye could reach, held their noiseless way, it seemed as if it were the passing by of shadows.

We met with no accident, notwithstanding the prophecies of the Mari-

¹ A swift dromedary.

bout; and, after a fatiguing march of seven nights, arrived safely at Nakhel, where we replenished our exhausted water-skins. Those whom I knew joked with me, when we met at the wells, at the false prophecies of my enemy. We had now three days of severe fatigue to encounter before we arrived at the castle of Akaba, and we recommenced our painful journey.

It was on the morning of the second day, about an hour after we had pitched our tents, that the fatal prophecy of the Maribout, and the judgment of Allah upon me, for the lie which I had called on him to witness, was fulfilled.

A dark cloud appeared upon the horizon; it gradually increased, changing to a bright yellow; then rose and rose until it had covered one half of the firmament, when it suddenly burst upon us in a hurricane which carried every thing before it, cutting off mountains of sand at the base, and hurling them upon our devoted heads. The splendid tent of the Emir, which first submitted to the blast, passed close to me, flying along with the velocity of the herie, while every other was either levelled to the ground or carried up into the air, and whirled about in mad gyration.

Moving pillars of sand passed over us, overthrowing and suffocating man and beast; the camels thrust their muzzles into the ground, and profiting by their instinct, we did the same, awaiting our fate in silence and trepidation. But the simoom had not yet poured upon us all its horrors: in a few minutes nothing was to be distinguished,—all was darkness, horrible darkness, rendered more horrible by the ravings of dying men, the screams of women, and the mad career of horses and other animals, which, breaking their cords, trod down thousands in their endeavours to escape from the overwhelming fury of the desert storm.

I had laid myself down by one of my camels, and thrusting my head under his side, awaited my death with all the horror of one who felt that the wrath of Heaven was justly poured upon him. For an hour I remained in that position, and surely there can be no pains in hell greater than those which I suffered during that space of time. The burning sand forced itself into my garments, the pores of my skin were closed, I hardly ventured to breathe the hot blast which was offered as the only means of protracted existence. At last I fetched my respiration with greater freedom, and no more heard the howling of the blast. Gradually I lifted up my head, but my eyes had lost their power, I could distinguish nothing but a yellow glare. I imagined that I was blind, and what chance could there be for a man who was blind in the desert of El Tyh. Again I laid my head down, thought of my wife and children, and, abandoning myself to despair, I wept bitterly.

The tears that I shed had a resuscitating effect upon my frame. I felt revived, and again lifted up my head—I could see! I prostrated myself in humble thanksgiving to Allah, and then rose upon my feet. Yes, I could see; but what a sight was presented to my eyes! I could have closed them for ever with thankfulness. The sky was again serene, and the boundless prospect uninterrupted as before; but the thousands who accompanied me, the splendid gathering of men and beasts, where were they? Where was the Emir Hadjy and his guards? where the mamelukes, the agas, the janissaries, and the holy sheiks? the sacred camel, the singers and musicians? the varieties of nations and tribes who had joined the caravan? All perished!! Mountains of sand marked the spots where they had been entombed, with no other monuments save here and there part of the body of a man or beast not yet covered by the desert wave. All, all were gone, save one; and that one, that guilty one, was myself, who had been permitted to exist, that he might behold the awful mischief which had been created by his presumption and his crime.

For some minutes I contemplated the scene, careless and despairing; for I imagined that I had only been permitted to outlive the whole, that

my death might be even more terrible. But my wife and children rushed to my memory, and I resolved for their sakes to save, if possible, a life which had no other ties to bind it to this earth. I tore off a piece of my turban, and cleansing the sand out of my bleeding nostrils, walked over the field of death.

Between the different hillocks I found several camels, which had not been covered. Perceiving a water-skin, I rushed to it, that I might quench my raging thirst; but the contents had been dried up—not a drop remained. I found another, but I had no better success. I then determined to open one of the bodies of the camels, and obtain the water which it might still have remaining in its stomachs. This I effected, and having quenched my thirst—to which even the heated element which I poured down, seemed delicious—I hastened to open the remainder of the animals before putrefaction should take place, and collect the scanty supplies in the water-skins. I procured more than half a skin of water, and then returned to my own camel, which I had laid down beside of, during the simoom. I sat on the body of the animal, and reflected upon the best method of proceeding. I knew that I was but one day's journey from the springs; but how little chance had I of reaching them! I also knew the direction which I must take. The day had nearly closed, and I resolved to make the attempt.

As the sun disappeared, I rose, and with the skin of water on my back proceeded on my hopeless journey. I walked the whole of that night, and, by break of day, I imagined that I must have made about half the progress of a caravan; I had, therefore, still a day to pass in the Desert, without any protection from the consuming heat, and then another night of toil. Although I had sufficient water, I had no food. When the sun rose, I sat down upon a hillock of burning sand, to be exposed to his rays for twelve everlasting hours. Before the hour of noon arrived, my brain became heated—I nearly lost my reason. My vision was imperfect, or rather I saw what did not exist. At one time lakes of water presented themselves to my eager eyes; and so certain was I of their existence, that I rose and staggered till I was exhausted in pursuit of them. At another, I beheld trees at a distance, and could see the acacias waving in the breeze; I hastened to throw myself under their shade, and arrived at some small shrub, which had thus been magnified.

So was I tormented and deceived during the whole of that dreadful day, which still haunts me in my dreams. At last the night closed in, and the stars as they lighted up warned me that I might continue my journey. I drank plentifully from my water-skin, and recommenced my solitary way. I followed the track marked out by the bones of camels and horses of former caravans which had perished in the Desert, and when the day dawned, I perceived the Castle of Akaba at a short distance. Inspired with new life, I threw away the water-skin, redoubled my speed, and in half an hour had thrown myself down by the side of the fountain from which I had previously imbibed large draughts of the refreshing fluid. What happiness was then mine! How heavenly, to lay under the shade, breathing the cool air, listening to the warbling of the birds, and inhaling the perfume of the flowers, which luxuriated on that delightful spot! After an hour I stripped, bathed myself, and, taking another draught of water, fell into a sound sleep.

I awoke refreshed, but suffering under the cravings of hunger, which now assailed me. I had been three days without food; but hitherto I had not felt the want of it, as my more importunate thirst had overcome the sensation. Now that the greater evil had been removed, the lesser increased and became hourly more imperious. I walked out and scanned the horizon with the hopes of some caravan appearing in sight; but I watched in vain; and I returned to the fountain. Two more days passed away, and no relief was at hand: my strength failed me; I felt that I was

dying; and, as the fountain murmured, and the birds sung, and the cool breeze fanned my cheeks, I thought that it would have been better to have been swallowed up in the Desert than to be tantalised by expiring in such a paradise. I laid myself down to die, for I could sit up no more; and as I turned round to take a last view of the running water, which had prolonged my existence, something hard pressed against my side. I thought it was a stone, and stretched out my hand to remove it, that I might be at ease in my last moments; but when I felt, there was no stone there; it was something in the pocket of my jacket. I put my hand in, unconscious what it could be; I pulled it out, and looking at it before I threw it away, found that it was a piece of *hard dry bread*. I thought that it had been sent to me from heaven, and it was as pure an offering as if it had come from thence, for it was the gift of innocence and affection—it was the piece of bread which my little darling girl had received for her breakfast, and which on my departure she had thrust into my pocket, when I imagined she had been searching for fruit. I crawled to the spring, moistened it, and devoured it, with tears of gratitude to heaven, mingled with the fond yearnings of a father's heart.

It saved my life; for the next day a small caravan arrived, which was bound to Cairo. The merchants treated me with great kindness, tied me on one of the camels, and I once more embraced my family, whom I had never thought to see again. Since that I have been poor, but contented—I deserved to lose all my property for my wickedness, and I submit with resignation to the will of Allah.

And now I trust that your Highness will acknowledge that I was justified in making use of the expression, that “Happy was the man who could at all times command a crust of bread!”

“Very true,” observed the Pacha; “that’s not a bad story: Mustapha, give him five pieces of gold, and allow him to depart.”

[To be continued.]

PETER PINDARIC.

MAN is a *rara avis* I have said

A thousand times, when studying his features;

He is a book Champollion cannot read,

His hieroglyphics are not purely Nature’s;

I would defy the Frenchman to untie

His knotty character’s obscurity.

’Tis wonderful to see his resignation

At ills that one time pierce him to the soul,

If they with his hid hopes but bear relation,

And his hypocrisy cannot control

The secret of his bosom; ’twill have vent

In speech unwise or in misplaced content.

The wife of one is ill, his children many,

A brood of ducklings with no dam to guide;

He weeps to think upon the moment when he

Must close the eyes of her who was his bride;

His heart is desolate ’mid hopes and fears,

He gives his soul to anguish and to tears.

Another’s wife is dead—he feigns a sorrow—

Well feigns it for a loss that gives no pain;

His neighbour pities him with a “Good-morrow,

O be consoled, the loss may be your gain!”

“Indeed I feel it so; as Christian should,

I do not murmur—God is very good!”

FRANCE AND EUROPE.

LETTER I.

Paris, April 16, 1831.

MR. EDITOR,—Before I speak of the actual state of affairs in this country, it will be proper to premise some considerations of what has taken place since July 1830, when the decrepid, direct line of the Bourbons, was, after a fifteen years' precarious tenure, hurled from a throne on which Louis XVIII. had twice been placed by foreign armies, where he maintained himself by a system of corruption and deception, and from which his brother Charles fell from his utter incapacity and stupid obstinacy.

From the moment the Bourbons reassumed the crown in 1814, their constant aim was to attain absolute power, and to re-establish aristocratic privileges and the influence of the clergy. Supported by the Holy Alliance they thought their triumph assured; and Louis only kept the constitutional mask the better to ensnare the nation, and to draw from the purse of the people the enormous sums which, under different pretences, he obtained from the two Chambers. For this purpose, he by successive modifications in the law of elections secured a permanent majority in the Chamber of Deputies. Thus was the *milliard* voted to the emigrants, and 400 millions of francs squandered to restore Ferdinand to absolute power, and to destroy the constitutional government of the Cortes. This was a grand step towards the abolition of the French charter, already disfigured and mutilated. Louis, more dissimulating than his brother, pursued his views calmly, trusting to fraud and bribery, and dreading violent measures. He lived not long enough to carry his plans into effect, and left the arduous task to the silly, bigoted, and priest-ridden Charles, who soon manifested openly his intentions. In vain did Martignac and his colleagues, after the fall of Villele, who had become obnoxious to all parties, attempt to save the king by forcing him to respect the constitutional rights of the nation; they soon perceived that Charles had merely consented for a while to countenance constitutional doctrines, because he did not feel himself yet strong enough to strike a decisive blow against the liberties of France. But the moment he thought his power sufficiently established he threw off the mask, and called his favorite Polignac to help him to overthrow the charter. As soon as this intention became evident, the alarm was general; everybody foresaw the approaching struggle, and all honest men felt the necessity of opposing the counter-revolutionary plans of the Jesuitical party. It was then that a coalition was formed of very heterogeneous elements in the Chamber of Deputies. The joint efforts of the true patriots, who sat on the left side of the House, and of their new allies—the moderate royalists, attached to the Bourbon family, but dreading the consequences of the triumph of the absolutists, soon drove Charles to the alternative of employing military force against the people, or of throwing himself in the arms of the leaders of the opposition in both Houses. Charles chose the former; he made the attempt and lost his crown. But the great triumph of liberty was achieved solely by the Parisians; who spontaneously, without leaders or any preconceived plan, arose, fought, and conquered the satellites of despotism in the memorable week of July. The people triumphed and exulted at the fond hope of regaining their rights; of restoring France to her former glory, sullied by the disgraceful treaties of 1814 and 1815, imposed by force, with the concurrence of a king who held the crown from the allied sovereigns, and had not received it from the people. While the unsuspecting patriots, who had risked their

blood in defence of their rights, were thus indulging in fair prospects for their country, the majority of the members of opposition in the Chamber of Deputies and in the House of Peers felt sadly disappointed at the result, and left nothing untried to baffle the views of the party. While victory was yet uncertain, MM. de Semonville and d'Argent attempted to preserve the crown on the head of Charles, by advising him to recall his late decrees, and to appoint new ministers; but his hesitation to comply with this request rendered the measure impracticable. Other courtiers next suggested the necessity of abdicating the crown in favor of the Duc de Bourdeaux, and of appointing the Duc d'Orleans regent and lieutenant-general of the kingdom. This was at last agreed to by Charles and his son, but it was too late, Louis-Philippe having been proclaimed king by the influence of Lafayette and his friends, who, determined to exclude Charles and his line, and wishing to give stability to the new government, had the generosity to sacrifice their republican opinions in the hopes of making France enjoy all the advantages of this form of government without its inconveniences, by placing on the throne a man who could pretend to no hereditary right. This being effected without any opposition from the people, the choice of a cabinet was the next thing to be done. It fell upon the most crafty, and not upon the most able and decided men. Guizot, a staunch adherent of the Restoration, formerly secretary to Decazes at Ghent, and author of the famous address to the allied sovereigns in 1815, engaging them to send their armies against France, was the most influential minister, and represented in the council the party called *Doctrinaires* who formed or influenced the majority of the Deputies. Among them stood pre-eminent the two Dupins, Royer Collard, the Perriers, Delessart, Agier, &c. Thus was the fate of the new revolution committed into the hands of men who had only opposed Charles X. and his brother when they met a repulse from them; they had, for the most part, served and courted the Bourbons, while these courted them; now that another Bourbon was on the throne, they thought they might by flattery, by intrigues, and by the combined efforts of the supporters of the restoration, who had for a time put on the mask of liberals, acquire such an ascendancy over the new king as would enable them to rule France with uncontrollable sway. Their aim was to establish a sort of legal oligarchy in France, and to curtail the rights of the bulk of the nation; deviating, as little as possible, from the system pursued during the restoration. To effect their purpose they began by deceiving honest Dupont and Lafayette—the purest of patriots and the most unsuspecting of men. At the same time they inspired a dread of the republican party, by repeating in all their newspapers the ominous words of terror and 1793; they alarmed the king and a great part of the nation; and, by their combined and perseverant tactics, they at last fully succeeded in their object. They forced Dupont to quit the department of Justice, and Lafayette the command of the National Guards of France; even the worthy Lafitte and the respectable Mérilhou were discarded because not entirely devoted to the party. Casimir Perrier, a man of some parts, but excessively vain, obstinate, and passionate, is considered by the party as the only man capable of subduing public opinion, and of converting the new dynasty, sprung from a popular revolution, into a legitimate monarchy, based not upon the rights of the great mass of the nation, but upon the privileges of a select few. They have certainly succeeded beyond their expectations, having ably profited by every favorable incident as it has occurred, and by several riots, excited by secret manoeuvres, with a view to frighten the king for his crown, and the peaceable inhabitants for their tranquillity; but in spite of all their arts, ministers are from day to day becoming more unpopular, and the public is highly incensed against them for what they have already done, and for what is

apprehended from them in future. Their plan is evident to every one: to retain their places by securing the support of the future Chamber of Deputies, and then to consolidate their favorite system of oligarchical monarchy, is the constant object of their meditations, and the main-spring of their acts. It was with this view that Dupin the eldest, Guizot, and other crafty *doctrinaires*, when, in the first days of August, 1830, they had the patch-work charter amended, avoided carefully to define in positive terms the fundamental elective rights of the people, both in the choice of representatives to the Chamber of Deputies, and of municipal officers; for the same reason they abstained from pronouncing on the future organisation of the House of Peers. In so doing they showed themselves superior in foresight to most of their opponents, and secured to themselves power for the time being, and the means of retaining it hereafter. Well they knew that the centre of the assembly was composed of men favorable to privilege, and averse to free institutions; and having the Chamber of Deputies at their disposal, (that of Peers being of course essentially aristocratical,) they had it in their power to keep in awe the ministry, and to dispose of the nation according to their will and pleasure. This they have done with the greatest success, scorning public opinion and its eloquent organs in the Chamber of Deputies. The majority has perverted the law of the National Guards, that on municipal administration; they have maintained the heavy stamp-duties on the periodical press, the privileges of printers; and in every instance they have evinced the greatest reluctance to establish on a solid and permanent basis the indisputable rights of the citizens. In short, they have acted not as the deputies of the French people, (and truly they are only those of the privileged classes of electors,) but as an assembly of Roman or Swiss patricians. They do not obey a mandate of the people, but graciously grant some rights to those only who, in their opinion, are fit to exercise them. In this spirit has France been governed since the month of September, 1830, down to the present day. But such a system, having no real national support, must ere long crumble into dust, not perhaps without a tremendous crash. All will depend on the result of the elections to the next chamber, the dissolution of the present having become inevitable. In spite of the illiberal dispositions of the new law of elections, I have no doubt that ministers and their friends will be ultimately disappointed. Should, however, the contrary take place, then a crisis is unavoidable, and it is easy to foretell to whom it will be fatal.

Unfortunately for Louis-Philippe, who is an honest man and a constitutional king, and who has at heart the honor and interests of the French nation, under whose banners he fought bravely at Jemmappes and at Nerwinden, he has listened to advisers and flatterers little qualified for the high task of guiding the nation after its trouble, struggle, and regeneration in its late contest. Instead of displaying firmness, and showing confidence in the people, the irresolute monarch was induced to write humble letters to the allied sovereigns, and particularly one to Nicholas, which has been made public, and to which the haughty autocrat returned a pretty saucy answer. While the new rulers of France seemed to be actuated by fear, the despots of Europe were trembling on their thrones, dreading the effects of the recent revolution—a dread that was soon highly increased by the insurrection of Belgium, those in the north of Germany, in Switzerland, and latterly in Poland. They accordingly hastened to recognise Louis-Philippe, but not without previously obtaining from his cabinet the promise of giving no assistance to the surrounding nations that might enable them to throw off the yoke of their oppression. Guizot, his colleagues, and successors, most exactly fulfilled their promise; they, after having tolerated and even encouraged the Spanish refugees, effectually prevented their ultimate success against the tyrant Ferdinand. The

Italian refugees were dealt with in the same manner; and the affairs of Belgium were soon put in the most dangerous condition by being left to be decided by a congress of ministers, even France was represented by the unprincipled Talleyrand—the man of all times, of all parties, who had contributed to give up France to the Bourbons in 1814. The interests of Belgium and of France were sacrificed; no stipulation for the evacuation of Antwerp by the Dutch was made, and all questions relative to limits, and to the national debt of Belgium, were purposely entangled. The choice of a king was the object of the basest intrigues, and M. Sebastiani spoke and acted on this occasion with inconceivable indiscretion and inconsistency.

The conduct of the French cabinet on the Polish cause is as unjustifiable; not a single declaration of principles was made by ministers in favor of the Poles, not even after they had acquired positive proof of the intended coalition against France, headed by Nicholas. The Polish revolution alone forced Prussia and Austria to postpone their combined attack until Russia had crushed that gallant nation. Nay, there are strong reasons to believe that the Duke Mortemart, ambassador at the court of Russia, received instructions quite unfavorable to the Poles, whose discomfiture was anticipated by M. Sebastiani and his friends. In the meantime Prussia, the Germanic confederacy, and the king of Holland, have had time to put their armies on the most complete footing for immediate war; and Austria has been allowed to crush at its birth the revolution in Italy. Now that this result is obtained, Metternich will look for the first opportunity of falling upon France; but, in the meantime, it is the interest of the allied cabinets to deceive, by fair words and alluring assurances of peace, the party now at the head of affairs in France, who will have peace on any terms, because they know that war would drive them at once from power, all excepting perhaps Soult, who, whatever may be his secret views, has done his duty at the head of the war department with an activity that could hardly be exceeded. M. Casimir Perrier announced on the 15th, in the House of Peers, that the Austrians were withdrawing from Romagna; but, he added, that the order for this movement was anterior to the spirited note which he said the French cabinet had addressed to the Court of Vienna. *Latet anguis.* There must be some secret cause for so sudden an evacuation of a country still partly in revolt against the Pope. Does Austria fear an insurrection in Galicia or Hungary, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom? or does Metternich concentrate his forces for the invasion of Switzerland and Piedmont, preparatory to the meditated attack on France? Let that be as it will, France is not only prepared but anxious for war, — a national war against the absolute power of kings, and for the reconquering of the limits to which all the powers of Europe recognised she had a right by the treaty of Amiens. But a change of men can only give confidence to the nation, and direct her enthusiasm in the mighty struggle between freedom and despotism. The present ministers, Soult alone excepted, are despised by the people and the army, and are only supported by their associates and dependants.

VERAX.

LORD FALKLAND'S DREAM ; *

ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF NEWBURY, IN WHICH HE WAS SLAIN, A.D. 1643.

" Io vo gridando, *Pace, Pace, Pace !*"

PETRARCA, *Canzone agli Principi d'Italia ;*
Esortazione alla Pace, A.D. 1344.

From CLARENDON'S History of the Civil War, &c. Vol. II. Part I.

" IN this unhappy battle (of Newbury) was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight of conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed war, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity :

Turpe mori, post te, solo non posse dolore.

* * * * *

From the entrance into that unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded ; and a kind of sadness and dejection stole upon him, which he had never been used to. * * *

After the king's return, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions which had before touched him, grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness ; and he who had been so exactly easy, and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present, and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness, and less pleasantness of the visage, a kind of rudeness and incivility,—became on a sudden less communicable ; and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he minded before with more neatness, and industry, and expence, than is usual to so great a soul, he was not only incurious but too negligent ; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary and casual addresses to his place (being the Secretary of State to King Charles,) so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men (strangers to his nature and disposition,) who believed him proud and imperious, and from which no mortal man was more free.

* * * * *

" When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it ; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word '*Peace ! Peace !*' and would profess, that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart."

The Author of the following lines has endeavoured to present Lord Falkland in his true character of loyalist *and* patriot,—not less the one than the other : and the above quotation from Clarendon is given without any reference to partisanship or opinion respecting the

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merits, on either side, of royalists or parliamentarians in "that unhappy war," which, with all its contemporary evils, did more in the sequel for the real advantage of sovereign and people in after-generations, than any antecedent struggle, in the history of our country. The bewilderment of Falkland's mind, and the vehicle of a dream, must plead for some perplexity or obscurity in the plan and process of the annexed poem; which, however, (if worth understanding,) may be disentangled and cleared up, without much effort, by the patient reader.

WAR, civil war, was raging like a flood,
 England lay weltering in her own heart's blood;
 Brother with brother waged unnatural strife,
 Sever'd were all the charities of life;
 Two passions—*virtues* they assumed to be,—
 Virtues they *were*,—romantic loyalty,
 And stern, unyielding patriotism, possess'd
 Divided empire in the nation's breast,
 As though two hearts should in one body reign,
 And urge conflicting streams from vein to vein.
 On either side the noblest spirits fought,
 And highest deeds on either side were wrought;
 Hampden in battle yesterday hath bled,—
 To-morrow Falkland joins the immortal dead;
 The one for freedom perish'd—not in vain;
 The other falls—a courtier without stain.

'Twas on the eve of Newbury's doubtful fight;
 O'er marshall'd foes came down the peace of night,—
 Peace, which, to eyes in living slumber seal'd,
 The mysteries of a night to come reveal'd,
 When that throng'd plain, all warm with heaving breath,
 Should lie in cold fix'd apathy of death:
 Falkland from court and camp had glid away,
 With Chaucer's shade¹ through Speenham woods to stray,
 And pour in solitude, without controul,
 Through the dun gloom, the anguish of his soul;
 Falkland, the plume of England's chivalry,—
 The just, the brave, the generous, and the free!—
 Nay, task not poetry to tell his praise,
 Twine but a wreath of transitory bays,
 To crown him, as he lives, from age to age,
 In Clarendon's imperishable page:
 Look there upon the very man,—and see
 What Falkland was,—what thou thyself shouldst be:

¹ The estate of Speenhamland is said to have been, at one time, the property and residence of Chaucer.

Patriot and loyalist, who veil'd to none,
He loved his country and his king in one ;
And could no more, in his affections, part
That wedded pair, than pluck out half his heart :
Hence every wound, that each the other gave,
Brought their best servant nearer to the grave.
Thither he hasten'd, withering in his prime,—
The worm of grief had wrought the work of Time ;
And England's woes had sunk him with their weight,
Had not the swifter sword foreclosed his date.

In sighs for her his spirit was exhaled,—
He wept for her till power of weeping fail'd ;
Pale, wasted, nerveless, absent, he appear'd
To haunt the scenes which once his presence cheer'd ;
As though some vampire from its cerements crept,
And drain'd life's fountain nightly, while he slept :
But he slept *not* ;—sleep from his eyelids fled,
All-restless as the ocean-foam his bed ;
The very agony of war,—the guilt
Of blood, by kindred blood in hatred spilt,
Crush'd heart and hope,—till foundering, tempest-tost,
From gulphs to deeper gulphs,—himself he lost.
Yet when he heard the drum to battle beat,
First at the onset, latest in retreat,—
Eager to brave rebellion to the face,
Or hunt out peril from its hiding-place,—
Falkland was slow to harm the ignoble crowd,—
He sought to raise the fall'n,—strike down the proud ;
Nor stood there one for parliament or throne,
More choice of others' lives,—more reckless of his own.

Oft from his lips a shrill, sad moan would start,
And cold misgivings creep around his heart ;
Then, as he saw the plague of war increase,
One word alone found utterance,—“ Peace, peace, peace !”

That eve he wander'd, in his wayward mood,
Through thoughts more wildering than the maze of wood,
Where, when the moonbeam flitted o'er his face,
He seem'd the unquiet spectre of the place ;
Rank thorns and briars, the rose and woodbine's bloom,
Perplex'd his path through chequer'd light and gloom ;
Himself insensible of gloom or light,—
Darkness within made all around him night ;
Till the green beauty of a little glade,
That open'd up to heaven, his footsteps stay'd :
Eye, breath, and pulse the sweet enchantment felt,—
His heart with tenderness began to melt :

Trembling he lean'd against a Druid-oak,
 Whose boughs bare tokens of the thunder-stroke,—
 The root unshaken, and the bole unbroke :
 And thus, while Hope almost forgot Despair,
 Breathed his soul's burthen on the tranquil air.

“ My country, to thyself, thyself be true,—
 Land, which the Roman never could subdue !
 Oft though he pass'd thy sons beneath the yoke,
 Thy sons, as oft, the spears they bow'd to broke ;
 Others with home-wrought chains he proudly bound,—
 His own too weak to fetter thee he found ;
 Though garrison'd with legions, legions fail'd
 To quell thy spirit,—thy spirit again prevail'd :
 By him abandon'd, Island-martyr ! doom'd
 To prove the fires of ages, unconsumed,
 Though Saxon, Dane, Norwegian, Gallic hordes,
 In fierce succession, gave thee laws and lords,
 Conquer'd themselves by peace—in every field,
 The victor to the vanquish'd lost his shield :
 To win my native land,—to fill her throne,
 Canute and William must forsake their own :
 Invading rivers thus roll back the sea,—
 Then lose themselves in its immensity.

“ But 'twas thine own distractions lent them aid,—
 Enslaved by strangers, because self-betray'd ;
 Still self-distracted :—yet should foreign foe
 Land *now*, another spirit thy sons would show ;—
 King, nobles, parliament, and people,—all,
 Like the Red Sea's collected waves, would fall,
 And with one burst o'erwhelm the mightiest host :—
 Would such a foe, this hour, were on the coast !

“ How oft, O Albion ! since those twilight times,
 Intestine wars have laid thee waste with crimes !
 Tweed's borderers were hereditary foes,
 Nor can one crown even now our feuds compose ;
 Thy peasantry were serfs to feudal lords,
 Yoked with their oxen, girded to their swords ;
 Round their cross-banners, kings thy yeomen ranged,
 Till York and Lancaster their roses changed :
 Those days, thank heaven !—those evil days are past,
 Yet wilt thou fall by suicide at last ?
 O England ! England !—from such frenzy cease,
 And on thyself have mercy :—‘ Peace, peace, peace ! ’ ”

“ Who talks of Peace ? Sweet peace is in her grave ;
 Save a lone widow, from her offspring save ! ”

Exclaim'd a voice scarce earthly, in his ear,
 Withering his nerves with unaccustom'd fear :
 His hand was on his sword, but ere he drew
 The starting blade, a suppliant cross'd his view ;—
 Forth from the forest rush'd a female form,
 Like the moon's image hurrying through the storm ;—
 Down in a moment at his feet, aghast,
 Lock'd to his smiting knees, herself she cast :
 Rent were her garments, and her hair unbound,
 Both fleck'd with blood from many a trickling wound,—
 Inflicted by the very hands, which press'd,
 In rose-lipp'd infancy, her yearning breast ;
 And ever and anon she look'd behind,
 As though pursuing voices swell'd the wind ;
 Then shriek'd insanely,—“ Peace is in her grave ;
 Save a lost mother, from her children save !”
 Wan with heart-sickness, ready to expire,
 Her cheeks were ashes, but her eye was fire,—
 Fire fix'd, as through the horror of the mine,
 Sparks from the diamond's still water shine ;
 So, where the cloud of death o'ershadowing hung,
 Light in her eye from depth of darkness sprung,—
 Dazzling his sight, and kindling such a flame
 Within his breast, as Nature could not name :
 He knew her not,—that face he never saw ;
 He loved her not,—yet love chastised by awe,
 And reverence, with mysterious terror mix'd,
 His looks on hers in fascination fix'd.

“ Who ? Whence ? What wouldst thou ?” Falkland cried, at length :
 His voice inspired her ; up she rose in strength,
 Gather'd her robe, and spread her locks, to hide
 The unsightly wounds,—then fervently replied :
 “ Behold a matron, widow'd and forlorn,—
 Yet many a noble son to me was born,—
 Flowers of my youth, and morning-stars of joy !
 They quarrell'd, fought, and slew the youngest boy ;—
 Youngest and best-beloved !—I rush'd between,
 My darling from the fratricides to screen ;
 He perish'd : from my arms he dropt in death,
 I felt him kiss my feet, with his last breath :
 The swords that smote him, flashing round my head,
 Pierced me ;—they saw their parent's blood, and fled :
 And she, unconscious what she did,—or why
 She sought *thee* out,—came here, came here, to die :
 'Tis a strange tale ;—'tis true, and yet 'tis not ;—
 Come with me, Falkland ; come, and see the spot ;
 Come see my boy,—my life's own life,—the pride
 And hope of his poor mother,—but he died ;

He died,—and *she* did *not*:—how can it be?—
But I'm immortal!—Falkland, thou shalt see."

She spake, while Falkland, more and more amazed,
On her ineffable demeanor gazed :
So vitally her form and features changed,
He thought his own clear senses were deranged ;
Outraged and desolate, she seem'd no more ;
He follow'd ;—stately, she advanced before :
The thickets, at her touch, gave way, and made
A wake of moonlight through their deepest shade.
Anon he found himself on Newbury's plain,
Walking among the dying and the slain ;
At every step, in blood his foot was dyed,—
He heard expiring groans on every side.
The battle-thunder had roll'd by ; the smoke
Was vanish'd ; calm and bright the morning broke,
While such estrangement o'er his mind was cast,
As though another day and night were past.
There, midst the nameless crowd, oft met his view
An eye,—a countenance that Falkland knew,
But knew not him,—an eye to ice congeal'd,—
A countenance by death's blank signet seal'd ;
Rebel and royalist alike laid low,
Where friend embraced not friend, but foe grasp'd foe ;
Falkland had tears for each, and patriot-sighs,
For both were Britons in that Briton's eyes.

Silent before him trod the lofty dame,
Breathlessly looking round her, till they came
Where shatter'd fences mark'd a narrow road :—
Tracing that line, with prostrate corpses strow'd,
She turn'd their faces upward, one by one,
When suddenly the newly-risen sun
Shot through the level air a ruddy glow,
That fell upon a visage white as snow ;
There, with a groan of agony, so wild
As if the soul within her spake,—“ My child !
My child !” she cried : then pointing, shrinking back,
Made way for Falkland.—Prone along the track,
(A sight at once that warm'd and thrill'd with awe,)
The perfect image of himself he saw !
Shape, features, limb ; the arms, the dress he wore,
And one wide honorable wound before.
Then flash'd the fire of pride from Falkland's eye,—
“ 'Tis glorious for our country thus to die ;
'Tis sweet to leave an everlasting name,
A heritage of clear and virtuous fame !”

While thoughts like these his madden'd brain possess'd,
And answering pulses thunder'd through his breast,—
While Falkland living stood o'er Falkland dead,
Fresh at his feet the wound before him bled ;
The eye met his with inexpressive glance,
Like the sleep-walker's in benumbing trance,
And o'er that countenance of rigid clay,
The flush of life came quick,—then pass'd away,—
A momentary pang convulsed the chest,
As though the heart were waking from unrest,
But broke beneath the effort :—all was still ;
Chill, through his tingling veins, the blood ran chill :—
“ Can this,” he sigh'd, “ be virtuous fame and clear ?
Oh ! what a field of patricide is here !
Perish who may,—'tis England, England falls ;
Triumph who will,—his vanquish'd country calls,
As I have done,—as I will never cease,
While I have breath, voice, being,—‘ Peace, peace, peace ! ’ ”

Here stoop'd the matron o'er the dead man's face,
Kiss'd the cold lips,—then caught in her embrace
The living Falkland :—as he turn'd to speak,
His mother's tears fell warm upon his cheek ;
He knew her, own'd her, and at once forgot
All but her earliest love and his first lot ;
Her looks, her tones, her sweet caresses then,
Brought infancy and fairy-land again,—
Youth, in the morn and maidenhood of life,
Ere Fortune cursed his father's house with strife,
And in an age, when Nature's laws were changed,
Mother and son, as heaven from earth, estranged !¹

“ O Falkland ! Falkland ! ” when her voice found speech,
The lady cried ; then took a hand of each,
And, joining, clasp'd them in her own,—“ My son !
Behold *thyself*,—for *thou* and *he* are one.”
The dead man's hand grasp'd Falkland's with such force
He fell—transform'd himself into that corse,
As though the wound which slew his counterpart,
That moment sent the death-shot through his heart.

When from that ecstasy he oped his eyes,
He thought his soul translated to the skies ;
The battle-field had disappear'd ; the scene
Had changed to beauty, silent and serene ;

¹ There had been unhappy divisions in the family, both with respect to an inheritance which Falkland held from his grandfather, and the religion of his mother, who was a Roman Catholic.

City nor country look'd as heretofore ;—
 A hundred years, and half a hundred more
 Had travell'd o'er him while entranced he lay ;—
 England appear'd as England at *this* day,
 In arts, arms, commerce, enterprise, and power,
 Beyond the dreams of hope's devoutest hour,
 When, with prophetic call, that patriot brought
 Ages to come before creative thought.

With doubt, fear, joy, he look'd above, beneath,
 Felt his own pulse,—listen'd if he could breathe,
 Next raised an arm, advanced a foot,—then broke
 Silence, yet only in a whisper spoke,—
 “ My mother ! are we risen from the tomb ?
 Is this the morning of the day of doom ? ”
 No answer came,—his mother was not there,
 But, tall and beautiful beyond compare,
 One, who might well have been an angel's bride,
 Were angels mortal, glitter'd at his side.
 It seem'd some mighty wizard had unseal'd
 The book of fate, and in that hour reveal'd
 The object of a passion all his own ; —
 A lady unexistent, or unknown,
 Whose saintly image, in his heart enshrined,
 Was but an emanation of his mind,
 The ideal form of glory, goodness, truth—
 Embodied now in all the flush of youth,
 Yet not too exquisite to look upon :
 He kneel'd to kiss her hand,—the spell was gone ;
 Even while his brain the dear illusion cross'd,
 Her form of soft humanity was lost.—
 Then, nymph nor goddess, of poetic birth,
 Ere graced Jove's heaven, or stept on classic earth,
 Like her in majesty ;—the stars came down
 To wreath her forehead with a fadeless crown,
 The sky enrobed her with ethereal blue,
 And girt with orient clouds of many a hue ;
 The sun, enamour'd of that loveliest sight,
 So veil'd his face with her benigner light,
 That woods and mountains, valleys, rocks, and streams,
 Were only visible in her pure beams.

While Falkland, pale and trembling with surprise,
 Admired that change, her stature seem'd to rise,
 Till from the ground, on which no shadow spread,
 To the arch'd firmament she rear'd her head ;
 And in the horizon's infinite expanse,
 He saw the British Islands at a glance,—

With intervening and encircling seas,
O'er which, from every port to every breeze,
Exulting ships were sailing to all realms,
Whence vessels came, with strangers at their helms ;
On Albion's coast all climes rejoiced to meet,
And pour their native treasures at her feet.

Then Falkland, in that glorious dame, descried
Not a dead mother, nor ideal bride ;
But *her* who ruled his soul in either part,
At once the spouse and mother of his heart,—
His country, thus personified, in grace
And grandeur unconceived, before his face :
Then spake a voice, as from the primal sphere,
Heard by his spirit rather than his ear.

“ Henceforth let civil war for ever cease ;
Henceforth, my sons and daughters ! dwell in peace ;
Amidst the ocean-waves, that never rest,
My lovely Isle ! be Thou the halcyon's nest ;
Amidst the nations, evermore in arms,
Be thou a haven safe from all alarms ;
Alone, immoveable 'midst ruin stand,
The unfailing hope of every failing land ;
To Thee for refuge kings unthroned repair ;
Slaves flock to breathe the freedom of thine air :
Hither from chains, and yokes, let exiles bend
Their footsteps ; here the friendless find a friend ;
The country of mankind shall Britain be,
The home of Peace,—the whole world's sanctuary.”

The pageant fled ; 'twas but a dream ; he woke,
And found himself beneath the Druid-oak,
Where the first phantom on his vigils broke.

Around him gleam'd the morn's reviving light ;
But distant trumpets summon'd to the fight,
And Falkland slept among the slain next night.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Sheffield, 1831.

MEMOIRS OF THE MACAW OF A LADY OF QUALITY.¹

DICTATED BY HIMSELF, AND EDITED BY LADY MORGAN.

THE Honorable George Fitzforward and myself arrived, on a fine May evening, in a gloomy little street in the heart of London, and took possession of a very humble lodging. The want of comfort, cleanliness, and fresh air, was the more remarkable for its contrast with the sumptuous rural palaces which we had lately visited. This was my master's habitual abode when in town. Here he slept, but he might be said to *live* in his cab; and he left his address at the Club. My delicate organs took offence at all that surrounded me; and, above all, at a fat, dirty Irish maid, whose odor and aspect were, alike, my antipathy. The first night, as she lighted us up to our room, I cried out contemptuously, "Get along out of that!" She turned on me with a look of astonishment and vindictiveness, which I shall never forget, exclaiming, "Get along out of that yourself, you dirty spalpeen! It is you, and the likes of you, that takes the bread out of honest people's mouths, you furreign baste, you!" To all this tirade, I slowly rolled out from my closed beak a reiteration of the offensive—"Get along out of that!" She turned in concentrated rage to Midge, who stood laughing till his sides shook, and said, "Troth, I'll lave my mark on your poll-parrot, before he quits the place:—now, mind my words, Mr. Midge." Mr. Midge did mind them; and he was so persuaded of the sincerity of the threat, that he always locked me up on going out; and as this was every day, and for the whole day, I became a state-prisoner, for the indiscretion of a single phrase, as many a too-demonstrative genius has done before me. Silent, desolate, and neglected, left for days without food, except what I picked up at Midge's breakfast, for my master always breakfasted at his Club, my natural cheerfulness faded into sullen gloom; and all the miserable consequences of my foolish and ill-directed ambition came upon me, with vain regret and deep remorse. When I recalled the brilliant region I had abandoned, the magnificent forest-home I had left, the proud position I held among my own species, the joyous sensations that then thrilled through my whole being, resulting from the happy and natural state of things in which I was placed,—and when I compared all this with the gloom, solitude, close atmosphere, and privation of light and liberty of my present condition, I was overwhelmed with misery and despair. This was perhaps the most painful period of my checkered existence; and it was forcibly recalled to my recollection the other day, while hearing my Lady's page read aloud the discovery of my native hemisphere, and the kidnapping of the noble and happy savages by that great man, who brought them in chains to Spain, because (says the author) he saw in them that which would make them "worthy members of the Church, and loyal subjects of the King." I was struck with the parallel between their fate and my own. The mild and benevolent chiefs of the Bahamas must have felt, on their arrival at Madrid, something as I felt on my arrival at London; but their misfortunes arose from their virtues. Never

¹ Continued from page 40.

would they have been chained, and tortured, and occasionally roasted, had they not possessed those talents and qualities, which rendered them worthy of the notice of Church and State. I indeed had no such utilities—I was neither loyal, nor devout by nature. My little gleam of reason had only served to lead me astray; and every acquirement I had made, every word I uttered, to my last attack upon Irish Molly, had been the source of my ill-luck, and the cause of my suffering. Had I not been more intelligent than my species, more prone to fun, and inclined to laugh at the follies of others than to correct my own, I might have been the happiest of macaws. Owls, boobies, and buzzards—how I envied you your organic deficiencies! To add to the misery of the epoch to which I now allude, the moulting season came on: I pined and sickened, my crest fell, my feathers dropped, my sufferings were acute, beyond what the egotism of man, who thinks that none suffer but himself, could imagine. I was soon reduced to a skeleton, and looked like a scarecrow. All my intelligence fell into abeyance. My mind was gone; my speech was inarticulate; and my memory failed me. The only phrase I could remember, was one taught me by my great-grandfather in my infancy, 'Povero papagay;' and this I repeated in every tone of complaint and self-commiseration. My master came home so late at night, that he scarcely observed me; and Midge, when he at last perceived the change in my appearance, accused Irish Molly of poisoning me. But I proved the falseness of the charge by my convalescence. Youth and strength triumphed; and I was beginning to recover my spirits and speech, when, one evening, my master returned home earlier than usual, and so changed in appearance, as to strike even me; I thought that he too was moulting. Midge had not yet come in; and Irish Molly had lighted the Honorable George to his room with a dirty tallow-candle, which she placed on the table before him. He sat pale and shivering, and endeavouring to stir up the dead embers in the hearth; but they were extinct. Here was another aristocratic scion no better off than myself. It is allowed even by the enemies of our race, the heaven-born haters of macaws and parrots, that we are extremely susceptible of kindness and unkindness; that we love and hate intensely; and that we are capable of the most devoted attachment to our masters, as long as they show us any signs of friendship; but that when deprived of their attention and caresses, we become sensible of their neglect, irritable, ill-humored, and vindictive, if provoked by their capricious notice, or idle tricks. This was my present position with my master. As he could not bring me to his Club, and was always afraid of having his shabby home discovered, he had no longer the same occasion for my amusing qualities; and having once bitten his finger in jealous irritability, when he began to tease me, after a week's neglect, I fell into utter disgrace—or rather, no longer wanted, I was no longer remembered. His suffering appearance, and desolate situation, however, as he sat sighing and moaning, and putting his hand to his forehead, awoke all my former sympathies. I descended from my perch, gradually approached him, and cowering and creeping round him, endeavoured to offer consolation through every pathetic tone and phrase I knew, uttering alternately 'Povero papagay,' 'Poor Poll,' 'Poor Pat.' My master smiled, patted my head, and

said with bitterness, "Add poor younger brother, Poll." "Poor younger brother," I replied, fluttering my wings, and perching on his arm. My master laid me gently on the table, and covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly. The entrance of Midge roused him. He hurried into the slovenly little bed-chamber at the back of his drawing-room, shut the door, and appeared no more that night. The next day, all was bustle in the little drawing-room. My master kept his bed; I heard his moans: Midge, the landlady, and Irish Molly, held a conference; and shortly afterwards arrived an animal, which, to my fancy, had a close affinity with the jackdaw. He was all black and white, with an erect head, and a jerking gait, a pert solemnity of look, and a crafty dulness of aspect, which perfectly impersonated that ill-omened bird which had always been my favorite aversion. I was shocked at the appearance of this creature. I remembered that the occurrence of a jackdaw was considered at the Propaganda as the sign of approaching death, and that three of them portended a funeral. I trembled for my poor master, and took my station near the head of his bed, from which neither threats nor caresses could detach me. I soon gathered that he was not moulting, but sick of some disorder caught in the bogs of Ireland. I endeavoured to make myself as amusing and consolatory as possible. I repeated all his complainings; I chattered at the jackdaw, and frequently anticipated his wonted questions, to his great annoyance.¹ I was particularly pleased with a phrase, which my master, in his impatience, had more than once applied to him, when ordered to swallow some horrible black stuff: "I'll not touch a drop of it; he is an old quack, and a regular humbug." I repeated after him, "He is an old quack, and a regular humbug." "So he is, Poll," said my master, laughing for the first time since his illness, from which he was now recovering in spite of the jackdaw and the black-draughts. When able to leave his bed, he carried me on his arm into the little drawing-room, placed me on the back of his chair, and I had the distinction of sharing his first chicken, and pecking at his grapes. My attention during his illness had quite replaced me in his affections, or at least among his *resouries*. A few days afterwards Midge was sent with a note to the Horse-Guards; and immediately after his return, he was followed by one of the prettiest young human animals I had ever seen. He was announced by the name of Mr. Alfred MountMartre. His appearance quite dazzled me! at first I took him for a noble specimen of the scarlet flamingo—the same erect bearing, the same brilliant colours, the same gentle look in the eyes, yet warlike aspect. Of all the ornithological world, I was best acquainted, after my own tribe, with the flamingo, with which we macaws thought we had something in common. The flamingo is in its nature gentle and brave, and full of confidence and trust in the whole living creation, till civilised man teaches it better, and forces it to become ferocious and wary in its own defence. From the moment these birds become acquainted with that great enemy of creation, whose voca-

¹ Willoughby tells us of a parrot which had grown old with its master, and shared with him the infirmities of age. Being accustomed to hear nothing but the words "I am sick," when a person asked it "How do you do, Poll?" it replied in a doleful tone, and stretching itself along, "I am sick."—*Animal Biography*.

tion is to enslave or to destroy, the flamingos keep together in troops, place a sentinel to watch the approach of the foe, and send forth a note of danger, which is their natural war-trumpet. Social and gay when at peace, they are only pugnacious when aroused by danger or insult. When young, they are easily caught, and carried away, upon slight temptation; but they catch in their turn when more experienced, and many of the prettiest little birds of the tropics become their victims. My heart warmed to this human flamingo, who stood armed *cap-à-pied* before my master. He said he was on guard at the palace, and had but a quarter of an hour to stay. In that quarter of an hour, my master poured forth his confidence to him, and gave a brief history of his adventures, from his joining the regiment at Kil-mac-squabble till his arrival in town. They had been school-fellows at Harrow, whence both of them had proceeded to finish their education in that 'house of refuge for the destitute'—the army; the one in a regiment of the line, the other in the Life-Guards. Each had an hundred and fifty pounds a-year for his *ménus plaisirs*, and an occasional ten guineas from grand-mamas for clean gloves—a luxury not always within the reach of younger brothers. These were their own words in the course of their mutual auto-biographic confessions; and having once dropped into that great preserve—my memory, they were never forgotten. "Your grade as a life-guardsmen, places you beyond the reach of social degradation," continued my master; "and your sister, Lady Augusta, takes care of you with the exclusives. But since my late arrival in London, I have never got further than a Dowager dinner in Portman Square, or a second rate rout made up of the sweepings of the porter's book. For it is one thing to be let in to the dull circles of country houses on the strength of family connexions, and another to have the *entré* in that very refined society from which ambitious fashion will even exclude a father that is a bore, or a mother that dresses ill—In short," he said, almost choking with emotion, "my position in London is too painful; and unless I can do something to extricate myself from obscurity, I shall not stay out my leave of absence, but return at once to still-hunting and the typhus in Ireland, as a matter of preference." "But cawnt you do something to announce yourself?" drawled out the flamingo,—“Cawnt you write a book, or something?” “Write a book!—I can scarcely read one—besides, what could I write about?” “Oh! I rather fancy that don't much signify. Lord Frederick says, his publisher will bring out any thing by an Honorable:—he does not in the least care what trash it is; it puffs and sells all the same.” “Still, one must have that trash; and since I left Harrow, I have seen nothing in Ireland but bogs and beggars.” “Well, but arn't that vastly funny?—The Irish, you know, are so droll and merry!” “Droll and merry!—poor wretches, about as merry as the nightmare. Where I am quartered, they are wandering about like spectres, and living upon roots and nettles, which they find in the ditches.” “Indeed!—How very tiresome!” “Poor Pat! I am quite sorry” “Poor Pat!” I re-echoed in my deepest tone of pathos, delighted to have an opportunity of making myself known to the flamingo. “Poor Pat!—Why what the devil's that?” said the flamingo, turning about in

surprise. "Oh! that's only the macaw." "Only the macaw!" said the flamingo rising, and patting my head, which I bent forward to his delicate hand. "What a treasure!—What can he do?" "Do! not a great deal; but he can say every thing; and is much more amusing and intelligent than half the subalterns of ours, I can tell you—My poor macaw," he added, with a deep sigh, "was my only friend and comforter in my recent illness." "By Jove! and with such a bird as this you want to be ticketted!—Why, Colonel O'Kelly, you know, went upon the reputation of his parrot for twenty years; and Mrs. Doldrum, I heard my mother say, would never have got on, but for her wonderful bullfinch, which went through the sword-exercise with a straw. Even last week, all the world were making interest to get into — house, where the learned pig was exhibited, and threw the opera into neglect: and Lady —'s delightful soirées owed every thing to Le Compté's canaries." My master laughed—"Oh! then, you think I may get into fashion under the patronage of my macaw? That did very well in the country; but in London, Poll is of as little consequence as myself." "Why, you know, there are so many Fitzforwards of three generations, that you must have something to distinguish you if you mean to get on, and the parrot, properly brought out, will do as well as anything—For instance, if I was to mention you, and was asked which of all the Fitzforwards you are, it would be something to be enabled to say, 'the macaw Fitzforward,' just as one says 'Poodle Beryl,' 'Parrot O'Kelly,' or 'Jerusalem Whaley.'" My master was silent for a moment, and then said, smilingly, "But who is to present Polly to this discerning world?—How is she to get into fashion herself in order to introduce her master?" "Leave that to me: I'll go this moment to my old friend the Countess of —, and puff Poll to the skies as a lion of the first quality. You will get an invite to her first pink parties; and once booked there, your business is done." My master laughed, and turned the thing into a joke; but it was evident that the proposition had made a due impression; for, after the young guardsman's departure, he actually put me through all my manœuvres, aired my vocabulary, rehearsed my Savoyard dance, exercised my slang, and added to my fashionable acquirements by teaching me to go through the manual of smoking a cigar, which I held in my claw with the air of a Pacha. All this amused my poor master amazingly, and procured me caresses and luxuries to which I had long been a stranger. The next day he even took me with him in his cab to the Park. As I sat smoking my cigar beside him, every eye followed us; and we soon became the sole objects of attraction. An hundred bright eyes shone on us through their lorgnettes, and the flamingo riding up to us said, "All the world are inquiring who you are: Lady J—— has just observed to De R—— that since Lord Byron and his bear, there has been nothing seen so odd and original as that man and his macaw. I have promised to present you to her. The cigar was a great hit.—Oh! here comes my Countess—I have done the needful for you there; and I see she has found you and Poll out already." A coronetted carriage drove up beside the cab, and a fair and fashionable-looking old lady, putting out her head with a nod and an air of familiar acquaintance, said, "How do

you do, Mr. — How stupid ! I can't recollect your name ; but I knew one of your grandmothers well—the great beauty, not the stupid one. Dear, how like her you are—I mean the beauty. —Young Mr. what's-your-name, come here—do now, and let your wretched horse alone. Can't you tell me your friend's name ?” “ Fitzforward, ma'am,” said the flamingo, laughing. “ Aye, to be sure, I know all the Fitzforwards.—My dear Mr. Fitzforward, you must come to my parties, and bring your macaw. Don't come to-morrow night ; that's my blue party : don't bring the parrot on a blue night. The blues hate parrots ; and they will think it an epigram, for a reason they have. Don't come till I send you a card—Never come without your macaw—do you mind. You have your grandmother's pretty eyes—Good bye—Home.” The next morning my master received the promised card. “ The Countess — at home Wednesday-evening.—To the Hon. G. Fitzforward and his macaw.” My master read the invitation with a bitter smile, and then flinging it into the fire, rose, walked about the room in great emotion, and pausing before my perch, said, “ So, Donna Papagay, I am to be indebted to you for my place in fashionable life. Four hundred years of nobility, and an alliance with half the British aristocracy, will not alone suffice to bring a man into notice, and efface the insignificance of younger brotherhood, without wealth, or without celebrity.” I fluttered, and cowered, and muttered, “ Poor younger brother !” “ Poor younger brother, indeed !” said my master, shrugging his shoulders ; “ you certainly were a great catch, Poll.” “ A great catch, a great catch,” I reiterated ; “ and I really do believe have every requisite to succeed.” He added, “ You can cant, and slang, sing, dance, chatter, and smoke a cigar.—Well, we shall see.” He then gave me in charge to Midge, with a precaution unusual to him. He desired him to supply me with a warm bath, and went forth to breakfast with his friend at Knightsbridge Barracks.

When the evening of our *debut* arrived, my master could not bring himself to accompany me to Lady ——'s rout. He was well aware that he would not be welcome without me ; and he had too much pride, if not too much feeling, to place himself on a level with a bird-fancier from Exeter Change, or to exhibit as a tiger in the train of a fashionable macaw. He resolved therefore at once to satisfy his own *amour propre*, and not offend the Countess by disappointing her of her lion, and accordingly to send me alone. The idea amused him beyond measure, and my toilet was the occupation of the evening. I was painted under the eyes, and up to the eyes—a relief which gave them the brightness and the ferocity of a hawk's. A cigar-case was hung over my neck with a rose-colored ribbon ; and I was perfumed with *eau de mille-fleurs*, and fed with quintessential coffee-lozenges (of which I was extremely fond) as an additional exhilaration of my natural spirits and loquacity. Thus armed for conquest, I was given into the custody of the delighted Midge, with due orders as to my style and title. We stepped into the cab, and in a few minutes found ourselves in the line of carriages leading to the Countess's assembly. It happened that the carriage immediately preceding us was that of the Portuguese ambassador ; our announce, therefore, was made in the same breath. “ The Duc D'Albuquerque

and Donna Papagay" was echoed from the porter to the footmen in the hall, to the groom of the chambers on the stairs, and to the page and maître d'hôtel at the drawing-room door. I was handed up immediately after his excellency, from the arm of one servant to another, amidst the stifled titter of all. "Who is Donna Papagay?" asked the group nearest the door. "The Portuguese ambassadress," was the general answer; when my appearance immediately behind the representative of majesty caused an unusual ebullition of mirth; and his excellency remaining a *ridicule ineffaçable*, shrunk into a corner, while I was received with raptures by my noble hostess, and borne through the suite of rooms on the page's arm to the conservatory. I was followed by the whole assembly; and I have often heard my lady since say that, with the exception of the first night of the young Roscius's appearance, such a sensation had never been created by any *debüt* in the capital of the most thinking people of the world. It seemed that every thing had been prepared for my reception, with the most appropriate scenic effect. The conservatory, the destined scene of my triumphs, was fitted up to the best of her ladyship's conception, as a Brazilian forest. Palm-trees cut in green tin, paper parrots perched on Indian roses, and a rock in the centre, with "an alligator stuffed" basking at its foot, and a tall cacique (stuffed too) leaning sentimentally on the summit—gave, or were intended to give, an imitation of those mighty regions whence it was announced I had recently arrived. In short, it was a gallantry for the macaw. I was placed on a branch of an upas-tree, fresh from Forster's, the artificial florist, who had made it to order; and the tree soon became a tree of knowledge to the whole assembly. The crowd, the crush, the squeeze, and pressure were beyond description. I began to think myself the greatest creature in the world, and that man was made only to adore me; while the noise, the lights, the brilliant variety of objects, operated powerfully on my nerves and senses. As in moments of excitement I always have recourse to the last trick that has been taught me, I drew forth a cigar and put it in my bill. The uproar and shouts of laughter were now quite deafening. The whole scene put me in mind of one of those great congresses of parrots in which I had cut so brilliant a figure at home. There was the same noise, the same chatter, the same glittering plumage and flutter of movement that distinguished our own assemblies. Many even of the heads recalled in their facial line the conformation of our tribe; and, to complete the illusion, there was the same eternal reiteration of the same sounds. As soon as one pretty Poll had said "Charming!" "Wonderful!" "Most curious!" all the others repeated the phrase a hundred times. From this I concluded that their vocabulary was much more limited than my own; and, in my excited vanity, I dropped my cigar, fluttered my wings, and burst forth into a long tirade of incoherent sentences, which sounded well, though it meant nothing, but which evidently passed for superhuman wit and intelligence. When, however, I got through my rhetoric, and fell into mere slang, the applause of the assembly was stupendous. "That's my hearty," "Bang up," "All's right," "Aisy, aisy," "Get along out of that," with a certain jerk with my tongue, and the imitation of the crack of a whip, produced more effect

than the most brilliant witticism ever uttered by the first diner-out of his day. "Where is the Duke of Boxborough?" said the Countess; "he must hear this. He will be delighted; this is quite in his way." "He is not here; he drives the heavy Birmingham to-night," said somebody. "No, he doesn't," replied a voice from the crowd. The crowd instantly gave way; a look of deference was visible in every eye; and a tall young person, with a crane neck and a shambling gait, approached me. I saw at once that he was a bird of note. Several old cackling hens, each with a lively young bird of paradise under its wing, crowded round the phoenix of the evening. His unexpected appearance drew upon him all those bright glances which had hitherto been so exclusively directed to myself. In a word, the crane carried it hollow, and it was evidently in his power to keep me in or put me out of fashion by a word. Like all shallow animals, I am extremely cunning in my own way. I at once therefore felt the necessity of toadying this ducal bird; and accordingly, descending from my upas, and crawling towards him, I placed myself familiarly on his arm. "Bravo, Poll!" re-echoed on every side. "He certainly knows you, Duke," said a pretty creature, sideling up to him; "he has found you out as the most *distingué* of his auditors, and has taken possession of you with true *savoir faire*." "The deuce he has!" said the Duke, laughing and flattered; "well, let us see: who am I, Poll?" "A great catch, a great catch," was my immediate reply; and before the sensation had subsided at the pertinence of an answer which covered the fair young flatterer with blushes, the good-humored Duke had seized my friend the flamingo by the shoulder, and pushing him into the middle of the circle, asked me, "Well, Donna Papagay, and who is this—is *he* a great catch?" Influenced by the association of idea awakened by the flamingo's presence, I repeated, in a plaintive tone, "Poor younger brother." It would be in vain to attempt giving any idea of my success. Among the number of my admiring audience, there was one however who witnessed my triumph with a look of suppressed rage that did not escape me. He had attracted my notice by a painful personal feeling not likely soon to be forgotten; for in my passage from the upas to the Duke's arm, he had put out his foot to crush me, and I was only saved from a horrible death by the usual subtlety of my movements; still he had trod on one of the long feathers of my tail, and had hurt me severely. This creature struck me as closely resembling the carrion-vulture in his appearance. I afterwards found that he had an instinctive antipathy to successful merit of all kinds, and lived by hiring out his great foot to all who stood in need of its crushing assistance. Like the whole tribe of vultures, he was exceedingly ill-looking; and I was quite surprised to find him in such good company; but I soon learned that he made himself useful every where, and that, like his congener the vulture, which feeds on reptiles, he was a toad-eater. He was called by some a reviewer, by others a newspaper-editor; but the carrion-vulture seemed to me to be his most appropriate appellation. In the brilliant group by which I was surrounded, I thought I recognised many others of the bird family. There were cock-sparrows and water-wagtails in abundance, several Solan geese, and not a few gulls. With the exception

of the vulture, who evidently waited for another pounce, I was praised, caressed, and admired by all; and when, at the Duke's request, I was, as he worded it, "trotted out" by my friend the flamingo,—when I had danced my "Gai Coko," sung, chanted, and preached, my fashion was miraculous, and I believe I may fairly say that no lion, human or animal, ever obtained in so short a time the same vogue. At last the heat, excitement, and fatigue, became too powerful for my delicate frame; my head dropped, my wings flagged, and I fell lifeless. A great actress had fainted with less effect in the adjoining room an hour before (some said of jealousy at my drawing off the crowd from her altars). The vulture made another attempt, but my noble hostess was too nimble for him; she saved me in her arms, exclaiming, "I would not for the world have anything happen to this bird. *Je perdrai en lui mon meilleur causeur.*" My poor master was now for the first time remembered and called for, but in vain. "He had not," said the groom of the chambers, "come at all; but my carriage stopped the way, and my servant was in waiting." I was accordingly conveyed down on the Duke's arm, who took me from the Countess, and gave me to Midge. The air at once revived me; and I was alive and merry on my perch the next morning, devouring the words of the young MontMartre, who came to recount to my master the particulars of my *grand succès* the night before;—"when," he said, "Sheridan was witty, Siddons was sublime, and Moore delightful in vain!" I pitied these poor birds, whom, it appeared, I had thus prematurely put out of fashion; but I was quite unconscious that my own anti-apotheosis (as my little Lady Titmouse called it) was yet to come.

The next day my master received a very polite note of thanks from the Countess, with an invitation to dinner to meet a few rational people. "We will keep the macaw for the world," she said, "for whom it is quite good enough." My poor master was pleased at my not being included in this invitation, and I have frequently heard him say that this was the most agreeable dinner he had ever been present at; for no one gave better dinners than the Countess, when she chose to assemble the agreeable and the interesting. My master now became universally known as "Macaw Fitzforward," and was at once included among the exclusives; not that he brought me with him always; for he did so very rarely, and only when there were a very select few indeed. It was a mark of supreme *bon ton* to be able to say in a note of invitation, "We shall be few and good: you will meet Macaw Fitzforward and Donna Papagay." My master's principal label of notoriety was his manner of telling his first meeting with me in Ireland. He took off the Irish brogue with great effect, and imitated the little postillion so much to the life, that Lady J—used to say, "If you have not heard George Fitzforward tell his Irish story, you have heard nothing."

But a higher honor awaited my master and myself, than any yet conferred on us. The highest person in the state expressed a desire to make our acquaintance; and we received a command to attend an aquatic party on Virginia Water. What passed on the occasion of this most distinguished visit, my master and myself were bound never to reveal. The silence of the seraglio, the mystery of the

harem hung over the sublime retreat of the greatest of European potentates; whose existence alone was occasionally notified to his adoring and uninquiring subjects. My master returned to town in high spirits, with a splendid snuff-box enriched by a royal portrait, and I, with a medallion hung round my neck by a blue ribbon. The great personage, who thus decorated me, wore just such another ribbon, and seemed very proud of it. He was a grave and very gentle looking animal, and more resembled the horned owl, than any other bird with which I was acquainted. Notwithstanding the secrecy of our movements, this flattering visit got into the Papers, the greater number of which turned us into ridicule; while some of them asked why were not Mr. —, Mr. * * *, and Messrs. X, Y, Z, the most brilliant writers and the best company in his Majesty's dominions, admitted into the royal circle. This however was pure envy, and disloyal invective: as another paper observed, "Is a king not to have the privilege of a private person, and to live with those who suit him best? If he prefer macaws and parrots to wits and philosophers, who are neither loyal nor religious, has he not a public duty to perform, and the public morals to protect?" It was thus that our visit was defended by a journal which my master read aloud to his young friend; and to my surprise I found that the vulture, who had endeavoured to crush me at the Countess's assembly, on my first *entré* into high life, was the identical defender of royal favorites, macaws, parrots, and horned owls.

From this time forth, I became a rage; presents of great value were made me. My perch was a throne, and my cage a museum. But in the midst of these triumphs, and shortly after my master had obtained a renewed leave of absence, his regiment was ordered to Canada. A winter in Canada was a sentence of death to this young scion of a noble stock, in which a pulmonary complaint was hereditary. I heard his young friend argue with him on the necessity of leaving his regiment. "What!" he replied, reddening, "the first time it is ordered upon distant service?" His Honor took the alarm, and nothing could induce him to try for an exchange. The day before his departure, his friend came to take leave of him; my master was much depressed, and he vainly endeavoured to struggle with his feelings. "Should I never see you again, my dear MontMartre," he said, "keep this in memory of the pleasant evenings we have smoked together;" and he presented him with his meerschaum: "but I have a parting favor to ask of you," (and he strove to check his tears as he added,) "my poor faithful affectionate macaw!" He paused; I came fluttering towards him, caressed his forehead, and muttered "Poor younger brother." "No Poll," he continued, "I will not risk *your* life, by transporting you to the icy regions of Canada; it would be a bad return for devotion like yours." "A great catch, a great catch!" I repeated, endeavouring to recommend myself. "Yes, but not on board a transport-ship, Poll, nor amongst the snows of Canada. Take her away, MontMartre, in your cab; I will not give her to you, you are too giddy, and Poll would be a bore. But take her to your friend Lady —; Poll and I both owe our fashion and our success to her. She is kind to animals, and steady in her attachment to friends. If I live to return, I will re-

claim my macaw,—if I do not, she cannot fall into better hands.” My master kissed my head, placed me on my perch, threw himself for a moment into the flamingo’s arms, and then seizing his hat, rushed out of the house, leaving his school-fellow, meerschäum, and myself in the room, from which every other trace of his existence had been removed by Midge in the previous morning. It was about a year after the occurrence of this little scene, that seated on the back of my lady’s chair, I heard her ladyship read from a morning paper the following paragraph: “Died in Upper Canada, the Hon. George Fitzforward, of the —— regiment, more known in the fashionable world by the name of Macaw Fitzforward. Captain F. was the tenth son of the late Earl of Rottentown, and brother of the present Earl, who has for some years resided for his health at Naples. This distinguished young soldier fell a victim to the severity of the climate, to which his military duties had exposed him.” I listened attentively to this recital, and faintly uttering “Poor younger brother,” fell on my lady’s shoulder. When I recovered, she was more than usually kind and caressing; and she said in a tone of satisfaction, “Never mind, Poll, you shall not suffer by this change of masters; you are mine now for life, and we shall reach posterity together.” No doubt her ladyship’s prophecy will be verified in my “forthcoming memoirs,” of which I have this day heard the preliminary puff sent me by my kind friend the publisher.

I had been more than two years an inmate in the family of the Countess; and, in the interval, had seen more of the world, political and fashionable, than any or all the macaws that ever existed. The flower of my fashion, it is true, had budded, blown, and faded, in the course of a single season; but though I no longer monopolised the whole notoriety of the day, I still retained a considerable share of vogue and influence. It was possible to give a party without making interest with my mistress to allow me to grace it with my presence. It was possible to obtain an hearing for Jekyl, Lutterell, and other wits, even though I was by; but though my position was less brilliant, it was more respectable. I was no longer a lion, I was one of the set, and waddled in and out of my lady’s library or drawing-room, with dowager duchesses and dowager wits, as if I belonged by birthright to “the order.” Envy was as usual at work, and I was disparagingly compared with the parrots, so largely quoted by Locke and Goldsmith; both of whom were said to be my superiors in the pertinence of their replies. But I really believe that their sole superiority was, that *they* were dead, and *I* was living. It is true, that when Henry VII.’s parrot (who had been educated in his palace of Westminster, beside the Thames) fell into the water, he called “A boat! twenty pounds for a boat!” but was not I, every day, making applications of equal felicity? I had, besides, one faculty, which placed me at an immeasurable distance above my tribe,—my love of fun. Whenever I made a hit, I felt and enjoyed it; and I testified that I did so by my loud laugh, and clapping my wings,—a demonstration of self-approbation common to most human wits and humorists, who generally laugh both before and after the utterance of their good things. The public papers, too, made use of me as a sort of Pasquin; and like him of Rome, I was made to

answer for all the wicked, slanderous things, which the writers were paid for inditing. This kept up my consequence, and if it made me enemies, it made me also admirers; for the fabrications ascribed to me, all wicked as they were, appeared in papers under the especial patronage of the church. It was thus that my name and bon-mots became so familiar to a dignitary, who always read the Sunday papers before the morning service, that, conceiving a high opinion of my loyalty and right thinking, he expressed a wish to make my acquaintance. My lady was delighted, and cards went out for a grey dinner party, consisting, as she said, of some of the noblest pillars of social order. When these grave and illustrious personages were assembled before dinner, I was brought in as an amusement, to pass away that *mauvais quart d'heure*. The library, on the ground-floor, where the guests were seated, looked so like a rookery, and there was something in the party so ravenish and jackdaw-like, that I fancied myself in the Propaganda, or among the protestant brotherhood of Sourcraut Hall; and I forthwith struck up my *Gloria in excelsis*, which I followed by an audible enunciation of my confession of faith. A general exclamation of surprise and edification burst from every lip. He who seemed the chief of the company, and whom my lady called my lord, descanted for a considerable time on the wonderful power of Providence in producing such a bird; saying many things, which struck me as being not very curious or original, but which seemed to affect the listeners with great awe and reverence—perched on my lady's arm, I turned my head from side to side with a look of inquiry, being greatly amused by the double likeness of the speaker to Father Flynn, and to the jackdaw of the Honorable G. Fitzforward's sick chamber. So when this orator took me on his arm, and the Countess cried out, "Oh! Poll, you are not aware of the honor done you, you little know whose is the arm that supports you," I screamed out "He is an old quack and a regular humbug." His lordship started, as if electrified, and let me fall on the ground. By the fall my leg was broken, and I became immediately as silent as the rest of the company, and insensible of all that was passing around me. When I came to myself, I was lying before the fire in the housekeeper's room—a subterranean apartment, from which, during three tedious years, I was never permitted to emerge. In short, I was pronounced to be socially dead; my want of all judgment and discretion, my too ready and fatal wit had nearly proved my destruction. His lordship, whom I had so grossly insulted, would hear of no apology from my mistress, and the chaplain, who was present, declared that I had been crammed for the occasion. Had not the piety of my poor dear lady been well known, she too would have been involved in my disgrace; as it was, she was attacked in the Sunday papers; and only appeased her calumniators by a friendly paragraph inserted by the vulture, stating that she had sacrificed her macaw to public opinion, and that this clever but ill-taught bird had been handed over to her ladyship's chicken-butcher, and by him put to death; that its body had been sent to Surgeon's Hall for dissection, and its skin stuffed and transmitted to a public museum for the study of future ornithologists. In the

course of the ensuing season, I was as much forgotten as if I had never lived; and when after three years' incarceration I crept up to the back hall, and was accidentally seen by Lady Augusta, she said to my lady, "So you have got a macaw;—by the by, had not you a parrot, or a monkey, or something that made a great sensation some years back, and used to talk?" "Probably," said my lady drily; "but I am taking great pains to teach this macaw *not* to talk."

I took the hint; and, painfully aware of the penalty that waits on wit, I tried hard to be as dull, and as common-place, as a neighbour of ours whom my mistress, by constantly citing as a model of prudence, had made *my* "Mrs. Grundy." This neighbour, in the course of a long and tranquil life, had excited neither envy nor hatred, had got into no scrapes, suffered no persecution, and had never risked being killed by a secretary-bird, kicked by a preacher-monkey, having its leg broken by a raven-jackdaw, or being imprisoned for three years only for being superior to the generality of its species. This fortunate creature was the pet tortoise of our near neighbour Lady Dorothy Dawdle, an old lady who was herself of the tortoise tribe, and possessed many good qualities in common with her favorite reptile. The tortoise was a constant subject of reference for my lady on the occasion of any of my unlucky hits, or mischievous *quid pro quo's*. I never broke a china cup, gnawed a buhl clock, choked a kitten, or pecked at the housemaid's heels; but the Lady Dorothea's tortoise (whom, by the by, I was frequently brought to visit) was instantly held up to me as an example and a reproach. His story was indeed exemplary. Brought while young from the West Indies by a legacy-hunting nephew, whom Lady Dorothea had long survived, it was placed in her ladyship's little garden, the circumference of which, twelve feet by ten, it had managed to travel through in the space of ten years. The movements of its feet answered to those of the hour-hand of a clock. In the course of its long life it had shown no sign of sympathy with any living thing, nor any token of intelligence beyond its own personal wants, which were few, and its appetites, which were voracious. Loving warmth, but hating light, it passed the sultry hours of summer under the umbrella of a large cabbage; and remained, during the winter, torpid in a hole which it had formed with slow and stupid assiduity—its sole amusement and occupation. Still its dullness was alive to whatever interfered with its own interests; and disliking the shower that refreshed, as much as the beam that illuminated, it shuffled off on the first gathering of a cloud above its ponderous shell, over which the wheel of a loaded cart might have passed without injury. Supplied, independently of any effort of its own, with every species of food and comfort, the only sign of recognition it ever showed was to Lady Dorothea Dawdle herself; who, every summer's morning for thirty years, had fed it from her parlour window with meal-cakes. It then hobbled from its cabbage-leaf with awkward alacrity towards its benefactress; and this was the only intercourse that ever subsisted between them. They both died in the same year. The lady was first conveyed to the tombs of her ancestors, having bequeathed her tor-

toise to her physician. This gentleman, a celebrated anatomist, tried the horrible experiment of Redi upon the poor animal; and having made an hole in its skull, and taken out the brains, was surprised to find it continue alive. The tortoise, set at liberty in this condition, moved off without suffering the slightest injury from the operation. It lived on for many months without brains as well as with them, and at last died in one of its fits of torpidity merely because it had forgotten to awake.

This was the model, the bright particular star of discretion, so often quoted for my edification by my mistress, who used to finish her admonitions with "Oh, Poll, Poll, when will you have the prudence of Lady Dorothea Dawdle's tortoise?" "When he ceases to be Lady ———'s macaw," replied, one day, my little Lady Titmouse, who was always my champion and friend on these occasions of obloquy and reproof.

Since my resuscitation, after my three years' imprisonment and retirement from society, my life has gone on calmly and rationally enough. My lady had made a vow never again to run the risk of admitting me into parties, and she has kept it. Banished from the drawing-room and boudoir, I am still welcome in the dressing-room and library, and am sometimes tolerated at the breakfast and dinner-table, or suffered to follow my mistress about her pretty little garden. Time has done by me as by the human species, and though I am really the Ninon of my race, and occasionally dance "Gai Coco," and sing "Polly, put the kettle on," to the delight of the old housekeeper and the guests of the steward's room, still diminished animal spirits and a better taste inclines me to conceal, rather than exhibit, my surviving talents and capabilities. I have long since put off paint, and have even had thoughts of becoming serious, especially since my lady occasionally gives a tea-and-tract party, because, like a true philosopher, she will go *avec son siècle*. Here then I shall terminate my memoir, for the good are seldom amusing—the wise never; and I have entered into a formal agreement with my publisher to forfeit half the price of my copyright if this autobiography is found to contain more sense, wisdom, or information than shall prove palatable to the public, or to exceed the standard measure of those "fashionable productions" by which the polite world are accustomed to form *l'esprit et le cœur*, to cull their tastes, and select their opinions.¹

¹ For what reasons this Memoir escaped its original destination, and was placed at the disposition of the Metropolitan, it is needless to relate. Perhaps it was the tact of Donna Papagay, who is *au niveau* with all that is passing in literature, on her perch at the Countess's; and is, consequently, aware of all the rises and falls in literary and bibliopolic reputations. Perhaps it was a mere caprice of that rather capricious animal. It is sufficient for the public to know that the reform or revolution, call it which you will, was effected with the full consent of all parties interested.—Note by the Editor.

THE TROUBLES IN IRELAND.

It is impossible to regard with indifference the utter disruption of the social compact, the complete defiance of all law and government, which have now prevailed so long and so extensively in Ireland. Whilst Mr. Swing was actively engaged in overt acts of outrage in our own island, Captain Rock and Terry Alt kept tolerably quiet; but whether they were "nursing their wrath to keep it warm," or thought, according to their own adage, that turn-about was fair play, it is certain that no sooner had the disturbances in the agricultural districts of England begun to subside, than they broke out in Ireland with tenfold fury, to the destruction not only of private property and public peace, but even of life itself. Nor does there seem any reasonable ground of hope that there will be a speedy termination to this national calamity. It arises from a complication of causes, which will require, even under the most judicious and energetic management, no inconsiderable time for their removal. A starving and despairing population, once in arms against the laws, and rendered yet more desperate by the crimes they have already committed, cannot suddenly be restored to order and tranquillity; and nothing short of a complete and radical change of the social system, which has long prevailed in the districts under consideration, can suffice to secure real and permanent relief.

The history of the ultimate causes of the outrages in Clare is briefly this:—So far back as the year 1822, when great distress prevailed generally in the south and west of Ireland, it appears from the Returns presented to the Select Committee of the House of Commons that, during the scarcity, there were in Clare alone 116,000 persons (considerably more than half the population of the whole county) dependent upon charitable assistance for their daily food. The soil of Clare, where it is not mountainous and barren, is a dry, shallow limestone, light and easily exhausted, and generally used for grazing sheep, except the alluvial lands along the banks of the Shannon and the Fergus, which are appropriated chiefly to the fattening of black cattle. Hence it is obvious that the nature and occupation of the land is ill adapted to the support of a dense population. But many improvident landlords, seeking only present gain, or a numerical increase of votes to strengthen their election influence, had permitted their estates to be parcelled out in strips, for which a rack-rent was eagerly offered, and a pauper population was thus increased to a fearful extent. The peculiar nature of the successive political contests in Clare, beginning with the return of Mr. O'Connell to Parliament before the Catholic-Emancipation Bill had passed, for the most part destroyed any little sympathy that may have before subsisted there between the landlord and his tenantry. Then came the operation of the Sub-letting Act, and the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders, followed by the wholesale eviction of the small holders upon the expiration of their tenures or their inability to pay the covenanted rent. "It would be impossible," says a very competent witness, Dr. Doyle, the Roman Catholic bishop, in his evidence last year before the Committee of the House of Commons—"it would be impossible for language to convey an idea of the state of distress to which the ejected tenantry have been reduced, or of the

disease, misery, and even vice, which they have propagated in the towns wherein they have settled ; so that not only they who have been ejected have been rendered miserable, but they have carried with them and propagated that misery. They have increased the stock of labor, they have rendered the habitations of those who received them more crowded, they have given occasion to the dissemination of disease, they have been obliged to resort to theft and all manner of vice and iniquity to procure subsistence,—but what is perhaps the most painful of all, a vast number of them have perished of want.” Is it to be wondered at, that persons in this situation literally “took to the hill-side, and became broken men?” Thousands whom the same suffering, the same fear, and the same desire have united, conspire together and swear oaths of secrecy and mutual co-operation. They look upon the fields and meadows of the neighbouring gentlemen and graziers with envious and evil eye. They complain to one another that sheep and bullocks are enjoying the rich pastures, while they who are Christian men cannot get a nook of land let to them, to raise a bit of bread or a potato to preserve their miserable children from dying of hunger. They assemble in large bodies by night, latterly they stalk forth also in the day-time ; they enter the obnoxious grass-lands, turn up the sod in all directions, so as to render the surface completely unfit for any other crop than potatoes or corn. Then they dig a deep grave in some conspicuous place of the field, and serve the owner of the holding with a star-light notice that he shall be speedily buried in the same, unless he lets the ground to the poor, at a stipulated price, for planting potatoes. We have often heard this turning up of the surface of grass-soils spoken of as a mere wanton outrage for the destruction of property, like the burning of the corn-ricks by Swing in England—this is all a mistake ; it is done to procure a specific and most important advantage to the perpetrators of the offence, or those with whom they are sworn to act ; namely, to enforce by necessity the letting of the land in small quantities for raising human food. The same conspirators likewise assault the persons and burn the dwellings of such as either take the farms from which some of their number have been expelled, or herd the cattle and the flocks of the graziers ; of course they regard the law only as an enemy and avenger, murder its officers whenever they can, and commit all sorts of horrible enormities and atrocities. It is true also that men are often detected in the perpetration of such outrages, who are not by any means in the desperate circumstances we have described ; because when once a population has become, by whatever causes, furious and reckless, the contagion spreads far beyond the circle of immediate suffering : but we are well convinced, from personal observation and inquiry, that the deplorable destitution of large masses of the people is the great originating principle of the disturbances in Ireland. To a certain extent men will suffer in silence, but when the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes.

It is in truth a fearful thing to contemplate, that in an island which forms so important an integral part of the domestic territory of Great Britain, there are millions of able-bodied men who for the greater part of every year are unemployed, and depending for sustenance upon a scanty and precarious supply of the lowest sort of food that

will support human life ; destitute of education, in the rational sense of that word ; living like cattle, but capable of mental as well as physical suffering ; and, from want and misery, regarding life as a burden rather than a blessing. Upon such materials, bold bad men of every grade can act with tremendous effect ; for an unemployed and discontented people are necessarily turbulent, and ready to become the agents and instruments of the wicked and designing, who lead them on to crime to suit some selfish purpose of their own.

We shall not here descant upon the improvidence of the Irish peasant, who marries while starvation stares him in the face. If misery makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows, it also leads an Irishman to snatch a fearful joy from the sole source of enjoyment left open to him ; and unchecked as he is by moral principle or any feeling of self-respect, he is surely more to be pitied than censured if he even aggravate his deep distress by following the dictates of his nature, sanctioned by the authority of his religion. We own we think the fault lies generally much more in the conduct of the landlord than of the peasant. The indolence and inattention of the Irish proprietary in general, and their neglect of personal superintendence of their tenantry and estates, whether arising from the causes just enumerated or from perpetual absence, are great and crying evils. In Ireland land seems to be regarded merely as a mercantile property, from which the utmost amount of ready money is to be drawn, without the least thought of moral responsibility or even *permanent* self-interest. Instead of fencing and draining his farms, putting up gates, constructing all requisite buildings, requiring a regular course of cropping from his tenant, and securing to him a due and reasonable share of the profits of his labor, the sole effort on the part of the land-owner in Ireland is to obtain the highest penny he can procure in the shape of rent, and not to lay a farthing out upon his property in return. In fact, the general scheme of Irish land-letting is a nefarious combination of short-sighted, grinding avarice on the one hand, and barefaced falsehood or reckless gambling on the other, which diseases and demoralises the whole social system. Of course we speak not of the creditable exceptions, which shine forth the more conspicuously for their very rareness ; but the ordinary way is to receive proposals for a farm from all who choose to offer for it, and accept the highest bidder, with small regard as to what may be his character, his capital, or the mode in which he proposes to crop the land. The number of competitors for every vacant spot of ground is so great, that land of any quality will meet with *promisers* of almost any rent the owner chooses to name. In fact, the peasant has no alternative ; he *must* have a piece of land, or he may quench the fire on his hearth and go walk the world an outcast and a beggar. He therefore promises any price for a farm the owner thinks fit to demand, assured that whilst in actual occupation of the land he will have potatoes from it, and that the landlord can only take the surplus ; satisfied if, in the meanwhile, he and his children get food and fire, and a roof over their heads.

To tell our readers that the want of profitable employment is the great source of discontent in Ireland, would be little more to the purpose than a solemn assurance that a great cause of night is lack of the sun ; but the grand question is, how to supply the desideratum.

The mere operative farmers can do nothing towards it, because they have no capital. Their own straitened circumstances, and the difficulties under which they usually labor to meet the payment of their rents, sometimes at the sacrifice of their farming-stock and implements, preclude the possibility of their expending money on objects of prospective and perhaps remote advantage; the very effecting of which, too, would cause the rent to be raised upon them at the expiration of their tenure. The unsettled state of the country opposes a complete barrier to all extrinsic aid from private capital: practical experience shows that English capitalists prefer the expenditure of their money on the wildest speculations in any other quarter of the globe, to hazarding it in Ireland. This we believe to arise at least as much from prejudice, as from any well-grounded apprehension of danger to their property; but it the more behoves the native proprietors, who have the deepest stake in the tranquillity and welfare of that hitherto ill-fated land, to exert themselves the more strenuously, each on his own estate, for the internal improvement of the country. It is perfectly incredible what an amazing deal of good may be done, and how extensively, by the persevering exertion of one benevolent and sensible man residing among his tenantry, and availing himself to the utmost of all the opportunities which such a position affords him of promoting their welfare and comforts, and at the same time serving his own interests by improving the value of his estate. We have personally witnessed this in numerous instances, and have never known it once to fail where the landlord was really active, kind, and judicious. Neither are the trouble and expense, even in the first instance, at all so great as might be expected: the means adopted were generally an attention to the character of the people, and a desire and constant effort to improve that character by encouraging industry, regularity, cleanliness, and all good habits. By directing their attention particularly to the improvement of their holdings; noticing and rewarding every particular instance of good management, industry, care, and attention; and assisting the tenant in any difficult or expensive improvement—such as reclaiming waste, or building offices—by some pecuniary allowance, or other consideration; in short, by suggesting and showing an interest in, rather than performing the improvements, leaving them to be executed chiefly by the people themselves with the advice and encouragement of the landlord. It will not do however to be alarmed, offended, and driven away, the first moment he is disappointed by some negligent or refractory tenant, or thwarted by an ignorant, bigoted priest. When the debased ignorance of the people, their desperate desire of forming secret associations, and their readiness to be led away by foolish or wicked demagogues, lay or ecclesiastic, are borne in mind, a man must be prepared to meet at first with some opposition, annoyance, and even insult, in the pursuit of improvement; but if he act from a conscientious sense of duty, strengthened by the recollection that it is not by their fault but his or his ancestors', and their own great misfortune that the people have been reduced to this degraded condition, he will not soon or easily be disgusted by a little difficulty or vexation, but will steadily persevere—"spe finis dura ferentem."

We know it has been affirmed by no mean authority, that the

general absenteeism of its proprietary is no evil to a country ; and the case of Scotland has been triumphantly pointed to as a proof that the flourishing state of the landed interests of a nation by no means depends upon the presence of her landed proprietors. The writer of this paper does not happen to belong to the school of modern economists, and never could perceive the *vis consequentiæ* of the famous argument in favor of absentees ; but he does happen to be tolerably well acquainted with the statistical circumstances of both Ireland and Scotland, and he therefore hesitates not to affirm that they are so exceedingly dissimilar, that no argument by analogy, from one to the other, is worth a pin. Do that for Ireland which was done for Scotland before her estated men became so generally absentees, and the Irish gentry also may emigrate with comparative harmlessness. Once advance her to a certain stage of moral, social, and statistical improvement ; introduce an extensive class of comfortable yeomanry possessed of some capital and more credit, and holding farms of such a size and at such a rent as to enable them to offer an extended market and a remunerating price for labor ; establish among them, as in Scotland, a system of banking and a standard of credit which will at any time of emergency supply the place of capital, and, as a preliminary step, educate them up to the requisite trustworthiness and integrity of principle ; and then, when they can stand alone, or swim without a cork, you may safely leave them to shift for themselves—but not before.

In urging the necessity of residence upon Irish landed proprietors, we wish it to be understood, that we regard the mere fact of living in a house in Ireland rather than in France or England as of small importance. We know Irish landlords who constantly reside, but who are never seen by their tenants, except when breaking down a fence, or trampling the young and tender shoots of the springing wheat under their horses' hoofs at a fox-hunt. We seek not to excite displeasure against this or any other country sport, for we love them all ; but if this be the *sole* medium of communication between the owner and the occupiers of the estate, if, in a word, the former do not pay personal attention to the character and conduct of his tenants, administering justice in mercy, punishing the evil, and rewarding the good, we regard him as in practice and effect one of the heartless absentee class—the bane and curse of Ireland. While, on the other hand, if he devote his time and energies to promote the welfare of his people, encouraging the industrious, providing comforts for the aged and indigent, and education (not reading and writing merely, but sound useful education,) for the young, he is indeed of the salt of the earth ; and we know of experimental certainty, that in the midst of a grateful and contented people he will feel that it is yet more blessed to give than to receive.

But it would seem as if the extent of human suffering in Ireland, instead of stimulating individual proprietors to proportionate exertion, astounded them by its prodigious magnitude, and paralysed their exertions altogether, as if an evil of such immensity defied the possibility of any sensible diminution. Long and habitual familiarity with scenes of misery and degradation, of famine and disease, seem to have blunted their sympathies and hardened their hearts ;

and they pass with utter insensibility, or only with a passing momentary sorrow, by thronging crowds whom want of land and employment have forced to become houseless vagrants, subsisting for the most part in wretchedness and sufferings unspeakable, not upon the contributions of the wealthy, but the bounty of the poor; not upon offerings which rich men cast into the treasury, but on the potato and the cup of water freely bestowed on them for God's sake by those who scarcely know how they themselves are to procure their next meal. In truth, the charities of the poor towards the poor in Ireland transcend all praise, and cover, as they have need to do, a multitude of sins. But whatever their sympathy and assistance may do towards the momentary alleviation of individual distress, it is evident that their exertions cannot possibly avert or remove its general and continued pressure. For this we must seek a higher and more effectual remedy. At present the favorite panacea seems to be emigration; and that much local and partial privation and hardship might be relieved by a well-regulated system of *distribution* of the people we willingly concede: but the general question of foreign emigration seems to us to rest upon the assumption that the people are positively redundant for its basis. We doubt the fact, that the population of Ireland, considered generally throughout the kingdom, and not in the detail of particular places, is teeming and redundant. A people who pay millions a year to absent landlords, and also purchase millions' worth of foreign luxuries, all by exporting farm-produce, can scarcely be superabundant. It is obvious that Ireland can produce, nay that even under her present wretched system of husbandry, she does produce food enough for nearly twice her present number of inhabitants. The people may be barbarous, they may be unemployed, they may be steeped in poverty and destitution to the very lips; but all this does not certainly prove that they are too numerous, if it be certain that they are deplorably neglected and mismanaged by their natural guides and protectors. The people of Spain, and Portugal, and Poland, and Prussia, and Russia, are also very poor, yet these countries will not probably be alleged to be too populous. Ireland herself was infinitely more poor and wretched, and the people periodically died by thousands of sheer famine, when her population did not amount to nearly one-fourth its present number. So long as more human food is produced than the population could possibly consume, and that while double the quantity could be raised, if the labor of the unwillingly idle part of the community were skilfully directed to the proper cultivation of the land, we shall be very slow to admit the allegation of a redundancy of inhabitants. If the excess of laborers in a country above the means of remunerating employment furnished them be the proper measure of redundancy in population, that of Ireland is undoubtedly excessive; but though the ordinary course of occupation in the present unimproving and exhausting routine of Irish husbandry, (which usually consists of one unvarying scourge of drastic purges, without the least relief or advantage ever bestowed upon the land,) is so exceedingly confined as to be filled at present even to repletion, still wide and comprehensive channels of profitable employment may easily be traced out. The land is everywhere but half-productive, simply from want of sufficient culture. Mountain

and moor-land, swamp and bog, lie waste and useless, though it has been proved, not only by the evidence of scientific engineers appointed for the purpose, but also by actual experiment, that they might be reclaimed at an expense of labor, which would be fully repaid by three years of their produce; that, in fact, several million of acres of valuable land could thus be obtained for about five years' purchase. Even the fine fertile soil is all undrained, unfenced, unplanted, unmanured; a green and yellow melancholy, in the shape of weeds, sits brooding on the face of the land, and all between is brown, bare, and spiritless.

But how is this moral revolution to be effected, or so happy a change to be brought about? The problem is unquestionably one of exceeding difficulty, for it is very hard for legislative enactments to reach neglect of moral duties on the part of private individuals without infringing the rights of personal liberty or property, and yet a too-prolonged experience has shown that nothing short of compulsory measures, in some shape or other, will bring the landed proprietors of Ireland to a due sense of their responsibility and duty. We are convinced, after much consideration, and combating many prejudices that previously existed in our own mind, that the most equitable and effectual means of accomplishing the desired end is, first, by the introduction of a well-digested system of poor-laws, divested as far as possible of the numerous and well-known evils which have crept into the administration of these laws in England, but preserving *the principle* whole and unimpaired. This would, we are persuaded, secure to Ireland two most important desiderata in which she is now so deplorably deficient; first, that the lords of the soil would feel a close personal interest in the comfort and independence of the lower orders; next, that the lower orders themselves would feel an attachment to the institutions, and a desire to support the laws of their country, by which they would then feel themselves so materially benefited. We know that the very sound of poor-laws is odious to the ears of many; but what man of candour, that looks at the poor system of England, growing with the growth, and strengthening with the strength of national prosperity, will venture to affirm that the latter has in no degree been owing to the former, though in the magnitude of that system many abuses have in the lapse of years undoubtedly sprung up? We know of no nation in the world, that is either prosperous or happy, without a legal provision for the poor. In America, in Switzerland, in Sweden, and Denmark, the poor are provided for by the state. We very well know that those who own estates look for the most part with alarm, amounting even to horror, upon the introduction of poor-laws; we are well aware that for a considerable time such laws would bear very hard upon them, and eat up a large per-centage of their incomes; we acknowledge too that in many cases the innocent would suffer with the guilty, the benevolent and active for the sins of the indifferent and selfish. But what then? Are millions of people to be plunged deeper and deeper in misery and ruin because it will cause great individual sacrifices, and much inconvenience to comfort and relieve them permanently in their necessities? We think not; it is a choice of evils, and we prefer the less. Moreover, a well-devised system of poor-laws would have a twofold operation, it would tend to the prevention as

well as to the cure of the evil by making it so much the personal interest of every proprietor to manage his estate in such a manner as that it might produce the smallest possible amount of poverty. There would no longer be so much temptation to a landlord to let his land at an extravagant rent, regardless of the miserable plight to which his tenantry are thus reduced, when he feels that there must be a corresponding deduction from that unreasonable rent to pay for the support of his so-made poor.

But besides all this, there is another argument which strikes us as being very cogent: as it is, the poor are fed; miserable as they are, they do not actually die of hunger, but they do nothing whatever in return for their feeding. Now, if instead of wandering from door to door in a state of vagrant mendicancy, sowing the seeds of immorality, vice, and discontent, and often carrying disease and infection through the land, the charge of supporting them was transferred from the cotter and the farmer to men of property, or rather to the community at large, the community would take care to have their labor in return, and would get something from them, however small, towards the general advantage, instead of the propagation of idleness and profligacy by those itinerant missionaries — the roving beggars, who are denounced by all who know them as one of the most crying, though at present inevitable evils of Ireland. We are convinced that the immense sums at present levied by Grand Jury presentment for making and repairing roads, bridges, &c. might be almost wholly dispensed with by a well regulated and faithfully administered system of poor-laws, and England would be relieved from the unjust necessity of sharing the provision designed for her native poor, with the swarms of Irish who flock to all her ports in numbers proportionate to the facilities and cheapness of steam-conveyance.

Although in considering the means of improving Ireland, much will be found to depend on circumstances beyond the reach of Parliamentary control, or Government authority, as we have strongly insisted in the former part of this Paper; yet not a little, as it seems to us, might be effected by direct interference to ameliorate her present miserable state. We speak not of those "short and sharp" remedies so much in vogue with politicians of a certain class in the present day; it may have been, and from the humane and considerate character of the present chief-governor of Ireland we doubt not that it *is*, necessary to proclaim martial law in Clare, but no man, we trust, looks upon this as more than a salutary violence to check for the moment a paroxysm of desperation. It is well known that in the Highlands of Scotland, by means of public works on roads and bridges, and in forming the Caledonian Canal, the country has, within the course of a few years, been advanced above a century in improvement and civilisation. The moral habits of the great mass of the working people have been changed; they have been taught to depend upon their own exertions for their own support, which is among the greatest blessings that can be conferred on any people. Like causes will produce the like effects in Ireland, and, indeed, have done so already, as far as they have been allowed to operate. It is proved in evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, by Messrs. Nimmo and Griffith, the engineers principally employed to superintend the execution of the public works which

have been carried on in Ireland within the last few years, that, limited and partial as they have been, the salutary effects produced by them are truly astonishing. Extensive districts containing thousands of square miles, which half a dozen years ago are described as barren, wild, and deserted, into which smugglers carried their booty, and robbers drove the cattle they had plundered, as into a safe and impenetrable retreat,—are represented as opened up by roads, the lands cultivated and rendered valuable, and the whole occupied by an honest, industrious, and thriving population, who had been taught how to work by laboring on the roads, and had saved enough from their wages to farm with effect. Mr. Williams states to the same Committee, that in consequence of the expenditure of 160,000*l.* in public works in Connaught, in seven years, the increase of the annual revenue has been equal to the whole of that expenditure. In the Cork district Mr. Griffith expended 60,000*l.* in seven years, and the increase of customs and excise alone has been 50,000*l.* a year, mainly attributable to the facilities of communication, by which whole districts have been rendered available for productive purposes, and a miserable pauper population converted into a class of consumers.

Now “here be truths;” and the conclusions to which the Parliamentary Committee comes, on these and many similar facts, are,—“That the effects produced by these public works appear to have been,—extended cultivation, improved habits of industry, a better administration of justice, *the re-establishment of peace and tranquillity in disturbed districts*, a domestic colonisation of a population in excess in certain districts, a diminution of illicit distillation, and a very considerable increase to the revenue.” What more obvious remedy for present distress—what more effectual means of correcting the present hideous disproportion between the supply of laborers and the demand for labor can there be then, than the extended practical application of a principle already proved to be advantageous in so many important particulars?—keeping, of course, in view, works of that description which not only repay the expenditure, and do good during the time of their execution, but which open up new markets for industry, and create an active permanent demand for labor after their completion. Of this kind, it is evident, are roads, railways and canals, quays, piers, embankments, and drainages, or other means of reclaiming and improving bogs or wastes. If the wealth and general interests of the country were thus promoted, and if a general system of education were adopted, by which instruction in agriculture, domestic economy, and the simpler mechanical arts were combined with religious and literary knowledge, we should soon, by the blessing of God, see a new and a happier era begin in Ireland than she has ever hitherto known, produced by means perfectly simple, natural, and efficacious, though as yet unfortunately untried there; namely, the great proprietors and the government of the country taking thought and pains for the welfare and happiness of the lowest and largest class of the people. If after this is done the population continue to be thought teeming and redundant, we may then have recourse to the old classical remedy—Colonisation.

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.—No. II.

WE sailed from the Downs the next day,¹ and arrived in due time off Flushing; for a wonder I escaped the misery of sea-sickness, and so far was comparatively happy. The evening that I had so gallantly made my first effort aloft, was likewise my first essay of another kind. "Well done, youngster," said one of the midshipmen, "why you are as active as a monkey,—here my lad, be a sailor at once and take a glass of grog." I knew no more what grog was composed of than a Congo negro does of the component parts of Mr. Hunt's blacking. I did as I was told, and swallowed the contents of a large cup, right stiff half-and-half rum and water. I soon became as brave as a lion, talked of all the feats I had performed, and promised myself an immortality like Nelson. By degrees I found the difficulty of articulation increase, the words hung upon the lips, and ultimately it became no common exertion to speak. Being in about as independent a state as any man could be, I determined to go on deck, but by some inadvertency I went down into the cock-pit, and there stretching myself at full length on the surgeon's chest I fell asleep. The grog operated powerfully, and it appears I shortly began to give signs of life by roaring out "Murder" as loudly as my squeaking voice would allow. These are unusual sounds on board a ship, and consequently I had a full levee of attendants the instant I began my strange exclamation. The captain was dining in the gun-room, and dispatched the surgeon to the scene of woe: my friend declared I had tumbled down the hatchway, but one glance of the doctor's eye satisfied him of my case, and he reported that I had made a pretty beginning, and was in fact as drunk as a lord. When I awoke I found myself in my hammock; I was dreadfully ill, and my head turned round like a spinning-jenny. I received for this conduct, so quiet and so gentlemanly a lecture from the captain, that I can safely say from that hour to this I never have been in the same disgraceful state; and, young as I was, I determined to wipe off the stain by proper and zealous behaviour when an opportunity occurred.

The 28th regiment was disembarked in our boats on the island of Tholen; the French were drawn up on the rising ground, and seemed resolved to dispute the possession of the beach. Major Brown was in the captain's gig, and I was ordered to land him, and return afterwards to a small prize which we had taken, and in which the 28th regiment had been placed previous to disembarkation. On my nearing the shore the enemy began to fire, and of course I began to shiver. Major Brown's voice, as he cheered on the crew, kept me alive, and parrot-like I repeated, "Bravo my boys, stretch out!" The other boats kept in regular line, but, owing to the shoalness of the water, they grounded at some distance from the beach; the gallant fellows instantly jumped overboard, formed in the water, and with a loud cheer charged the French regiment over the bank. It did not occur to me as by any means requisite to follow the

¹ See p. 95.

soldiers. I had landed my cargo, and was expressing my wish to go back as ordered, but the crew turned a deaf ear to my command; they were resolved to see the fight, and in spite of the balls which came whistling and whizzing over their heads, these blockheads were determined to stand a chance of being shot by putting their skulls above the bank. Fortunately for my honor the charge settled the business, the French retreated, and our heroes advancing at a steady but quick pace, they were soon out of sight; and I returned covered with laurels having smelt powder and heard ball.

Captain Bathurst on my return patted me on the back, "There," said he, "you are fairly a sailor now, and have been in action; take your hands out of your pockets, youngster, or I shall have the sail-maker to stitch them up." As I said before, a midshipman in those days was a dog to fetch and carry, so the next morning I was sent on shore with the captain's steward to buy milk for his honor's breakfast. On our approaching the shore, I remarked a soldier walking as a sentinel, and hinted my fears that it might be an enemy, but as the crew thought they would get a little schnaps they laughed at my idea. We landed safely, and bought the milk; but on returning to the mouth of the creek, our friend with the musket desired us in the purest French not to land again, or he should fire upon us: we were close to him, and I answered "That there must be some mistake on his part." "Not at all," said he, and began to get ready for action; by this time we were out of the creek, but a great deal too close to him to be pleasant. The fellow took a steady aim and fired; the ball passed over my head, while I took the liberty of bobbing as low as I could, and fell harmless in the water: the crew did not require to be told to 'stretch out' or 'give way'—terms the meaning of which is to 'row harder.' They rowed hard enough then, and the captain's servant steered the boat, keeping out of the line between the Salsette and the enemy. The French guard on hearing the musket of the sentinel came trotting down to enjoy some shooting, and began to give most unequivocal signs of their very friendly disposition, for the bow-man got a slight graze from the first volley, which I took care not to see. I could have been of no possible use, and besides I knew enough to be satisfied that a boat could be always propelled the faster if the weight was under the surface of the water; so my stretching myself on the stern sheet of the boat was not of course the consequence of fear, but the result of knowledge! The officer on the deck of the frigate seeing our situation reported it; and an eighteen-pound shot, which struck the bank close to the French guard and covered them with dirt, soon settled the business, and I got safely on board, thinking (no doubt very improperly, for midshipmen have no right to think,) that although the captain's tea might not be quite so good without milk, I should be obliged to him if he would find some other youngster more fond of fighting than myself to go for it the next time.

Oh how gloriously we mismanaged that same business of Flushing!—Had the fleet advanced to Antwerp, there was not a soldier there to protect the place. The banks of the river are so low, that no battery would have been of much avail, and the city, ships, magazines, stores, &c. would have amply repaid the little trouble of

sounding the river. But no! a difference of opinion between the Earl of Chatham and the Admiral Sir R. Strachan, was the reason we bungled the business, and left so many of our brave fellows to rot like sheep on that accursed swampy island of Beveland. The failure, for a failure it was, gave rise to innumerable epigrams; one which I recollect I record, it had more truth in it than is generally observable in similar displays of wit:—

“ Lord Chatham with his sword drawn
Was waiting for Sir Richard Stra’han;
Sir Richard, longing to be at ’em,
Was *waiting* for the Earl of Chatham.”

Be it here known that I always quote from memory, and having been told that my last quotation from Southey was wrong, I beg pardon of the Laureat and of my reader, and promise to be of better memory for the future. The inhabitants of Antwerp were ready to desert the city on the approach of the fleet; the town was only defended by the burgher-guard, which amounted in all to about 300 men. On visiting that city a few months back, I chanced to converse with the gentleman who commanded the guard on that occasion, he told me that they considered the English as madmen to have wasted their time before Flushing, to which we could always have returned: he paid us a bad compliment about our intelligence and our spies; but enough of this:—it was a sad bungle throughout, and less perhaps in the commander than in the cabinet at home.

The *Salsette* was suddenly ordered to the Mediterranean, for which I thanked God in good earnest. We now anchored a second time in the Downs, and I was sent to London with orders to rejoin the ship at Portsmouth. It was quite astonishing the change a month had made in me; before I left my home boiled mutton did not agree with me, plain water was voted unwholesome, pork was too rich, and veal not sufficiently nutritious. A midshipman's berth had completely conquered all antipathies, for I had eaten pork with the skin on, with bristles as long as a Russian's beard, and as thick as a scrubbing brush; when I came to the delights of cleanliness again, when instead of being kick'd about like a football, I found myself courted and admired, it occurred to me that I had had quite enough of fighting and sea-faring, and I began to think how I could break the subject to my father, that if it were all the same to him, I would just as soon lodge in Grosvenor Place as serve on board the *Salsette*. I mentioned this rising feeling to one of my sisters; she took my arm, praised the valour I had shown, read me a part of Nelson's life, assured me that difficulties were easily overcome by perseverance, and so completely did she humbug me with honor and glory, merit rewarded, England, home and beauty—all shouting my praises—that I resolved to put the best face I could upon the matter; and having curtailed my stock of clothes, (for when I first embarked I had enough for a director's son bound to China,) reduced my box No. 6. to a more portable size, remodelled my coat, and bought a respectable sword, I once again took leave of my parents, embarked with my old captain, and, with as much contentment as I could muster, saw the snowy cliffs of the Isle of Wight fade in the distance.

We had General C. and his lovely family on board ; he was appointed Governor of Gibraltar, and this gave me the opportunity of seeing that extraordinary place. We had an adventure however before we arrived ; one of those lucky hits which bring boys forward into notice occurred. It blew a hard gale as we flew across the Bay of Biscay. The ship surged over the sea, which roared after and overtook us. The *Salsette* rolled her sides into the water, as the wave passed her. She was a miserable tub, a teak-built ship, which splintered when a shot struck her. Although she did sail well once, that *once* was never while I belonged to her. The wind suddenly shifted, and being contrary, the ship was hove too under a close-reefed main-topsail ; there she rolled and rolled, the sea bellowed past her, and the foam flew over her. It was about two in the afternoon, and the Miss C——s, with the General, were on deck. The ship was on the larboard tack, and that then beautiful and elegant creature, the youngest daughter, held by the weather main-sheet cavil, as the ship rolled her lumbering sides to leeward. She released her hold for a moment. There are times in a gale of wind, and generally before a heavy sea, that a ship is momentarily relieved from her pendulum motion. At that moment a sea suddenly struck us, and before the lady could regain her hold she was hurried from her place of security. I was standing on the weather side by the wheel, and instantly saw her danger ; if she had continued falling to leeward as she had begun to do, she must have fallen down through the gun-room sky-lights, and, in all human probability, met her death on the very table round which the officers were sitting at dinner. With an alacrity and courage which I did not think I possessed, and a presence of mind which however I have still retained, I sprung from my place, caught her in my arms, and we both fell by the capstan. My legs hung over the sky-light, and, saving a slight bruise, neither of us was hurt. Miss C. had plenty of assistance in an instant. The General, who had relinquished his hold to succour his daughter, shook me by the hand, and with the feeling of a father glowing on his countenance, said, “ Well done, youngster, well done ; I never will forget how much I am indebted to you.” It was the story of the Lion and the Mouse verified. Weak, young, and half-coward that I was, I certainly saved her life, or worse, her fractured limbs. She looked at me—by Allah ! young as I was, the glance of acknowledgment which kindled in her blue eye, the expressive thanks she looked, gave me a sensation I certainly had never previously experienced. I had been caressed and loved by my younger sister, for she was like me in appearance, our tempers were similar, and my heart still retains with glowing delight the remembrance of her many kindnesses and affectionate love ; if ridiculed, she defended me ; if uneasy, she solaced me ; she was, and is, the representative of a lost and truly-beloved mother :—but I never felt before, what I did at that moment.

We anchored in Gibraltar Bay, and the day afterwards I took up my quarters at the Convent—the government-house of that rock. There relieved from the bustle and the duty of the ship, my time my own, and pleasure my object, I succeeded in bringing myself to believe that there is no life so gay, or so much to be envied, as that of a sailor. I will here acknowledge and record my grateful thanks to

that family for all their kindness to me. General C——, to the last day of his life, remembered the action, and amply rewarded me by his kind and generous behaviour to me. Poor Caroline!—"uneasy sleeps the head that wears a crown"—and the same may be too often said of a coronet; for, from the time the coronet was honored by her accepting it, from that moment her happiness ceased, her life began to wane. She is dead; she died the Countess R——. May her future existence recompense her earthly misery as a peeress!

We were destined for Malta, and sailed as soon as we had refitted. A boat belonging to us, owing to the want of attention in the coxswain, had been upset in one of those furious white squalls which rush down the side of the rock of Gibraltar, and in their vehemence create whirlwinds over the Bay, when sailing becomes a business of excessive danger. Ships fly round their anchors and break them by the jerk: but although I disbelieve the midshipman who wrote to his mother, "My dear mother, yesterday we anchored in the Red Sea, and on weighing this morning we brought up one of Pharaoh's chariot-wheels;" yet I can readily credit that very few ships anchor in Gibraltar Bay, and weigh their own without hooking up another ship's anchor. The upsetting the boat occasioned the loss of a man's life; and it became requisite that some example should be made, in order to keep all awake and attentive to their respective duties. Thursday came—black Thursday; the men were mustered at divisions, and the carpenters were desired to 'rig the gratings;' that is, to fasten two gratings in such a manner that a man may be secured to them without the possibility of escaping. The officers appeared in their side arms; the marines were regularly 'under arms;' the ship's company formed upon the opposite side of the deck. Near the gratings was the master-at-arms with his sword drawn. The unfortunate culprit stood next him, and by his side were the executioners, the boatswain and his mates. Close to the gratings stood the quarter-masters with the seizings, or lashings. When every thing was ready, the first-lieutenant went below to report so to the captain. In a minute after Captain Bathurst made his appearance in full uniform. There was no doubt that the careless behaviour of the coxswain had occasioned the loss of his messmate's life, and to pass over without punishment such a neglect would have been a breach of duty in the eyes of the ship's company. The prisoner was called, and desired to stand forward. Poor old Bathurst, when freed from nervous agitation, never spoke quite so fluently, or so eloquently, as the late Mr. Canning; now under the disagreeable necessity of performing a duty he sincerely detested, his voice faltered as he made the following remarks—a sort of overture to the opera: "My man, I—I—I am really sorry—very sorry to see you here. You have neglected your duty, and it—it—it—" (stammering at the word *it*) "it is my duty—that is, I should be neglecting my duty if—if—if I overlooked or—that is, if I forgot my duty, by not punishing you as an example to the rest of the ship's company. Strip." The culprit, without saying a word, began undressing, leaving his back alone bare; and was then, when the captain gave the order "Seize him up," seized up accordingly; the master-at-arms placing the shirt over the prisoner's shoulders and for the moment covering the bared back.

The captain then read one of the articles of war relative to the punishment to be inflicted on any man who "negligently performed his duty." This being done we put on our hats, which had been doffed during the reading of the article, and the captain gave the order, "Boatswain's mate, give him a dozen." There was an awful stillness; not a sound escaped from one of the ship's company. All eyes were rivetted on the prisoner, or only varied to look at the cool executioner as he drew his fingers through the tails of the cat, ultimately holding the ends of the nine tails in his left hand, as the right was raised to inflict the lash. It fell with a whizzing sound as it passed through the air, and left behind the reddened mark of sudden inflammation. I ejaculated a sudden and involuntary Oh! and burst into tears. For this the kind and gentle-hearted M'Queen gave my ears a pull. This kept up the irritation in my eyes; and, for fear I might too hastily recover, he followed it with a box, which created a sound like a peal of triple bob-majors. To hinder my sobs I covered my eyes; and, when I again looked, the constant lash was followed by some drops of blood. At the conclusion of the dozen, I heard the unwilling order, "Another boatswain's mate." The fresh executioner pulled off his coat, and planted himself firmly on his feet, preparatory to commencing. He was a robust man, and the prisoner turned his head to watch the preparations for the next blow. Until then, he had not let one word escape him. With unflinching coolness and sullen silence he had borne his punishment. On the first cut of his new and merciless punisher, he writhed his back in acknowledgment of the pain; the second stripe was followed by a sigh; the third by an ejaculation; and the fourth produced an expression of a hope of pardon. At the conclusion of the dozen the prisoner was pardoned. If in the whole navy I was desired to point out the most humane man I have known in the profession, I would unhesitatingly mention the late Captain Bathurst;—he was the mildest of men, the best of friends, and worst of captains. This last arose from the fineness of his feelings, which even in those days the constant recurrence of punishments had not blunted.

It will be as well here to mention my ideas on the subject of naval punishments, in order that I may never again, in the continuation of these papers, have to refer to the unpleasant subject. Many very kind-hearted individuals, with the most laudable intentions, have lately urged the necessity of totally abolishing corporal punishments in the navy and army. One good-natured gentleman has, in his work on Russia, unblushingly averred that the *knout* is not one jot worse than a cat-o'-nine-tails! In the "Anecdotes of Russia," published in another periodical then edited by Mr. Campbell, I particularly referred to the punishments of the *knout* to contradict the very objectionable assertion of Dr. Granville. How a surgeon in the navy could make such a statement is beyond my imagination, but it is owing to such statements that the public are misled. The Russian executioner will ensure the death of his victim in nine lashes. I have known a man in the navy faint before he was seized up; but although I have seen four hundred lashes administered, and at each dozen a fresh boatswain's mate, yet I never knew a man who died of the punishment in my life. I speak of this merely to mention that

naval punishments, although unquestionably severe, and by no means pleasant either to order or to receive, are not of that dreadful, merciless, flagitious order too frequently asserted. In the army, flogging might be altogether abolished. On shore there are gaols and tread-mills, and men can be spared from duty. On board a ship, the absence of one man confined in irons makes the duty of his station fall upon the other men. When two or three are taken from one part of the ship, you must alter the whole station-list to ensure the proper manœuvring of the vessel. This is not all; a skulker on board a ship would be glad of the confinement, and while the crew are reefing topsails in a squally night, the merciless rain drenching them as they cling to the yards, the confined man would be quietly slumbering away the night, and secretly rejoicing that he was not to be disturbed. "Stop their grog, then," says an admirer of Smollett, (and who is not?) Why you may stop a man's grog, if you like; but you must pay him for it. A man too whose grog is stopped, always gets twice his allowance from others; for Jack is a liberal fellow, and every one contributes to pour some of the stream of a sailor's life down the throat of their shipmate. "Make it so weak," cries another, "that he would rather not drink it." Very good; but, nine times out of ten, where is the water to come from? When men are placed upon an allowance, the extra water is a blessing. But, to tell truth, you must have a severe check hanging *in terrorem* over a ship's company. Sailors are, by their habits, a different race of men from those who live on shore. I have tried every punishment short of the cat, and been always obliged to use it more severely afterwards. When a new captain is appointed, the ship's company feel his pulse. If he is disposed to lecture away, or pass over faults, his ship will be a disgrace to the navy; she will be slow in her evolutions. The check of fear being withdrawn, the first-lieutenant will not be properly supported; he must relax his constant complaints: the men find the bridle loose, and away goes discipline. Next follow loss of masts and lives, wrecks, fires, and wonders in the newspapers how such things could have occurred. While our naval discipline has risen above other nations, while we can uphold the honor and glory of the flag, leave us the power of punishing. Interfere, when necessary, to bring tyranny and cruelty—the abuse of the power of punishment—to its merited censure and disgrace; but no further, for it would be prejudicial. If any of the strong advocates for the abolition of corporal punishment in the navy, had witnessed the dreadful effects of fire on board a ship arising from sheer neglect, had they been picked up by a passing vessel while their own was in flames, I much doubt if they would not change their opinion, and own that where insubordination and neglect of orders exist on board ship, a man's life is not worth five minutes' purchase.

A strange sail right a-head — it was a fine clear morning, the sea as blue as a summer sky—the Salsette off the island of Maretimo: mine was the morning-watch, and it was just daylight. We had a breeze—a light one, and barely sufficient to move our tea-kettle of a vessel at the rate of a knot and a half an hour. The stranger was becalmed about five miles from the island. From divers exertions made by her, such as towing with the only boat she had, and rowing

with the only sweep she possessed, endeavouring to near the land, we were satisfied that she was a French vessel. We were sure, if we got near enough, to take her without a contest. I was in gay spirits at the thought of capturing our first prize on the sea. Our Dutch vessels are broad-sterned dodgers—river-fish floating down, not worthy of being reckoned as ocean-gifts, the god-sends of sailors and avaricious agents. It was a long chace, because the vessel appeared so close to us; and advanced by the means above-mentioned nearly as fast as we did. She was destined to be ours, and I saw how fickle fortune deals in almost every minute of life. When within about three miles of the shore a breeze sprung up off the land and obliged the chace to beat up for her shelter; at that moment we took a sea-breeze and ran right down upon her: the shot from a long gun passed over her, and the tri-colored flag was shown and hauled down. We neared her fast, and saw the boat of the Frenchmen push off and pull towards the shore. The grape-shot fell all around her, but her crew clung to their oars and pulled hard to save a prison. The breeze died away, and I was sent in pursuit in the gig with two spare hands to use muskets. These two enjoyed a very comfortable morning's shooting without however winging their birds. The boat escaped, and I returned to gaze upon our first and maiden prize. At that moment I would not for the world have exchanged the naval profession, which, during the war, enjoyed such full powers of converting private property to its own satisfaction. My share was little of course, but I heard with gratification the calculations of her worth, and the probable proportions of each. "Why youngster," said one, "you will make a fortune here; but, wait awhile, prizes are not always taken quite so easily." He was a true retailer of a well-known fact, as that same evening was nearly verifying the prophecy. We had parted from the prize, for we had sent her on to Malta, the frigate making sail in chace of another vessel to windward. She very shortly got away from us; and, in the evening, we bore up for Malta with a strong and favorable breeze. About nine o'clock, whizz came a shot right across our bows, which was followed by another which went through the foresail; a vessel was then discovered on the larboard-beam, which, owing to the relaxed discipline of the ship, was not seen: the look-out man had taken a doze, calculating the cat would not follow. Here we were in action without anybody knowing if it was a three-decker or a gun-boat opposed to us. "Beat to quarters," roared the officers of the watch. "Pipe the hammocks up," said the first-lieutenant, who had heard the row and jumped on deck. Smack came another shot just over the stern. "Where is the signal-man with the lanterns?" said the captain. "Run, youngster, and desire the purser to get the fighting lanterns ready—up with the fire-screen—clear away these guns here." "Watch, shorten sail," cried the first-lieutenant; "the watch below bring the hammocks up." The British blood was up; confusion, from want of proper discipline, prevailed; the top-gallant sails were handed, (that is furled,) the ship brought to the wind, and the next shot was a wide one of the mark. "Send the marines aft with their muskets," said old Bathurst; he was a fighter—a real good one at that. If he stammered in his speech, he never wavered in his resolution when an

enemy was near. "Where—where—where is the s—s—s—signal-man?" said he, "why, you scoundrel you, don't you hoist the s—s—signal when you're t—t—to—told?" Up went the lantern, but as usual, as Dr. Johnson says, "whatever is done in a hurry is naturally done badly." The signal we hoisted was the wrong one. Up went some lanterns from the stranger, who, as he kept end on to us, we could not make out, whether a ship or a brig. She looked quite large enough to frighten me however, and the flash of the next gun made me bob like a mandarin. We were now getting too close for it to be pleasant. Each had mistaken the signal, but we were in a more defensive state. The night was dark, and I kept tumbling over handspikes and crow-bars, and breaking my shins and toes over the loose shot. The captain was standing abaft, trumpet in hand, as cool as a cucumber, and the marines were blazing away with small shot. This rather astonished our antagonist, he little dreamt that he had got hold of a frigate; and, as we fired one or two of the main-deck guns, she yawed about rather wildly, when we discovered she was a brig. "I've got you s—s—snug enough, my b—b—boy!" said the captain, "Avast firing on the main deck, why we shall damage her."—"Shall I just fire this 32 pounder, your honor?" said an Irish captain of a quarter-deck gun—"Bad luck to me if I don't make 'um blink on board." "Silence! fore and aft," roared the first-lieutenant—"Ho! the brig, a-hoy!" bellowed the captain—"What brig is that?"—"This is His Britannic Majesty's ship the Salsette!"—"This," answered a gruff voice, "is His Majesty's sloop the Monkey."—"The devil it is!" says the first-lieutenant—"Heave too, and come on board directly—and haul that signal down." I just heard the answer—"Why you have got the wrong signal up, sir."—"The devil we have!" echoed the first-lieutenant.—The captain pulled some papers out of his pocket, asked the day of the month, and then shuffling the private signals away, muttered, "C-c-c-curse the s-s-s-signal! I have bo-bo-bo-bothered my b-b-b-brain so c-c c-confoundedly!—but I never could understand the bu-bu-business." The 'Monkey' captain came on board—all was explained to the satisfaction of both parties. We had been wrong in one respect, and he in another; for after the first shot he ought to have shown the private signal. The guns were secured, the hammocks piped down, magazine locked up and keys returned, the watch called, and I went to bed.

A few days afterwards we arrived safe and sound in Malta. The entrance of the harbour is narrow and amply defended. It must be a pretty cool fellow who would steer the leading ship in, if it were in possession of an enemy. Before we were near the anchorage, the boats belonging to the venders of fruit were alongside—There we saw the rich melon, which, when cut, melted away to mere tasteless water, being all outside show like a marine's mess. The figs fixed upon a straw looked luscious and good—and in good faith were not amiss as to taste. The large orange of Malta, and the blood-orange of Sicily, were placed near baskets of grapes; and the boatmen striving for priority of right to serve the ship would throw an orange to any one who held out his hands—I was tempted to break through all discipline, and got one through the main-deck port. My shadow

Mr. M-Queen was close to me, and thumped me most unmercifully for being out of my station, sent me blubbering on deck, and ate my orange. The curse of a malicious disappointed boy was inwardly vented on the petty tyranny of that man. He is now dead I believe, and therefore I have forgiven him; but, as I once overheard the carpenter of a ship remark, on being asked if he forgave the captain, who had died, the injuries he had received at his hands—"Oh yes," said Mr. Chips, "*I* forgive him—but if the devil does not catch him he ought to lose his place,"—just as if the devil had a sinecure in these times! I was glad enough when the ship anchored, and the boats came alongside; I made up for all past starvings by a decent proportion of the good things within reach. The weather was sultry; the reflected sun from the white walls of that oddly built town—Valetta, rendered the place doubly hot. It is a close secure harbour, and the range of view is far from extensive. The barren ground seemed scorched into a cinder. I was allowed to go on shore the next day with one or two others. After making ourselves decent in appearance, I landed at a place called "Nix Mungare Stairs." This requires some explanation:—The town of Valetta stands upon rather a steep hill; the ascent to the Strada Reale is not a sloping street as in other towns, but a street of steps called "Strada St. Giovanni,"—one of the most delightful places to ascend with a heavy hat and a tight pair of boots on a sultry day—The first flight of steps is designated by the sailors "Nix Mungare," being a corruption of "non mangiare" (not to eat). This had its origin from a man dressed in tatterdemallion style, who always was to be found on those steps, and having experienced that the sailors did not understand pure Maltese (a bad mixture of Italian and Arabic) used to implore charity in the following words for clearness: "Oh! mi povero miserabile, nix Padre, nix Madre, nix Mungare for sixteen days per Jesu Christs." Here he piously made the sign of the cross with his fingers, which he kissed at the conclusion of the ceremony. This was a lie; for the situation of beggar to "Nix Mungare" stairs was nearly equivalent to the salary of the deputy governor of Malta. It had descended from father to son, and will so do to the end of time without they have a reform there and do away with all sinecures. We, like midshipmen on shore, thought it right to refresh ourselves before we undertook to see sights, and therefore came to an anchor in a punch, ice, and lemonade shop. I have often wished to be drowned in lemonade, for of all beverages I like it the best even to this day. The Maltese make it better than any nation in the world; but the barbarians give flat spoons—a kind of skimmers or enlarged spatulas, of no possible use to sip with. This is done that you may drink the more at once. On a hot day I placed the iced liquid to my parched lips there, and used to swear all the doctors in the navy might vainly point out the danger of cold draughts—it was indeed a luxury. My attention was first arrested by seeing a whole family sitting on the steps of the church in Strada St. Giovanni, employed in ridding each other of insect intruders. Was it not Julian the apostate who bragged that he had more inhabitants in his dirty beard than Rome contained within its precincts? yet I think this family might have beaten him. It was a disgusting sight, and we left them and entered St. John's Church.

Within it is magnificent ; its exterior is not worth mentioning, saving and excepting the two unicorns placed in niches near the entrance, which I am here induced to name, as in after-life I fell into great disgrace on their account.

F.

REMEMBRANCE.

I LOVE thee, parted time !—
 Thy lights—thy shadows—all
 From joyous morn's awakening prime,
 To evening's dewy fall !—
 To evening's dewy fall,
 When the gloom is gathering fast,
 And trains of pensive dreams recall
 The pale and dreamy past !
 'Tis as a long-seal'd book,
 Whose half-forgotten page
 We turn with reverent hand, and look
 As on a former age :—
 When the life-pulse bounded free,
 As the stream that bursts in song ;
 And the laughing eye could only see
 One sun-bright course along !—
 Oh for those halcyon days !—
 Though fled, their memory brings
 The breathings of long-slumbering lays,
 Won from neglected strings !—
 Yet sweeter 'tis to dwell
 On hours of woe and balm,
 That wake o'er the mind like a sabbath-bell,
 With a pure and holy calm !
 And should some drearier thought
 Steal o'er the darkening brow,—
 The sigh, the tear that flows untaught,
 May not in sadness flow !
 Tears have a solace still,
 When time extracts their sting ;
 As the lone heart loves to retrace the ill
 That hath flown on his parted wing—
 Even as some pilgrim turns
 To gaze life's voyage o'er,
 While the lamp of home on his fancy burns,
 And points to a fairer shore !
 Yet who that ever gazed,
 Could look with unmoistened eye,
 When the veil of time was slowly raised,
 And the past came gliding by !
 And who that look'd would tread
 That self-same path again,
 To shed the tears that he once had shed,—
 To toil, to strive, in vain !
 Oh blest if his heart hath striven
 For the hope that ne'er betrays,—
 To behold the beacon-star of Heaven
 Smile sweet on his closing days !

B.

RICHES.

RICHES!—what a flourish of trumpets lies in that one word! Riches, the great object of civilised existence, the mother of consideration and respect, the fountain of pleasures infinite. The very sound of the word is talismanic, and every one of its magic characters a spell and an evocation. To such a subject all preface or preamble is supererogatory. Its simple announcement awakens attention, while the bare fact of its selection proves the author on a level with his age; both of them circumstances which save an ocean of preliminary ink.

From the beginning of recorded time the world has been occupied in producing, using, and abusing riches, without having, by its labors, advanced the philosophy of the subject a single iota. The theme, indeed, has been sufficiently be-essayed and be-maximed, and “hypocrisy and nonsense” have done their worst with it. But, were it not that actions speak more plainly than words, and that one deed is more indicative of the heart than a dozen of the most elaborate treatises, it might readily be supposed that men had not even made up their minds whether wealth in itself were a good or an evil. This, to speak the truth, is not so very surprising. They who have the greatest practical acquaintance with the subject, by passing their days in the accumulation of money, find no leisure for theoretic speculations on their own account; or, perhaps, they are too deeply imbued with the spirit of monopoly—their besetting sin, to write down the results of their experience for the instruction of others; while the professed and professing philosophers, teaching from hearsay or imagination, and often without so much as having handled the material of their discourses, have rather led their followers astray than carried them forward in the path of true knowledge. It is only, therefore, in this present century of perfectibility, when men of wealth write, and writers become men of wealth,—when the figures of the *millionaire* give vigor to his style, and the notes of the student are convertible into specie,—that the theme has acquired any chance of being treated in a rational and experimental manner.

Political economists tell us, that whatever contributes to supply a want, whether natural, customary, or capricious, constitutes wealth, as the derivation of the word itself plainly indicates; and from this it should follow, that youth, health, knowledge, a good climate, a cheerful temperament, a very good or a very callous conscience, (all of which by contributing to happiness supply the master-want of existence,) are real and genuine riches. It would be curious, however, to hear what the firm of Rothschild would have to say on this notion. Would they not tell us that such articles have no value in the market, that they do not perceive them in the lists of the price-current, and that there is no mention of them in their letters from Amsterdam? Is it not indeed inculcated with the catechism by every master to his apprentice, and by every prudent father to his son, that such trifles should be perseveringly sacrificed without scruple in search of money and money's worth, the only things which enter into the ordinary notion of this complex idea? Here then the philosophers and the practical men are directly at issue, and separate

from the very starting-post ; no wonder, therefore, that they arrive at such opposite conclusions.

But if the nature of wealth be matter of controversy, differences no less extraordinary prevail concerning its sources. However much economical writers dispute among themselves on the nature of rent, and other leading points of doctrine, they all unite in asserting that labor and accumulation are the sole bases of capital ; a dogma which the conduct of the men of experience denounces as a gross mistake. There is not a warm fellow upon 'Change who will not acknowledge that watching the turn of the market is a more effectual method of advancement ; while merchants and manufacturers all act upon the conviction, that more is to be made of the labor of others than of their own. Labor, we too often witness, may be defrauded of its reward, and economy may fail for want of a sufficient field for its exertion. Saving-banks cannot avail those who have nothing to invest, and the poor-house is a more frequent resource to the mere laborer than these receptacles for stray shillings and sixpences. To become wealthy "a lucky hit" is infallible, whether it be "God's providence," or, as in the case of Sir Balaam, the dispensation of another power. Royal favor and ministerial influence have raised many to unlooked-for riches, but the shortest and easiest cut is (in the language of Figaro) to "take the trouble of being born to a good estate," or to a respectable slice in the three per cents. It is to no purpose that the Mills's and the Ricardo's din into men's ears that these cases are exceptional, and that labor and economy are the established turnpikes to competence. It is in human nature to be most forcibly excited by whatever is accidental ; while that which is the common course of nature fails to strike, and is overlooked or disregarded. The universal prejudice, therefore, runs in favor of the shortest roads, and the broad highways are abandoned to those who do not know the country, or who do not choose to risk their *necks* in a steeple-chase pursuit of their object. This singular propensity, or instinct, of the species has had considerable influence upon language, and it explains the fact that, in most civilised tongues, the wealth of each individual is termed his 'fortune,' as if chance alone were the parent of well-doing. In a perfectly well-constituted condition of society such a metaphor would with difficulty gain currency, the association between luck and riches being less frequently suggested ; but in this work-a-day world of ours, in which "things as they are" take so decided a precedence of "things as they should be," Mercury is the common god of thieves and of merchandise. The influence of language on our ideas is in all cases considerable, but in that of this strange association of ideas it produces manifold mistakes. There is no instance in which men more frequently expect the effect, without reference to its causes, than in the acquirement of wealth, and, consequently, fall into more unreasonable discontents. When a thoughtless fellow has spent his life in dissipation, or passed his time in hunting butterflies, writing verses, speculating upon virtue, beauty, patriotism, the *summum bonum*, or the like unprofitable pursuits, he "looks upon himself as a very ill-treated gentleman," if in his old age he is less well to do in the world than they who have all their days minded the main chance ; and he imagines that the order of the

universe has been suspended to inflict upon him a miraculous injury.

The stumbling upon this egregious and palpable blunder is a prevalent vice among authors and artists. Their merit or their vanity leads them to place a high value on themselves, and they become discouraged and mortified when they are forced upon the unlooked-for discovery, that their attainments are but imperfectly convertible into pounds, shillings, and pence. This, however, is all just as it should be, and as much in common course as the regular succession of the seasons. Talent, genius, and "all that sort of thing," are not the requisites for money-making, and there is not the slightest relation between a fine style and a fine fortune. If a genius will give up the whole powers of his mind to Pindar or Demosthenes, instead of studying Cocker or Bonnycastle,—if he will "pen a stanza when he should engross," he should abide tranquilly by the consequences. If he will follow the course of the stars instead of the course of exchange, he should be contented to remain a good astronomer, without looking to be a good man in the city. Riches being destined to supply the common wants of humanity, it is requisite that their production should be placed within the reach of the most ordinary faculties. If genius alone were capable of making money, the world would be steeped to the lips in poverty, and the aristocracy of talent would be the most insufferable of inequalities. Falstaff, in sounding "the bottom of this same Justice Shallow," is a genuine type of the whole race of wits when he exclaims, "yet has he lands and beeves;" as if sack and sugar were the primary elements in the character of a thriving grazier; or as if, to qualify for a goodly inheritance, it were necessary to master the art of setting the Thames on fire.

Superior gifts, so far from favoring the process of accumulating wealth, are among the most serious impediments to that pleasant operation. Turning a penny and turning a rhyme are very different processes; and, as a delicate touch is incompatible with the habitual wielding of a sledge-hammer, so a pursuit of the finer investigations of nature and mind assort not with the coarse speculations of the corn-market and the Dutch walk. The Medici indeed, and their brother merchants of the Italian republics, sought to combine the two objects, and, to a certain degree, accomplished their end. But what was the result? Their minds expanded with their fortunes; they became ashamed of their humble utility, and they ultimately abandoned their calling, set up for gentlemen, took to politics, and turned-out the most arrant knaves that ever lived by bread. If there is no serving God and Mammon, Apollo and the Muses are in this sense true deities; and the more experienced of our merchants, in these times, have cut the connexion at once and for ever. Their writings are strictly confined to invoices, and they dabble in no drawings beyond a bill of exchange. Genius, in comparing its productive powers with those of the money-spinners, is unjust to itself. Its superiority in every other point is sufficiently uncontested; and, however its sons may grumble, there are few if any of them truly deserving their reputation, who would exchange lots with the painstaking and laborious children of Plutus: the butterfly does not

envy the condition of the muck-worm. Money then is no standard of talent; the two things are incommensurables; and it is absurd to expect that they should bear any certain and constant ratio in the market. The very rarity of genius, which in other cases enhances the value of a commodity, is against it. The produce of mind is only relished by mind, and the consumers are not sufficient to support prices by an extensive demand. He who produces a bushel of wheat produces what every man desires; but the discoverer of a great moral truth is so far from offering an article in common request, that he is fortunate if he does not find it an unsaleable drug; and if he is not persecuted and reviled for outraging his customers, as if he had been convicted of a poisonous adulteration. But though the poverty of genius be thus, like death, "a necessary end," and to be expected with equal philosophy, still some natural yearnings will arise, even in the more stoical, at witnessing the triumphs of successful dulness. Men of genius must eat as well as commoner folks; and, for the most part, they are more susceptible to the differences between the good and bad fare than their neighbours; then your rich blockhead is so provokingly self-satisfied! he invites comparison at every turn. There is, however, one class of the intellectually superior who treat this case with the utmost philosophy, I mean those eminent geniuses who consider the world as "mine oyster," and, instead of entertaining a sulky jealousy of the money-getter, stick as close to him as his skin, and employ all their faculties to render him the purveyor of their pleasures.

To those to whom the acquirement of wealth is an object, the exchangeable value of commodities is every thing. Intrinsic worth, without currency, is like a light under a bushel—very brilliant, but very useless; or, rather, it is like the lost papers advertised in a journal—"of no use to any one but the owner." An inattention to this golden rule has been the pecuniary shipwreck of some of the greatest geniuses. Had Mr. Haydon, for instance, not mistaken intrinsic excellence for money-value, he would not have painted gigantic pictures for a nation whose houses are nut-shells; nor would he have addicted himself to historic composition in the service of a race who know no more of the poetry of painting than their brother christians of Otaheite. A very ordinary portrait-painter produces an article which all the world can appreciate; "we are vain upon our own portraits," and caricature-likenesses are the most striking. Why then should a genuine artist be scandalised at the wealth of these subalterns of the brush? Complaints of neglected genius and want of patronage are foolish and unjust. The public of the present day buy what they want, and the Medici themselves did no more.

The market-value of genius rises rapidly when its products can be offered to the simultaneous enjoyment of large assemblies. It is thus that a popular actor gets more for reciting another man's thoughts than the poet who produces the play, simply because the former sells to the public, the latter to the manager. The same difference subsists between operative musicians and composers,—between the painter of a diorama and a David or a Reynolds. If you desire to make wealth quickly, give yourself to the production of articles that

have the least intrinsic value. Between the natural wants and the physical powers of man to supply them, there is a definite proportion which fixes the standard of prices for all articles of primary consumption. But caprice is a principle to which no measure can apply. The most extensive incomes are insufficient to meet the demands of fancy, whose "appetite increases with what it feeds on." For objects of this class the purchaser pays not merely according to their first cost, but for the strength also of his own desire. A man of fortune will give the most extravagant price in the gratification of his favorite whim for a race-horse, a picture, a morsel of rare antiquity, even when he refuses himself a decent coat. His lady distresses herself for a diamond necklace, and her son, perhaps, anticipates his inheritance to purchase the voices of the worthy and independent electors of the borough of Guzzledown. What is thus true of individuals is equally true of society, and most things produce a larger profit in proportion to the smallness of the solid benefit they occasion in their consumption. The price-current of inutilities is in a great measure conventional. Lip-honor finds a better market than the staple support of a numerous population. A king's mistress is better paid than his minister; a dancing-master than a professor of philosophy. A balletina gets an hundred pounds for a *pas seul*, while a soldier is knocked on the head for a shilling *per diem*. Music and manslaughter are fee'd at a guinea a visit; languages and litigation at six and eightpence. A bishop earns more than a general. A weekly (or weakly) sermon brings the beneficiary more grist to his mill than a navy captain obtains for the sacrifice of time, labor, independence, and personal safety. A good actress has a larger salary if she is pretty and a coquet; but her emoluments are infinitely increased, and she sometimes gets a titled husband, when she is blessed by providence with—a bad character.

Although merit and money both begin with an M, any other connexion which may subsist between them is purely accidental; and genius is wanting in self-knowledge if it repines at neglect. Complain you are poor, "complain you are a man;" still however, if money be an object, there are not wanting money-making trades within the reach of genius itself. Demoivre applied his mathematics to calculate the chances of the dice; and the moral philosopher might calculate the movements of the passions on the Stock Exchange. A man of letters may thrive as the editor of a newspaper; a critic may sell himself to a party. The professor who cannot enrich himself by cultivating the inside of the head, may do a tolerable stroke of business by dressing the outside. A disappointed artist may rise in the world as a house-painter. A musician who starves on his own notes, may turn an honest penny in discounting those of his neighbours; and the poet, who is more in want of pudding than of praise, may write hymns, or comment on the Apocalypse. Sir Humphrey Davy did not disdain to apply his chemical science to the manufacture of gunpowder; and Watt was far too wise to suffer his genius for mechanics to waste itself on the "desert air" of theoretic abstractions. Anybody may grow rich who really and sincerely desires it, but then he must give himself up to the pursuit, and let no other pas-

sion interfere with his avarice. Fame must have no charm in his eyes, and he must not be inordinately given to fiddling. If his conscience be tender, he may be as virtuous as he pleases when he is rich; but, while he has his fortune to make, he must "hold out his iron and wink." Above all things, he must not encumber himself with a wife and family, unless the woman be pretty, and he "turn his infirmities to commodity" by . . . but this is better imagined than expressed.

That man is a money-making animal is a definition beyond all cavil; for though, by the infirmity of the species, or by the corruptions of society, it happens that individuals may here and there be found without the power of accumulating, or rather endowed with a strong instinct to dissipate and to destroy, yet was there never a man who would not do a little business, when it lay in his way. Saints and philosophers are rarely in earnest in their professed contempt for wealth; and even so, they form an exception too small to disturb the generality of the rule. There is, then, great inconsistency, as well as ingratitude, in the contempt which is heaped upon the money-makers, and in the preference given to the liberal, over the lucrative arts. It is difficult to conceive why those arts should be exclusively liberal, whose culture cuts off the sources of liberality, or why the pursuit of money should derogate from gentility, when its possession is the only indefeasible title to the rank of a gentleman. This error is fundamental, and it re-appears in almost all our opinions on wealth, and leads to the most abominable absurdities. What, for example, can be less tenable, than the metaphysical distinctions which are drawn between wages, salaries, and fees? Why also, should a banker look down on a merchant, a merchant on a retail-dealer, or a shop-keeper on a hawker and pedlar? These silly niceties very evidently depend on the great master-error, which creates a baseless and ideal difference between the dealer on 'Change and the dealer in Downing-street,—between the costermonger and the boroughmonger, the lacqueys in livery of a private gentleman and the lacqueys out of livery of the minister for the time being. The feudal baron, who won his castle at the point of the sword, was as much a dealer and chapman, as the modern lord, who acquires an estate and title by figs and raw sugars. The earl who traffics with his coronet for a pawnbroker's daughter and her twenty thousand pounds, is as complete a tradesman, as "my uncle," his father-in-law; and the sporting baronet who plucks a pigeon in St. James's-street, is not a whit better than his rival operative—the poulterer in St. James's-market. Vespasian, and the philosophers of his school were much more reasonable in conceiving money-making an excellence paramount to all such finical refinements. The only solid distinction to be drawn in this matter lies in the relative amount of gain to be derived from any given trade or profession. If the devil is to be honored for his burning throne, and the miser for his money-bag, the throne and the money-bag *à fortiori* are worthy of respect also. The man who plunders his country of thousands is justly thought to follow a more liberal profession, than the "whipper-up of unconsidered trifles," or the forty-shilling prig; and a

government-defaulter is a much more honorable gentleman than a white-washed greengrocer. A chimney-sweeper therefore, who has realised a plum should be esteemed better company than a bankrupt merchant, a lord cleaned-out, or a lawyer with an empty bag. This truth is every day gaining fresh ground. Philosophy is becoming more tangible, the relative pretensions of the rich and the noble are brought to the test of sensation, and the aristocracy of wealth is rapidly superseding all other sources of greatness. Wealth is a communicable quality, while rank is personal and unparticipated. The former is the true metallic currency, but the latter a discredited paper, which will not be taken, though endorsed with the signatures of "all the Howards,"—nay of all the best houses in the land for forty generations. The Italian proverb says, that "happy are the sons whose fathers go to the devil," and a man must be unreasonably proud if he would not prefer descending from the loins of a rich slopseller, to inheriting the barren honors of decayed gentility. The English nation, the wisest, most thinking, and best of people, are at the same time the most money-getting: *ergo*, money-making is the most intelligent and moral of employments. The Lord Mayor of London is a greater man than Socrates, and he that looks down on a *millionaire*, is a pharisee or a fool. "Put money in your purse," then, reader,—no matter how; deem it the "one thing needful," and, in my next paper, I may probably tell you something worth knowing, concerning what you are to do with it, when it is yours!

M.

TO A CALM EVENING SEA.

Thou sleepest, Ocean, in thy loveliness,
 Like death-struck beauty ere its heart is cold;
 I look on thee in this thy placid dress,
 Kiss'd by the darkening sky, and I behold
 The sum of nature's greatness, and there press
 Dim thoughts upon me from the lowest hold
 Of thy profoundest deeps to where the line
 Of thy blue glories melts into the pole—
 Speaking of strength, of waves that haughtily
 Over the bones of buried navies roll,
 Erasing man from day's delicious shine,
 And making the earth lifeless, fearfully
 Reflecting God's great image, boundless, vast,
 Eternal, though all light and life were past!

G.

THE QUAKERS' CARNIVAL IN DUBLIN.

ON a visit to Dublin last month to transact some business with a young Quaker merchant, I found myself, ere I was well aware, drawn into the vortex of the renowned "May Meeting" of the Society of Friends. My correspondent was on the eve of giving his usual series of splendid entertainments to country cousins, who were arriving hour after hour, until his open and hospitable house was, like many others, filled,—“yea fulfilled.” I saw that it was impossible to induce him to attend soberly and patiently to the business I came about; and, as having travelled a long way to transact it, I had no resource but to accept his kind invitation, and stay to “make one” in the general feasting, praying, visiting, preaching, and wooing, transacting around me as orderly and as unremittingly as clock-work. All his beds were doubly or trebly filled, so he could not offer me one; but his excellent table had always room for me, as well as for thirty others, who seemed to come and go just as they pleased on the freedom of a general invitation, for I seldom saw the same faces together. My friend always dined at home during the Carnival, which lasted eight days; but, as he had taken me under his patronage, he seemed determined that I should enjoy the rights of hospitality elsewhere as gregariously as the elect themselves. Therefore, taking my arm *sans cérémonie*, he led me about with him to sober but sumptuous suppers, and delicious *dejeunés* “flowing with milk and honey,”—to the public meetings on “first day,” and to all other interesting assemblies of the society, those for “matters of discipline” alone excepted, from which strangers are carefully excluded.

My friend himself was a curiosity in his way. I had met him several years before on a shooting excursion through the Wicklow Mountains. He was then the gayest of the gay, and the drollest of the droll, amongst two parties of grouse-shooters who encountered by accident, (and Lord Powerscourt's permission,) at the Eagle's nest that overhangs the romantic Loughs of Bray, and clubbed their knapsacks to furnish a social dinner. I had no suspicion that our “well-met” companions were “Friend's children,” till I discovered my present host in town some time after in a plain coat with a standing collar, uttering “How does thee do?” as glibly as if he had never spoken any other than the primitive *patois* of his sect! Now, however, he no longer studied appearances as essential to success in the world: *he had grown wealthy*, and could afford to indulge his taste and humour without fear of spiritual censures.

One day, after a dinner where every delicacy was arrayed that the markets afforded, and where choice wines enabled the respectable company to get *seriously* merry, my friend and I sallied forth amongst the rest to a “re-union,” over hot cake and tea, in another open-house in a distant part of the city. We were both, I believe, in some degree under the inspiring influence of his excellent port, for I remember beginning the conversation abruptly—

“Do you recollect the day when we first met on Kippure Mountain, and dined jovially on the sod together?—you had not then the fear of the yearly meeting before your eyes.”

A broad smile stole over his face, as he replied, “I remember it well! The elder, whose house we are going to this evening, heard of that and similar doings of our merry men. Being then an overseer, he was scandalised of course, and made a report to the monthly meeting of the sorrowful subversion of discipline that had come to his outward ears. Moreover, I had not attended week-day meetings with all due regularity, and, in short, I was, according to his account, tottering into the pit which has no bottom, but is stuck full of tenterhooks at the sides, that serve the

enemy's turns just as well! He and another overseer were deputed to 'see into my state,' as the phrase is, and report thereon in due time. They came—seated themselves at each side of me, and gazed intently at the carpet for ten minutes or so. At length my old friend was moved to speak, and, without looking at me, uttered—'Jeremiah! I am *con-carned*——' but here the spirit deserted him, and he continued silently fidgeting and laboring under his concern for my unhappy lot. After a lapse of a quarter of an hour, the other broke forth in happy inspiration,—'Ah!—thee¹ is one of the kiln-dried!—there is no living spirit left within thee!—thee will never bear fruit!—thee has no oil in thee heart, *oi* fear.' And here the spirit of prophecy and rebuke departed from him also, while he remained with his eyes fixed on the bell-pull waiting till another sentence should be vouchsafed unto him for my enlightenment. Well! in about three minutes the first speaker got over his concern, and brought up a timely reinforcement of the following words: 'Ah, Jeremiah! if thee does not stand with the righteous, thee will assuredly fall away from them!—I see into thy miserable state. Alas! what Friends' children will come to!—Is it true, Jeremiah, that thou hast gone up into the mountain beyond the sight of the sober to drink whiskey, and carouse with the worldly-minded?—Is it true that thee never comes to meeting on week-days, but, instead, spends thy precious hours in sinful sports—fowling, fishing, driving, drabbing, and speechifying at disloyal assemblies? We are thy true friends, and would save thee from "sin, and the wages of sin." Tell us the truth, I charge thee, and tell it without prevarication.'

"As they had taken their own time for this cross-examination, I took my time to reply; which I did at last, when I had nearly exhausted their patience. 'Friends,' I began, 'I am sure my regard for you is fully equal to that which you entertain for me. The best mode I can take of showing it at present is, to remain silent, and not place you in the disagreeable situation of *informers*, that must betray the friend who reposes confidence in you.' They stared at me, and were about to speak. 'Further,' said I, 'if you really wish to assume the office of spies in this affair, you can proceed without my assistance—you know you can "see into my state!"' Here the good people stared at me again—then at each other, and finally marched off without uttering an articulate ejaculation. Since then, they have never ventured to come to close quarters, and I live in comparative peace."

"Pray tell me," said I, "do the Society of Friends lay claim to preternatural penetration?"

"Yes; 'tis the privilege of the elect—the sign granted to the inheritors of grace in fee-simple amongst Friends. You may recollect hearing of the famous John Shipley, in England. He was a kind of high-priest over us—almost an apostle; he had 'a forty-parson power' of impudent pretension to this gift. To hear him over the table-cloth after dinner, you would think he had a patent right to 'see into the state' of our souls. However, some disclosures were made that let Friends into the secret that his taste lay in another line, and 'his occupation gone,'—he ran away. It was now my turn to catechise, and I had the satisfaction of putting all our professed spiritual seers to the blush for their hypocrisy in pretending to treasures of faith beyond their deserts. Since then I have not been pestered about the breadth of my brim, the cut of my cape, or the profane report of my gun. However, I must do Friends the justice to say, that they don't allow any poor or defenceless members of their communion to indulge in such heresies with impunity. The church-tailors too cause great concern to the overseers, seeing that

¹ The Irish Quakers speak much worse grammar than the English; they rarely say "thou" or "thy" correctly.

they convert Friends' children button by button, suit after suit, till there is not a shadow of the primitive outward man left; and then you know, (although they may still be excellent Christians,) they are good Quakers no longer."

"Tis strange," said I, "that a people professing so much attention to the workings of the mind, should watch so jealously 'the manifestations of the outward man,' as your uncle termed them to-day after dinner."

"O! my dear friend, you ought to be aware by this time that profession and practice differ like day and night. The presence of either is a fair excuse for the absence of the other. Would you have all hands on deck at once, as the sailors say? Do you know that appearances are such essentials with us, that our scribes and elders, who are drawing up the yearly epistle or circular, are seriously intent on offering 'a word in season' to the dear youth of Ireland, on the sad effects attending the adoption of loose trowsers by Friends' children?"

"Is it possible?"

"I think my uncle is at the bottom of the business. You may recollect he fell asleep during the preaching after dinner, the first day he came to town. Well! on wakening suddenly, when the company rose to go to afternoon meeting, he burst the waistband of his tight shorts; and as the case was urgent, and he had no other, I lent him a loose pair of trowsers. I did not see him afterwards till I was on the point of stepping into bed, (for we had supped at separate houses,) when my uncle entered my room in his shirt and nightcap, holding my trowsers in his hand, and exclaiming—'Take thy vile garment, Jeremiah! It was claimed kindred with by the petticoats of the wanton! Coming home alone to night through Grafton Street, two of *thy* associates, I suppose, clad in flaunting silks, seized my arms, and insisted on my treating them to a glass of punch at Amelia Bolano's in Exchequer Street, where they declared I should meet all the saints of Dublin. They persisted most pertinaciously; for they said they knew by my trowsers that I was clothed in the flesh more than in the spirit, or words to that effect. Ah! Jeremiah! loose garments lead to a loose life, and loose conversation. Give me my small-clothes again, and Deborah shall amend them with stay-tape!' So we may expect to hear trowsers cried down. But here's the house where *the gathering* surrounds the tea-table with unaffected zeal and fervour."

So saying we entered the crowded apartments where hospitality and ingenuity had evidently striven to their wit's end to accommodate the sober crowd, that not only filled all the chairs and sofas two deep around the walls, but presented a dense mass of bolt upright figures in the central, tropical, torrid, or tea-pot zone, that verily had

No room for standing, miscalled standing room.

It was now Saturday night, (I beg pardon, *seventh-day evening*,) and I could perceive a decided difference of arrangement amongst the good company, from that which I had witnessed in the early part of the week. Six or seven evenings ago, the men and women sat in separate ranks and files, coming into collision only on their extreme flanks, and making few demonstrations of a desire to engage at close quarters. Now, however, time had conquered space and bashfulness, and the fair and drab sexes were seen squeezed into the most social *melée*. My friend Jeremiah evidently "saw into my state," as I watched for a long time with interest, the proceedings of various *tête-a-têtes* that came under my eye.

"Take care that you are not smitten by one of these clear-complexioned damsels, that you admire so much," said he; "they will mostly all be off next second-day (Monday,) to the country again; and they have so much yet to do with those who are eligible, that you have no chance. 'Tis only now they are getting into the spirit of the business. They have been all the previous year in training for this week's sweep-

stakes—a substantial husband, and you may perceive are very nervous and cautious, lest they should make a mistake in running the grand race of matrimony, and win a *poor* one. The young things, especially, are exceedingly

— Shy and awkward at first coming out,
So much alarmed that they are quite alarming;
Giggle and blush, half pertness and half pout,
Still glancing at mamma as if there's harm in
What I, thou, he, or it may be about.

although they have the benefit of trial-heats, now and then, at monthly and quarterly meetings in the country. Their mammas, I think, frighten them too much about it, and so their conduct is very naturally constrained. How do you like them?"

"I admire their complexions very much, as I told you at first; but, to be candid, I know nothing deeper than the surface. I couldn't engage any of them in conversation for three minutes together."

"'Tis so. The truth is, no man who knows the world, can admire their uncultivated minds. Their system of education is very scanty, and utterly destitute of accomplishments. Music either vocal or instrumental is forbidden, dancing is profane, drawing is superfluous, history is immoral, novels are expelled as 'waking dreams,' and corruptors of the heart, while the theatre is denounced as the true earthly Pandemonium."

"Then you don't intend to be married in meeting I perceive."

"God forbid! If ever I wed, it shall be a lady of education and taste, possessing a proper knowledge of the world, and accustomed to see, feel, think, and judge for herself. If one wants a good housekeeper, I have no doubt he may find one amongst our society. However, they have many valuable qualities peculiar to their own secluded mode of life; and I would be sorry to break with them, or hurt their feelings in any way. You may perceive that keeping early hours are among their good deeds, so look out for your hat, and don't be left behind. There it is! that one without a brim, judging by analogy as the logicians say."

Next day being first-day by the Friends' computation, (or Sunday by our heathen nomenclature,) Jeremiah brought me to Eustace-street, to see the "parting meeting," as it is termed. The meeting-house is a very plain, but very neat structure; the society in Dublin not having attained any knowledge or love of ornamental architecture. A group of elders who awaited the time to enter, and to whom I spoke of the tall Ionic columns and internal decorations of the Quaker's meeting-house in Manchester, shook their heads ominously at the unwelcome news. These, in a few minutes afterwards, entered, and took their places behind a kind of rostrum, a continuous pulpit or gallery raised a few feet over the plain forms that filled the body of the house, and placed against the further wall so that the elders faced the congregation. The men and women were separated as usual by a central passage, that forbade even that slight degree of approximation which was observable in evening parties at the commencement of the carnival. The galleries also had their lines of demarcation, both for the congregation above, and the preachers below, in the rostrum before-mentioned; for this prudent people make it a point to class their preachers into male and female as well as the congregation. At former meetings of the kind, accident had separated me from Jeremiah; but now we took our places together on a back cross-seat under the upper gallery, which flanked the main body of the audience, where we could see all, and whisper a little occasionally.

As I gazed on the silent assemblage of sad-colored devotees that surrounded me, bending their contemplative eyes to earth, under the shade of their uncouth beavers, I was forcibly struck with the justness of the reflection which emanated from an author of some notoriety, who was born amongst this people:—"If a Quaker had been allowed a voice in

the formation of the world, what a silent drab-colored creation we should have had! Not a flower would be permitted to blossom its gaities—not a bird to sing!”

Here my train of thought was interrupted by a low muttered exclamation from Jeremiah, who had been very fidgetty for some time past searching his pockets, applying his handkerchief, &c.

“I’ve forgotten my snuff-box! lend me your’s, or I’ll fall asleep like my uncle yonder. See! he is just in the line with us, his chin resting on his stick; you can just catch the nodding profile. The stick slipped one day and hit him in the teeth, whereupon he made an outcry that awakened everybody else; but he now carries a broader topped cane. Another time in meeting, during stormy weather, he was heard to cry out in a dream—‘As sure as two-pence the Lovely Peggy’s gone to the bottom!’ To save his credit he was obliged to declare that ‘twas an involuntary prophecy that broke from him; but he was much rejoiced afterwards to find himself a false prophet when the good ship arrived safe—seeing that he’s one-third owner.

“Do you see that young fellow with his head leaning on his hand, and his eyes turned towards the women’s benches?”

“Yes.”

“He is looking at that girl who sits in the midst of the sixth row from the preachers, with the darkest colored bonnet. If you look closely, you will perceive that the near side of it is longer than the far! The fool is hopelessly in love with her this long time, and stares at her so energetically that she has resorted to this expedient to disappoint him; but he still looks at the bonnet, and it serves to occupy his thoughts just as well. Now, *he’s* a spendthrift of time. These grave and composed people around us are not all hard at work at devotion; some are at mental arithmetic, making speculations and ideal bargains for the next six days.

“Do you see that nearest preacher in the gallery? Remark what a long head he has; ’tis quite oval. The organ of concentrativeness behind, and those of memory and reflection before, are largely developed. The phrenologists have set any money upon that head, and you will see a cast of it upon every shelf in a week after the spirit leaves it. He has been one of the most successful speculators in the society; and the Spurzheimites look on his head with great admiration.”

“I think one half the meeting is asleep.”

“Very possible. Though most of us are of the Temperance Society in drinking, the greater part observe no temperance in eating; and as you know ’tis very unseemly to take active exercise, we must sleep it off.”

“But when will the preaching begin?”

“Nobody knows! ’tis a thing of inspiration. There the preachers sit, waiting for the spirit to fill them and speak through them; they are not even *seeking* the Lord like Cromwell and his sect,—they wait patiently like vessels unworthy to be chosen.”

“Look! there a young woman stands up in the body of the meeting! Who is she?”

“A servant in the family of a cousin of mine. I’ll tell you more by-and-by. Listen now!”

I did listen with surprise to a short, but energetic exhortation, in good language and devoid of the ordinary whine and sing-song accompaniments; though still characterised by the intermittent and passionate style of delivery common to all the Quaker-preachers male and female, whom I had heard before. When she sat down, I asked my friend, “Why does not that girl preach from the gallery? Her words are the best chosen, and her delivery the clearest, that I have yet heard?”

“For that very cause you are surprised; but the fact is, she is suspected of choosing her words and thoughts, not taking them as they come from heaven. She is looked on as a pious coiner—a religious swindler, simply because her natural strong common sense and good taste retain

their command over her. She does not labor, and groan, and chaunt like our real Simon Pures; therefore they agree that she cannot be genuine. Besides she is much younger than the spirit is in the habit of inflating with the gift of prophecy and preaching; besides, she is too pretty, and ought to be thinking of something else, as my cousin's wife says. Besides she is poor, and everybody can find fault with her: so she still remains a colt, (as our tradesmen express it,) and excluded from the preacher's gallery."

"So you have intolerance amongst you, as amongst every other sect, and, I suppose, by the same rule, occasional instances of derangement?"

"Occasional! O, pray do us justice my dear Sir! we keep a mad-house on our own account, all to ourselves! 'tis called 'The Retreat;' and lies in the direction of Donnybrook; in fact, a very comfortable asylum. 'Occasional indeed!' Tell me, if you can, where enthusiasm ends, and derangement begins. Do they differ in any thing but intensity and duration? Listen to what this old man who has just stood up in the preacher's gallery will say, (he's my father's uncle,) and you will wonder he is allowed to go at large."

After much preparatory fumbling with the baluster before him, he exclaimed in a voice, trembling, high-pitched and expressive of great inward uneasiness,—“Oh my de-ar friends! *Oi* see the Man of Sin descending into the midst of you!” — and then he sat down. Again he arose, and trembling, sung out in a voice, the converse of recitative, (every *cadenza* and *crescendo* being placed exactly where they should not,) “When will *may* people turn into the path of Zion? When will they wash themselves white in the blood of the Lamb?” In this strain he continued full three quarters of an hour, drawing his breath in the wrong place, placing every emphasis on the wrong word, and outraging syntax, prosody, and music so overwhelmingly, that I doubt if I shall ever be able to forget it. His brogue still rings in my ears! When my patience was almost exhausted, I turned to Jeremiah, who was taking snuff in large quantities, and whispered him, “Where does this sing-song come from, not from heaven?”

“No,” said he, “it comes from Ballymurphy in the county of Roscommon. Be patient awhile; all his metaphors and ejaculations are nearly exhausted; he has not been vouchsafed a new one within my memory. He'll soon sit down and sleep after his labor.”

“And what will his brethren of the gallery say?”

“You perceive he sits next the women, and my grand-aunt can nudge him with her elbow, or tread on his toe when he begins to snore or to oscillate. She often holds him up to me as a good example. ‘Notwithstanding his constitutional infirmity,’ she will say, ‘he does not absent himself from week-day meetings as thee does, setting a bad pattern to the dear youth, and giving room for scandal amongst unfriendly people.’ Their singing-preaching voice is indeed too bad! Worse still, they carry it home with them, and when they attempt to read aloud, they unconsciously break out into the same abominable style of *recitativo*; and worse than all, the rising generation is in a fair way of imbibing this vulgarism. Our people take a great interest in the education of the children of the poor at infant schools; and, if you come with me to-morrow, you shall hear the Multiplication Table, and the Elements of Euclid, sung to nearly the same air that my grand uncle is chaunting at this moment. 'Tis a great pity, for a bad habit of reading once established is almost impossible to eradicate in after-life, when daily wants occupy the attention fully, and the vulgar are left to their fate. But, see! the preacher is fairly tired with his exertions, (for the poor man is sincere, and really thinks himself inspired;) and there!—he sits down at last. We'll soon break up, I expect, for he has monopolised so much time, that no one else will think of beginning.”

"How is the meeting dissolved? Last Sunday, I think, they all stood up at the same instant to depart."

"The male and female preachers in centre of their gallery shake hands on it, and 'tis a signal to the crowd, who watch it very closely under their brims."

"And what moves the high-contracting parties to shake hands at the same instant?"

"Oh! the spirit, of course. I know my grand-uncle is on the doctor's list, and my aunt is anxious to get him home. I did not think that he could hold out so long. There she has it!"

"I am heartily obliged to her," said I, "and hope that her patient is nothing the worse for the sudorific and peristaltic emotions he underwent during the operation of the spirit on his inward man."

And now the crowd began to move out of the house into the yard that communicated east and west with Eustace Street and Sycamore Alley. There, scores of young fellows stood with a subdued intensity of glance around the women's door, to catch the eye of some bashful blooming country-cousin, to offer his arm, or to lead her to her jaunting car. In many I could see an ill-concealed impetuosity, as a rival's breadth of brim was occasionally protruded before them, surmounting a long neck, as its owner strove to get a peep through the vista where bonnet came after bonnet, like the never-ending waves of the ocean. Amongst these sober-seeming youths were some manly fine-proportioned fellows, inwardly impatient of control, whom the eye of a physiognomist could single out, and transform in idea (without doing violence to aught but their garb,) into Arabs gazing on their devoted prey, and mounted on steeds:—

Whose bound o'er the Desart is light as the deer's.
ready to exclaim—

————— their wrath I defy!
And why should she tremble when Hassan is nigh?
Like the hawk from the covey selecting his prey,
From the midst of her tribe I would bear her away.

I know not if my week's sojourn amongst this fair and innocent portion of Eve's daughters had in any way modified my taste in 'woman's looks,' but I confess I never remember seeing so much that conveyed the ideas of respectability, consistency, and purity to my mind, in any other congregation.

"Tis a lovely parterre," said I to my friend, as the ranks of the fair defiled before us. "Tis a beauteous living garden! Mr. Bourne's 500 varieties of hyacinths 'in all their glory' may hide their diminished heads from this show of modest May-flowers! Love attends their steps, and love is in their eyes! This is the last meeting, perhaps, of many an aching bosom."

"Not quite," said my friend; "I still see symptoms of prudery alive; but as you love the melting mood, watch the eyes around the last supper-table to-night:—

It will outshine their revels past—
"Twill be their blithest and their last!"

As we walked homeward, through streets crowded with people of all ranks and ages, returning from their respective places of worship, on foot like ourselves, and doubtless looking their very best in Sunday's sunshine,—I could not avoid being impressed with the comparative superiority of appearance of the congregation I had just quitted. The fashionable crowds we encountered had an air of tawdriness, as it seemed to me, while the majority of the good citizens and citoyennes appeared little better than slovens and sluts. Few, indeed, equalled the Friends in neatness and propriety of dress; and fewer still (the very few characterised

by natural good taste and instinctive elegance of perception,) surpassed them. "Well," said I to Jeremiah, "I must do the Society of Friends the justice to say, that I like their appearance much better than I did a week ago; but our tastes require time to form."

"Yes," said he; "and the longer you know them the more you will find to admire,—and regret. They have excellent traits, 'as a people,' but the finest picture has dust and cobwebs enough behind the canvas. They are seldom or ever found guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors: none of the Society was ever hanged, and for a sufficient reason,—the Society watch him so closely, that they 'read him out' before he gets to the gallows. They mix little or none in political affairs, and therefore never find themselves implicated in rebellions or treasons in this land of 'never-ending, still-beginning' insurrection; but then they set a bad example of the worst species of passive obedience; and if Captain Rock or Lieutenant Terry Alt got the upper hand to-morrow, they would succumb to either on the same principle 'as powers that be, ordained of God,' (proving their right by their might,) and having therefore a just claim to the fealty of 'Friends,' who on similar Christian principles would not attempt resistance, lest they should ensure their own damnation. Yet they are not without a strong political bias in private. The elderly members of the society were (almost without exception) orangemen in principle, having a pious horror of the seductions of the scarlet lady of Babylon, and therefore heartily opposed to Catholic Emancipation. Previous to that event, O'Connell used to abuse them without mercy as bigots and hypocrites, professing the principle of *non-intervention* in affairs of state, yet practising the reverse;—petitioning for the political freedom of their black brethren of Jamaica, yet refusing to sign petitions to obtain a similar share of liberty for their white brethren of Ireland!"

"And yet I heard O'Connell's name mentioned with great respect, with admiration, yesterday after dinner by a very sedate friend, who came from Waterford I think?"

"I don't doubt it! O'Connell is a wonderful and a cunning man. At Waterford 'Friends' were all in Lord George Beresford's interest in the election previous to the last, and the mob consequently pelted them heartily with dead cats and dogs whenever they appeared in public; but last August when O'Connell stood for Waterford *in propria persona*, he won their hearts by promising if they joined in promoting his return, to deliver them from tithe-exactions, and obtain a speedy repeal of all the legal disabilities affecting them. 'Indeed,' said an old acquaintance, whom I saw there during the election, and who had the year before suffered much from rotten eggs; 'indeed I fear O'Connell will do more for us than may be beneficial for us in a spiritual view of our case. It is but just that our solemn affirmation should have all the credit of an oath, (vulgar and unchristian like as it is, and in direct opposition to the command, 'Swear not at all!') but thee knows we have never thriven so well in our proper character, (that of a *distinct* and chosen people,) as when we were *bound together by a little persecution*. Now O'Connell says, (and I'm sure he means well, and being convinced of the propriety of his view, of course he will not be held back by what I may say)—that he will never cease his exertions till he renders us also eligible for Parliament-men, and furthermore and moreover he sees no just cause why we should not attain to the dignity of lords of the land; which would be a sorrowful sight both to friends and friendly people. Besides, I need not tell thee Jeremiah,' added he glancing at my narrow-brimmed hat, 'that even with all the impediments existing to fence Friends, against commixture with the pomps and vanities of this world of gaiety and sin, yet their dear children do in many ways stray from the fold, and are eventually

engulphed in the vortex of folly and fashion. Likewise, Friends begin to acquire a superabundance of wealth, notwithstanding all the tax-gatherers, churchwardens, and tithe-proctors take from them, and there-upon grow stiff-necked and vain-glorious. For my own part, Jeremiah, though I cannot help being obliged to Daniel O'Connell, I confess I hope he will not succeed in freeing us, as a people, from 'the thorns in the flesh,' which now prick us to a sense of duty as well as of suffering.' So you see how difficult it is to please everybody."

"Does your sect suffer more in proportion than others from tithe-proctors and churchwardens?"

"Yes! Friends refuse to pay tithes from a scruple of conscience; then the proctor or his bailiff seizes goods and chattels to be sold for the amount; and, strange to tell, though Friends understand addition and subtraction of money as well as most people, they refuse to reckon at all with the parson's appraiser or salesman, and will not receive their own overplus again, lest they should have hand, act, or part in the sinful system!"

"Strange indeed! So, notwithstanding their professions of submission to the strong hand for conscience-sake, they in effect rebel, and eventually lose more money than they need by a useless resistance!"

"Even so! They make a curious hotch-potch of passive obedience and pecuniary martyrdom. They will pay as much money as church and state please to ask, in the shape of taxes *in the lump* for any purpose, but they can't stomach an express *war-tax*; and so they always put the 'demi-gentlemen' who came to inquire after their windows to the trouble of seizing and selling whatever they pleased like vulgar tithe-proctors. Now this is all pride—spiritual pride, as I often tell them! most ridiculous and illogical pride! Again, they have a conscientious scruple against 'hat-worship.' Very well: a consistent man will follow up his scruple in the spirit as well as in the form of christian equality in the sight of God; but a Quaker enters a court of justice or a police-office with his hat on. He knows he will not be allowed to state his case while he wears it, he will not remove it himself, yet when the tipstaff kindly lifts it off, and thus puts him into the attitude of the abhorred hat-worshipper, he will go through his business and the ceremony together without further qualms."

"'Tis indeed a nice distinction without a difference. But we must not expect too much refinement and critical accuracy of conduct from a people who withdraw themselves from the world at large, and know little of its standards of taste, honor, and good breeding. They doubtless are a law to themselves. Possessed with the spirit of contemplation—"

"And money-getting," added Jeremiah; "they form indeed a peculiar people. Let me describe them, my dear sir, for I know them. They are the Christian Jews, living like those of Palestine at the present day on the labor of others. Wherever you go in Ireland, you will find them in the capacity of shop-keepers and brokers, buyers and sellers only, with a very few exceptions. Thus about Waterford, and in the county of Roscommon at Ballymurphy, where my grand-uncle lives, you will find some industrious Quaker farmers. In Dublin you will find one doctor, in Balliton another, in Moate a miller, and in the north a few bleachers; but these only establish the rule, as logicians assure us. The main body till no land, spread no sail, and lift neither sledge nor hammer! They are mere traffickers and eaters and drinkers!"

"May I ask a simple question? You speak so fearlessly and candidly that I will venture. Why do you remain amongst a people beyond whom you are so evidently so far advanced in taste and knowledge?"

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members to fall into poverty, or to mix themselves up with the base and dirty doings of the world at large. They can derive no profit from the wholesale slaughter of their fellow-men as soldiers, seamen (of the line), or army contractors; neither are they allowed to gain a livelihood by administering to the depraved appetites of the multitude as publicans; though by a strange anomaly, they may fatten on the drunken propensities of the nation by wholesale,—as brewers, distillers, and wine-merchants. Irregularities in wedded life are almost unheard of amongst them; indeed, I may say that the conduct of female Quakers (in Ireland at least) is irreproachable, at least in *our* eyes, though some of your orthodox divines and lawyers have left their opinions on record (Heaven rest their souls!) that Quaker marriages were neither good in law nor gospel. And to the disgrace of England be it spoken, that for the first 100 years or so after we appeared in the world ‘as a people,’ Quaker marriages (the most pure and solemn rites ever performed in the face of Heaven and earth) were illegal, and the issue consequently—natural,—or, in the charitable construction of the Ecclesiastical Court, outlawed from their natural inheritance. The precautions taken in the education of Quaker females of all ranks are indeed excessive. I say of all ranks, for the poorest girl in our society, though even reduced to servitude, is looked on as one of the family, and, as such, protected from vice and misery. The poor housemaid sits beside her mistress at table and at meeting; and, keeping no worse company, never feels herself degraded by the name or station of a servant. As to our young men, you may guess from what you know of me and others, that our elders have trouble enough continually in curbing unruly temperaments that *will not* harmonise with sober speech and grave apparel. But ’twould gratify you to find how well a dread of public censure at the monthly and yearly meetings, supplies the place of auricular confession in repressing the fiery passions of ‘Friends’ children.’ Yesterday at a meeting for discipline, you would have smiled to behold a great athletic country-fellow listening to an exhortation on abstemiousness and self-government, with all the modesty and edification the elders could desire, and replying at the close with all sincerity, ‘I will endeavour *so* to do;’ while on the other hand, a graceless fellow indicted on a similar count gravely protested, ‘he had neither hand or foot in it!’ But to continue—no bad characters can remain amongst us. If a man in trade speculate beyond his means of repayment, ’tis deemed a species of swindling, and he is ‘dealt with’ accordingly at monthly meetings. A bankrupt amongst us is instantly visited and his conduct scrutinised; and he is fortunate who escapes being ‘read out’ thereupon, seeing that he has gambled with others’ property, and is unable to make good the trust or goods confided to his hands. Again, we have no priests to dictate to us what we shall think, feel, and pray; for which I heartily thank God! We have no creed, and are free to believe or disbelieve just as we happen to be convinced, without the sin that attends a change of conviction in your church, and in fact in every other Christian church. So I can hear a sermon elsewhere, read a controversial work, and listen to an argument on religion with an open mind, and without a scruple of conscience.”

“But surely you could enjoy all these advantages, without inflicting the penance of the meeting scene, all the year round on your ‘inward man?’”

“Yes, my dear friend, ’tis true I could, but this life offers little else than a choice of evils; and I prefer the quiet endurance of *ennui* at a silent meeting, to the necessity I would otherwise be under of enduring some score of visits daily and weekly from well-meaning relations and friends, all trying to convince me I was a fool, and I, in self-defence, obliged to return the compliment to each and all. No! No! ’Tis a dangerous thing to be a generation in advance of those with whom one is

obliged to associate. It requires a double portion of the spirit of acquiescence to steer clear of the charge of pride, impiety, and even mental derangement. My mother too,—one of the most affectionate and exemplary mothers that ever lived, and whom you would have seen in the preacher's gallery every day this week, if she were not confined to her room by rheumatic pains,—she too would suffer more from my open breach with the society, than I would wish her ever to endure on my account. Hers is a singular constitution, alternately possessed by fits of rheumatism and preaching: indeed, I think her sensations under each tend to induce an attack of the other, and I know not which injures her more. She had once strong hopes that I might be a chosen vessel for the outpouring of the spirit,—elected to fill her station when age and illness should deprive her people of her exertations; but alas! she would say, 'Jeremiah has more of the spirit of Esau than of Jacob in him;' and truly my constitution partakes more of the spirit of the chase, than of either exorcism or rheumatism. My mother declares she cannot account for it, and, as she can't alter it, wisely leaves things as they are; and I believe loves me quite as well as if I shone forth on all occasions, and in every corner like John Shipley, or any other of our portable-gas-light spouters. She is too kind and good a being to have her feelings and wishes neglected by one who has known her worth, and enjoyed her tender cares so long as I have:—so my dear friend I am, and will be—a Quaker!"

"AND THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA!"

I SEEK thy shores, tumultuous Ocean!
To gaze and think an hour shall come
When thou, with all thy wild commotion,
Shall be for once—and *ever* dumb!

For fire-refined, in pristine youth
Our Phoenix-earth renew'd shall be,—
But lips which cannot breathe untruth
Have said—"There shall be no more sea!"

Oh! then thy tides, remorseless deep!
"Twixt faithful hearts will roll no more—
No longer sorrow roam and weep
Along thy wild unfriendly shore—

No longer watch in tearless woe
The lessening sail,—a last look giving
To all that brighten'd earth below—
To all that made life worth the living.

And then no more shall Hope embark
Her treasures on the uncertain main,
To view the waves engulf her ark,
Ah! ne'er to yield it forth again!

And then the voice of Love no more,
The shriek that tells when Hope hath perish'd,
Shall vainly bid thy caves restore
The lost—lost all, his soul had cherish'd.

And then our eyes thy changeful mood—
Thine ebb and flow no more shall see ;
There shall be no vicissitude
When Thou—its type—hast ceased to be !

And there thy storms shall never jar,
When those that vex the human breast,
Than thine more wild—more angry far—
Are sunk to long and endless rest !

And there no more shall smile thy billow
When threatening winds have hush'd their breath,
And, smooth as childhood's cradle-pillow,
Entice its fated prey to death :—

In that blest land, the serpent Guile,
Ashamed, shall veil her eyes and flee ;
Nor falsehood's mask, nor treacherous wile
Live where "There shall be no more sea !"

For oh ! where tides of Love and Sorrow,
Where passion's waves are calm'd and o'er—
Where change is none from night to morrow—
'Tis meet that *thou* shouldst be no more.

And when against the rock-like breast,
Temptation-proof mid floods of pain,
Affliction's billows rear their crest,
And spend their wrath—no—ne'er again :

And when along life's stormy water
There needs no Polar-star to burn,
No torch of Hope—God's loveliest daughter,
To paint the weary bark's return ;

When nought is left of doubt and pain,
When Time becomes Eternity,
When emblems none of thine remain—
'Tis fit there should be "no more sea !"

THE UNANIMITY OF JURIES.

THAT spirit of dauntless inquiry, which, happily for us, inspired Martin Luther in his bold and successful efforts for the reformation of religion, has suddenly burst forth in this country, and been directed to our political institutions: we no longer allow that antiquity can hallow absurdity, or tolerate abuses, because handed down to us, like diseases of the blood, through a long line of ancestry.

But though it is true, that we no longer burn harmless but ugly old women as witches; though now the shameless traffic in human flesh is deprived of legislative protection; though we have allowed our Catholic fellow-subjects to speak in an audible voice in the legislative branch of that government to whose treasury they so largely contribute in peace, and in whose defence they bleed so freely in war—yet many abuses remain to be corrected; many ameliorations must take place, ere we can with justice claim the proud titles of the best governed, the freest, and the happiest nation upon the earth.

Among the many subjects of our national boast, none appears to be so loudly extolled as Trial by Jury. This, it seems, is to England, what the statue of Pallas was to Troy; safety must be ours while in possession of such a Palladium! But the marble goddess was at length found to be imperfect; she could not protect herself; and it is now beginning to be discovered that juries as hitherto constituted, or rather as heretofore regulated, are not an infallible security for the administration of justice.

It undoubtedly has long been the general opinion, that this mode of trial, as now conducted, is the safeguard of English liberty; and Blackstone, observes a celebrated French writer (Montesquieu), "who concludes that because Rome, Sparta, and Carthage, lost their liberties, therefore those of England must in time perish,—should have recollected that Rome, Sparta, and Carthage at the time when their liberties were lost, were strangers to the trial by jury." Indeed it has long been implicitly believed in this country, that the jury system is positively the perfection of human wisdom, the just boast of our own nation, and the example or envy of every other civilised people.

"The jury," says the learned commentator on our laws, (with whom every thing is *couleur de rose*,) "after the proofs are summed up, unless the case be very clear, withdraw from the bar to consider their verdict; and, in order to avoid intemperance and causeless delay,¹ are to be kept without meat, drink, fire, or candle, (unless by permission of the judge,) till they are unanimously agreed—a method of accelerating unanimity not wholly unknown in other constitutions of Europe, in matters of greater concern; for by the golden bull of the empire, if after the congress is opened, the electors delay the election of a king of the Romans for thirty days, they shall be fed only with bread and water till the same is accomplished: but if our jurors eat or drink at all, or have any eatables about them, without consent of the court, and before verdict, it is fineable. And it has been held, that if the jurors do not agree in their verdict before the judges are about to leave the town, though they are not to be threatened or imprisoned, the judges are not bound to wait for them; but may carry them round the circuit, from town to town, in a cart. This necessity of a total unanimity seems to be peculiar to our own constitution; or, at least, in the NEMBDA, or jury, of the ancient Goths, there was required (even in criminal cases) only the consent of the major part, and, in case of an equality, the defendant was held to be acquitted."

There cannot be a doubt of the unassailable accuracy of Hume's remark, that Trial by Jury is an institution admirable in itself, and the best calculated for the preservation of liberty and the administration of justice, that

¹ See a subsequent note.

ever was devised by the wit of man. The original plan of the structure is indeed admirable, but the design has been injured by union with incongruous additions.¹

It is not possible too much to uphold, too much to praise, the great fundamental principle, that no man shall be judged without a solemn trial by his peers. But when to this is added, that if these equals do not in a few moments agree to a verdict, they are to be shut up in a room without fire or candle, in utter darkness and numbing cold perchance, that they are deprived of food, and possibly left to famish, and that their verdict must be unanimous, we cannot help exclaiming, that if this be the utmost perfection that human reason can attain, then is human reason more lamentably deficient than the coldest philosophy ever yet dreamt of! But in the delirium of national vanity—and no nation suffers more from that malady than our own—we too often pride ourselves upon what in a healthy state of the public mind would at once be perceived to be defects requiring immediate attention and a speedy remedy.

But new views are opened to our eyes. Complaints are beginning to be made of the insufficiency of juries; an opinion is foolishly gaining ground, that in civil cases, a judge would give a more satisfactory decision; and the Court of Chancery is appealed to as a conclusive evidence of the fact! But this is hurrying from one extreme to the other. Defects, it is granted, exist in the machinery of juries, whereby the admirable manner, in which they might work, is in a degree countervailed: upon this admission an opinion is hastily formed and industriously propagated, that justice would be more securely, promptly, and cheaply obtained in civil cases by means of a judge, than through the intervention of any body of men in the shape of a jury. Thus with the precipitancy characteristic of English impatience, we would rashly destroy the machine, rather than submit to the labor of amending its defaults.

But allowing what indeed none will be hardy enough to deny, that trial by jury in criminal cases, particularly those of a political nature, is the bulwark of British liberty, is it not extreme folly to neglect improving such a defence? We seem morbidly jealous of the laws made by our semi-barbarous ancestors, though we hesitate not to alter and improve whatever else they have left us.

Judging from a prominent feature in our jury code,² it is reasonable to conclude, that a fact of singular importance in the history of man has hitherto remained a secret to writers on moral philosophy, and also to physiologists; this fact is, that a stomach diseased from emptiness is favorable to the discovery of truth. Among the other virtues of abstinence, Mr. Abernethy should enumerate this; and as a set-off against the disadvantages of high taxes, consequent poverty, and its usual result—an empty stomach, let it be mentioned, in praise of the latter, that it renders man more capable of distinguishing between right and wrong. So valuable an aid in the detection of falsehood, and the development of truth, ought not to be confined to juries alone; the members of both Houses of Parliament should benefit by it: they ought to be strictly forbidden every kind of refection while debating the great national questions which agitate those assemblies. All stoves, lamps, and candles should be utterly rejected as so many dire obstacles to virtuous resolve: the glowing warmth of patriotic feeling, and the brilliant lights left by our ancestors, ought to be enough to satisfy the wants of every noble-minded peer and honest representative, while assembled in their legislative capacities.

But, to be serious, it is well known that the mind and body exert a reciprocal influence over each other. It is also undeniable that a verdict can only be long delayed on account of some serious doubts in the

¹ Most probably by judges who abused their own power, certainly not by legislative enactment.

² Or rather what lawyers willed it to be, and made it.

breasts of part of the jury. Now to enable a juryman to fulfil his duty well in a case of difficulty, his intellectual powers should be active and vigorous, that he may weigh and decide upon the facts and arguments produced by either side. But what is the state of the mind, what power of discrimination does he possess, when suffering from sympathy with a frame exhausted by cold and hunger?

In an old book well-known to lawyers, containing dialogues between a doctor of divinity and a student of common law, wherein the doctor puts divers points of law to the student, and interrogates him as to how they may stand with conscience; and among them asks—(Cap. 52.)

“If one of the twelve men of an inquest know the very truth of his own knowledge, and instructeth his fellows thereof, and they will in no wise give credence to him, and thereupon, because meat and drink is prohibited them, he is driven to that point, that either he must assent to their verdict against his own knowledge, and against his own conscience, or die for lack of meat; how may the law then stand with conscience, that will drive an innocent man to that extremity that he be either forsworn or be famished, and die for want of meat?”

In answer to this, the student shows it to be unlikely that any judge would allow any juryman to perish: he however evades a conclusive reply by saying—“But what the justices ought to do in this case that thou hast put, in their discretion, I will not treat of at this time.” He might have said, “Nature is despotic, her will must be obeyed; and if it should become a question whether a stranger shall suffer from an unjust verdict, or a man’s self from a privation of what is essential to his being, the former will surely and necessarily be made the victim.”

We now arrive at the subject of the unanimity which is sought by the law, and to obtain which such serious privations are inflicted.

The unanimity of a jury must arise from one of the two following causes:—

1st. The facts being so clear, that the jury cannot but be of one mind.

2nd. Because the jury are compelled to agree by the law.

In the first case, it is perfectly clear that the verdict must necessarily be unanimous, let the law be what it may. Under such circumstances, it can produce no injurious effect to alter that law.

In the second case we actually drive those of the jury whose constitutions are least capable of resisting hunger, into the commission of the heinous crime of perjury! For each juryman swears to deliver a true verdict according to the evidence. Is it possible, after-ages will exclaim, that a law should have existed in the nineteenth century, which left, at the discretion of a judge, the power of leaving a man only the alternative of perishing here, or condemning his own soul hereafter! For if he who is sworn does not believe in an hereafter, the oath is useless; if he is strong in faith, he sentences himself.

It is very generally supposed, that if juries were not coerced, they would allow slight doubts to create such diversities of opinion, as would so retard their decision as to materially delay the course of justice. Indeed this is the great argument employed in defence of the present system; it will not however bear examination. When life, character, or property is at stake, every doubt ought to have its due weight; and let it always be borne in mind, that there is an oath solemnly taken, to deliver a true verdict; and is it not allowable to suppose, that this oath would be as binding, were the jury allowed the free use of their understandings in the unshackled declaration of their verdict?

But we are not driven to argue this point upon theoretical grounds, for practical examples are furnished by other countries. In Scotland, the jury consists of fifteen persons, and the verdict is that of the majority only. In France unanimity is not required. Yet it never has been objected that trials are more tedious, or expensive, or the verdicts less

satisfactory in those countries, than here. Indeed the fact is directly the reverse.

There is one circumstance which places the folly of exacting unanimity from a jury in a particularly strong light. When a case is left to the decision of the whole of such twelve men, they must coincide in opinion; but if the trial be stopped, and the very same case, supported by precisely the same evidence, be submitted to two only of the very same jury in the shape of an arbitration, these two need not agree, and in such case they are allowed to appoint an umpire. This is not indeed a circumstance of common occurrence; but it is enough for the present argument, that it has happened, and may happen again.

The requiring of twelve men to be all of one mind, being *primâ facie* so extraordinary, so singular an institution, it might be expected that the reasons in its favor would be striking, or at least obvious, when pointed out: so far, however, from this being the case, it requires some consideration, and no little ingenuity, to discover, or rather to guess at, the foundations of the usage. In criminal prosecutions, it may be grounded on compassion to the prisoner. In fact, the sole argument which bears the appearance of validity, applies to this class of cases: it being argued that when an individual is put on his trial for an offence which he must, if guilty, expiate by death, it is humane and just that, if the proofs be not so clear as to leave no doubt in the minds of all the twelve men, the accused should derive the full benefit of even one in his favor. But it is not mercy that dictated this; because when a question of law is referred to the twelve judges, upon whose decision the life of the prisoner in like manner depends, the same principles of humanity, or justice, are not allowed to prevail; *the opinion of the majority governs*. If, then, motives of humanity determined that the doubts of a single jurymen should save the accused, why should not the same principle have applied in the case of a single judge doubting whether the crime or fact came within the range of the law?

The matter of fact is often to be sought and extracted from perhaps intricate and discordant evidence, which, as different men have various degrees of penetration and discernment, will be discovered or reconciled by some, but not by others; nevertheless, the unfortunate jury must wind the labyrinth—they must become unanimous! When a point of law is to be determined by comparing adverse cases, it is referred to the twelve judges, men selected on account of their great legal knowledge and experience; they, however, need not necessarily reconcile any discrepancies, they are not required to agree in the judgment pronounced, for the majority binds the minority. Upon what ground is this wide and important difference of practice defended? Surely reason can furnish no argument; the only reply seems to be, *ita lex scripta est*; thus sayeth the law of the land! which is the cry of many a man who would be angry with another who expressed a doubt whether he possessed the powers of ratiocination!

It would appear that our judges are far too reasonable to permit their judgments to be shackled by the monstrous conditions which fetter the verdict of our juries.

Barrington, in his curious work on ancient statutes, is of opinion, that with respect to civil cases, the reason might possibly have arisen from *attaints* being frequently brought in ancient times against juries; and, as the whole jury were subject to the punishment, it was reasonable that each jurymen should have a power of dissenting, so as not to be bound by the opinion of the others. Or, as the same author thinks, another cause might be assigned—namely, the unwillingness of the jury that the individuals composing it should be obnoxious to the crown, or the parties to the suit, which they might become if their opinions were separately known; whereas when the verdict was unanimous,

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges.

But even in criminal cases the law is strangely inconsistent. Thus, previously to bringing a prosecution before a common jury, the prosecutor states his case, which he supports by witnesses, before a grand jury consisting of from twelve to twenty-three persons. These hear his statements, and his only, but are not required to be unanimous: to find a true bill, only twelve of the twenty-three need agree; thus giving a majority of one. But when the case is heard in court by the petty jury, and the statement and the witnesses of the accused are also heard—when the prosecutor's witnesses are cross-examined, his facts controverted, and practised advocates exert their utmost skill to perplex the jury—when there may be much conflicting evidence, and the judge nevertheless leaves the matter entirely to them—then it is expected that a verdict shall be delivered in which all the jurors must concur!

In short, the naked truth is, that the law demanding unanimity was accidental in its origin, has been sanctioned by custom, and now defended on some mistaken theory, or Utopian principle; and can never be supposed to have resulted from the grave deliberations of the learned portion of the most thinking people upon earth, as we sometimes style ourselves. It is a capital, a glaring and a mischievous absurdity "totally repugnant," says the learned annotator on Blackstone, "to all experience of human conduct, passions, and understandings."

If there be any thing magical in this unanimity—if it be essential to the due administration of justice, the discovery of truth, or the protection of liberty, what can be said in defence of the practice pursued in the very highest court in the kingdom? When a peer is tried by the House of Lords, that body need not agree; a majority of twelve on either side being sufficient to acquit or condemn.

If to protect innocence or detect guilt in a court of common law, the concurrence of every one of the twelve jurymen be indispensable, then how unhappy are the innocent, and how fortunate the guilty, who are tried by a court martial, where neither unanimity nor the number twelve are required, or even contemplated.

It appears to be a lamentable truth, that though we precede all nations in mechanical improvements, we have been in the rear of all intellectual advances for several hundred years. We were the last of civilised Europe to adopt the Julian Calendar; we have but very lately admitted uniformity in our weights and measures; and we still retain unanimity in juries, though it has been exploded in Scotland and in France.

Its antiquity has been urged in its defence. True it is, that the custom is of long standing; but if age is any recommendation in such a case, the barbarous trial by ordeal has a still stronger claim, as an elder mischief.

It is doubtful when trial by jury was first introduced, or from what nation it was borrowed; but this much is perfectly clear, that unanimity was not required in any other country, which renders the singularity of our law the more apparent. Moreover, the present system was not established even so late as the reign of Henry III., for in the Chronicle of Fabian is a detail of a claim, by some citizens of London, to certain privileges from that monarch, and, amongst others, that, for a trespass against the king, a citizen should be tried by twelve of his fellow-citizens; for murder, by *thirty*; and for trespass against a stranger, by the oath of *six* citizens and himself.

It appears most clearly from Bracton, that, in his time, unanimity was not necessary, at least not from the first twelve who were impannelled, but merely, that out of the jury twelve must be of one opinion. He says, it often happens that the jurymen differ among themselves in stating the truth, (i. e. in the verdict,) so that they cannot give one opinion; in which case, at the discretion of the court, the number of jurors shall be increased, so that others may be added to the number of those who dissent, from (at least) four or six—and others may be still added. And

this continued to be law when the author of *Fleta* wrote; but he goes on to say, that, instead of adding to the number of jurors, those impannelled may be compelled to agree, as the sheriff may keep them without food or drink till they do become unanimous.

Though the origin of juries is concealed in the dark and almost impenetrable obscurity of very remote periods, yet it thus becomes all but certain, that many more than twelve might have constituted a jury, and that it was not necessary for each man to concur in the verdict delivered, it being only required that twelve of the number should agree in opinion. Instances of this actually exist at present—in the House of Lords as a tribunal for the trial of a peer; the Court of the Lord High Steward for the same purpose; grand juries; and coroner's juries. But when, in course of time, it came to pass that, for the sake of convenience, only twelve men were summoned, still the original rule, requiring that number to agree, was adhered to. And thus the present customs have gradually been introduced—customs, whose existence is not only derogatory to human reason in its improved and improving state; but which must inevitably give rise to deliberate and daily perjury, unless, indeed, there be some mysterious influence in the nature of the jury-box, which, like the tripod of the Pythoness, inspires with a kind of omniscience; or unless the constitution of the human mind essentially differs in the citizen when possessed of fit and proper liberty, and the citizen when interdicted the use of light, warmth, and food.

A TEMPLAR.

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.—The parsimonious habits of a late distinguished admiral have frequently afforded subject for merriment afloat. The story of "Poor Piggy must die," is well known in the navy, and may here serve to identify the name of the departed chief.

In "taking care of Number one," Sir John was *unique*; and, in the practice of domestic economy, Lady Eldon herself might not have despised the veteran's tuition.

Wherever he was employed as port-admiral, a portion of the flag-ship's crew was daily despatched with the dawn to milk the cows, "start the pigs,"¹ and stuff the turkeys. The bravest on board were converted into cowherds; and there was hardly a boy on the "books" who had not undertaken the duty of dog; or who had not, at some period of the day, "looked sheepish" in watching the admiral's flock. Sentinels selected from the after-guard and waist had to keep the cows in clover, and a "bright look out" that bipeds did not trample on the grass, or in any way permit the cattle to be "disturbed at their meals."

It once happened that an Irish waister had been personally directed by the admiral to enforce his commands, "that no person whatever should walk upon the grass, and that *nothing* but cows should be seen upon the lawn."

¹ The late Surgeon Wadd observes in his *Comments on Corpulency and Leanness*, that "among the most singular propositions for fattening the person, that our inquiries have furnished us with, that of *flagellation* is the most whimsical." In the *Artificial Changeling* we read, that the Magones were wont to adopt this practice, to make their bodies more *fat* for sale!

A lady in full feather approached the sentinel on the sward—

“Keep aff there,” cried Pat; “keep aff.”

“Pray, sir,” exclaimed the mortified dame, “do you know who I am?”

“Saurrah—know,” rejoined Pat.

“Not know *me*, sir?”

“The divil a-know.”

“Not the admiral’s *wife*, sir?”

“Not *I*—all I know is, you’re not one of the admiral’s *cows*!”

GOOD PILOTAGE.—Nothing is more amusing than the alacrity of Irishmen in getting into scrapes, and the happy *naïveté* and blunders by means of which they endeavour to extricate themselves.

A captain of a man-of-war, newly appointed to a ship on the Irish station, took the precaution, in “beating out” of harbour, to apprise the pilot that he was totally unacquainted with the coast, and therefore he must rely entirely on the pilot’s local knowledge for the safety of his ship.

“You are perfectly sure, pilot,” said the captain, “you are well acquainted with the coast?”

“Do I know my own name, Sir?”

“Well, mind I warn you not to approach too near to the shore.”

“Now make yourself *asy*, Sir; in troth you may go to bed if you plase.”

“Then, shall we stand on?”

“Why,—what else would we do?”

“Yes, but there *may* be hidden dangers, which you know nothing about.”

“Dangers?—I like to see the dangers *dar* hide themselves from Mick,—Sure, don’t I tell you I know every rock on the coast;” (*here the ship strikes*) “and *that’s* one of ’em!”

W. N. G.

1831.

In ancient Rome, when liberty was lost,
And was to be regain’d at any cost,
A bold conspiracy was ably hatch’d
By men, in this reforming age unmatch’d.
Brutus and Cassius for Rome conspired,
And when the former struck, Cæsar expired.
But now, in more refined and stirring times,
Fraught with the wealth and arts of distant climes,
Brutus with Cæsar joins, for Rights and Laws,
We say, Amen! the Gods adopt THE CAUSE.

THE LATE MR. ABERNETHY.

THE influence which the name of Abernethy has with the public at large, is such as to have always created an eagerness to know what he ate and drank himself, and what he generally recommended, as if all classes of persons, all modes of life, and all constitutions required to be nourished upon the same plan. The absurdity of this notion has been well pointed out by Dr. Paris in his *Treatise upon Diet*, in which this learned physician accommodates his precepts to individual circumstances, without laying down a general rule. The public are apt to run after systems of diet as they do after *cures*, and religiously abstain from proscribed dishes and drinks, or adhere tenaciously to such as have received the stamp of approbation from some distinguished medical writer; so that any great medical authority may find it as easy to expel a certain article of diet from common use, or introduce another, as Swift did, by virtue of his name, to persuade the people that an expected eclipse of the moon was put off by order of the Dean of St. Patrick! We know an instance of Christmas turkeys and sausages having been peremptorily forbidden to enter the house again after the appearance of Sir Anthony Carlisle's imbecile book upon diet and old age; and the savory little side-dish of minced veal, long a favorite with the lady of the house, was ordered to be discontinued, until the period arrived when she had no teeth to masticate more solid substances. At this moment the public are deceived by supposing that a certain biscuit, abhorrent to *our* olfactory and gustatory senses, was the favorite breakfast and luncheon of Mr. Abernethy, whose name it bears, because the honest baker who invented it was called Abernethy, as many of our northern neighbors are. We venture to affirm, no such *trash* ever entered the worthy professor's stomach, and we know that what are called *tops and bottoms* were his choice, sometimes soaked in tea or eaten dry. Those therefore who have eaten 'Abernethy biscuits' more upon principle than inclination, had better follow the example of a good old lady of our acquaintance who took a year or two's supply of 'Scott's Pills' over again, because during that period she discovered, from the result of an action at law, that she had been taking not the *real* 'Scott's Pills,' but sundry boxes-full of a forged and spurious source of digestion in imitation of the true Scott. The fact is, that Mr. Abernethy was a man of common sense, with all his eccentricities and enthusiasm when upon his *hobby*, and usually fed like other people, though perhaps a little more cautiously than the generality. He used to enforce his precepts for the benefit of those who were invalids, and such as exceeded in diet, and pointed out that which we all must acknowledge to be true, that the indulgence in luxurious living is a common vice, leads to disorders of health, and tends more or less to shorten the duration of human life.

Few persons in the history of modern medicine have enjoyed so widely spread a reputation as the subject of this brief memoir. In his own profession as a surgeon, he was estimated most highly, on account of his long and ardent devotion to his art, which he strove to improve wherever doubts and difficulties offered themselves. His views of surgery were perfectly philosophical, although marked by a charac-

ter which seemed to waver between evidences of great genius and eccentricity, almost amounting at times to a manner bordering upon a minor degree of mental insanity. Great, however, as was his enthusiasm upon his favorite topics, he was in reality a safe and judicious practitioner, whenever his mind could be brought to bear upon a case. His practice was never characterised by rashness of treatment, or experimental resources, but it was too frequently, perhaps, prejudiced by one prevailing theory. This theory he adopted by a constant habit of referring disorders to some constitutional derangement, arising from impaired or vitiated digestion; and the manner in which he sometimes sought to relieve a local affection, by attacking the bowels, gave a ludicrous air to his practice, and frequently impressed the patient with a want of confidence in his skill and knowledge.

As a physiologist, his views of life were rational and philosophical. He was a great admirer of John Hunter, and opposed every effort that was attempted to establish those doctrines of materialism which emanated from the French school of the last century.

Mr. Abernethy was one of the best examples of the absurdity of separating the practice of surgery from physic by any determinate bounds. He showed in his different publications that the limits of surgery were not confined to the external parts of the body, and that when these were affected, the constitution suffered more or less either in cause or effect. He showed that while the eye of the surgeon was upon the local disease, it must also be directed generally to the whole internal system.

As a lecturer in anatomy and surgery, Mr. Abernethy was interesting, instructive, clear, and amusing, but never eloquent. His manner was peculiar, abrupt, and conversational; and often when he indulged in episodes and anecdotes, he convulsed his class with laughter, especially when he used to enforce his descriptions by earnest gesticulation. Frequently while lecturing, he would descend from his high stool, on which he sat with his legs dangling like a child, to exhibit to his class some peculiar attitudes and movements illustrative of the results of different casualties and disorders; so that a stranger coming in, unacquainted with the lecturer's topics, might easily have supposed him to be an actor entertaining his audience with a monologue after the manner of Mathews or Yates. This disposition indeed gave rise to a joke among his pupils of '*Abernethy at Home*,' whenever he lectured upon any special subject. In relating a case, he was seen at times to be quite fatigued with the contortions into which he threw his body and limbs; and the stories he would tell of his consultations, with the dialogue between his patient and himself, were theatrical and comic to the greatest degree.

At one period of his popularity and zenith as a lecturer upon the subject of the disorders of health, his pupils regarded his doctrines with such devotion as implicitly to practice the precepts they contained with respect to rigid abstinence in diet. And when *blue pill* was sure to be referred to in every lecture, and in every case, the pupils were known to carry it about them, spread it upon bread instead of butter, smear their tongues with it, or swallow a pill occasionally.

In his own adoption of the system he recommended, he at one time

was very rigid, and has been known to go home to dinner about eleven or twelve o'clock; and a friend, calling upon him after he had dined, once found him extended upon the rug before the fire, rolling himself backwards and forwards to promote digestion. He was also once met pacing up and down the street without any apparent object, which he explained by saying, that he he was endeavouring to get rid of his *irritability*. This term did not refer to that moral state of the mind which we consider as commonly belonging to temper, but arose from a theory he entertained relative to *muscular irritability*, which he supposed either to be in excess or otherwise, as bodies become positively or negatively electrified; and he considered that repose could not be enjoyed until the irritability was exhausted or diminished by bodily exercise—an universal sensation thus philosophically explained.

Mr. Abernethy however, although amiable and good-natured, with strong feelings, possessed an irritable temper, which made him very petulant and impatient at times with his patients and medical men who applied to him for his opinion and advice on cases. When one of the latter asked him once whether he did not think that some plan which he suggested would answer, the only reply he could obtain was, "Aye, aye, put a little salt on a bird's tail and you'll be sure to catch him." When consulted on a case by the ordinary medical attendant he would frequently pace the room to and fro with his hands in his breeches' pockets, and *whistle* all the time, and not say a word, but to tell the practitioner to go home and read his book. "*Read my book*" was a very frequent reply to his patients also, and he could seldom be prevailed upon to prescribe or give an opinion if the case was one which appeared to depend upon improper dieting. A country farmer of immense weight came from a distance to consult him, and having given an account of his daily meals, which showed no small degree of addiction to animal food, Mr. Abernethy said, "Go away, Sir, I won't attempt to prescribe for such a *hog*."

He was particular in not being disturbed during meals; and a gentleman having called after dinner, he went into the passage, put his hands upon the gentleman's shoulders, and turned him out of doors. He would never permit his patients to talk to him much, and often not at all; and he desired them to hold their tongues and listen to him, while he gave a sort of clinical lecture upon the subject of the consultation. A loquacious lady having called to consult him, he could not succeed in silencing her without resorting to the following expedient: "Put out your tongue, Madam." The lady complied.—"Now keep it there till *I* have done talking." Another lady brought her daughter to him one day, but he refused to hear her or to prescribe, advising her to make the girl take exercise. When the guinea was put into his hand, he recalled the mother and said, "Here, take the shilling back, and buy a *skipping-rope* for your daughter as you go along." He kept his pills in a bag, and used to dole them out to his patients, and on doing so to a lady who stepped out of a coronetted carriage to consult him, she declared they made her sick, and she could never take a pill. "Not take a pill! what a *fool* you must be," was the courteous and conciliatory reply to the countess. When the late Duke of York consulted him, he stood whistling with his hands in his pockets, and the Duke said, "I sup-

pose you know who I am." The uncourtly reply was, "Suppose I do—what of that?" His pithy advice was, "Cut off the *supplies*, as the Duke of Wellington did in his campaigns, and the enemy will leave the citadel." When he was consulted for lameness following disease or accidents, he seldom either listened to the patient or made any inquiries, but would walk about the room imitating the gait peculiar to different injuries, for the general instruction of the patient. A gentleman consulted him for an ulcerated throat, and, on asking him to look into it, he swore at him, and demanded how he dared to suppose that he would allow him to blow his stinking foul breath in his face! A gentleman who could not succeed in making Mr. Abernethy listen to a narration of his case, and having had a violent altercation with him on the subject, called next day, and, as soon as he was admitted, he locked the door and put the key into his pocket, and took out a loaded pistol. The professor, alarmed, asked if he meant to rob or murder him. The patient, however, said he merely wished him to listen to his case, which he had better submit to, or he would keep him a prisoner till he chose to relent. The patient and the surgeon afterwards became most friendly towards each other, although a great many oaths passed before peace was established between them.

This eccentricity of manner lasted through life, and lost Mr. Abernethy several thousands a year perhaps. But those who knew him were fully aware that it was characteristic of a little impatient feeling, which only required management; and the apothecaries, who took patients to consult him, were in the habit of cautioning them against telling long stories of their complaints. An old lady, who was naturally inclined to be prosy, once sent for him, and began by saying that her complaints commenced when she was *three years old*, and wished him to listen to the detail of them from that early period. The professor, however, rose abruptly and left the house, telling the old lady to read his book—page so and so, and there she would find directions for old ladies to manage their health.

It must be confessed, Mr. Abernethy, although a gentleman in appearance, manner, and education, sometimes wanted that courtesy and worldly deportment which is considered so essential to the medical practitioner. He possessed none of the "*suaviter in modo*," but much of the eccentricity of a man of genius, which he undoubtedly was. His writings must always be read by the profession to which he belonged, with advantage; although, in his great work upon his *hobby*, his theory is perhaps pushed to a greater extent than is admissible in practice. His rules for dieting and general living should be read universally; for they are assuredly calculated to prolong life and secure health, although few perhaps would be disposed to comply with them rigidly. When some one observed to Mr. Abernethy himself that he appeared to live much like other people, and by no means to be bound by his own rules,—the professor replied, that he wished to act according to his own precepts, but he had "*such a devil of an appetite*," that he could not do so.

Mr. Abernethy had a great aversion to any hint being thrown out that he *cured* a patient of complaint. Whenever an observation to this effect was made, he would say, "I never cured any body." The meaning of this is perfectly obvious. His system was extremely

wise and rational, although, as he expressed himself to ignorant persons, it was not calculated to excite confidence. He despised all the humbug of the profession, and its arts to deceive and mislead patients and their friends, and always told the plain truth without reserve. He knew that the term *cure* is inapplicable, and only fit to be used by quacks, who gain their livelihood by what they call cures, which they promise the patient to effect. Mr. Abernethy felt that nature was only to be *seconded* in her efforts, by an art which is derived from scientific principles and knowledge, and that it is not the physician or surgeon who cures, but *nature*, whom the practitioner assists by art. Weak-minded persons are apt to run after cures, and thus nostrums and quacks are in vogue, as if the living human system was as immutable in its properties as a piece of machinery, and could be remedied when it went wrong as the watchmaker repairs the watch with certainty, or the coachmaker mends the coach. No one appreciated more highly the value of medicine as a science than Mr. Abernethy, but he knew that it depended upon observation and a deep knowledge of the laws and phenomena of vital action, and that it was not a mere affair of guess and hazard in its application, nor of a certain tendency as to its effects.

This disposition of mind led the philosopher to disregard prescribing for his patients frequently, as he had less faith in the prescription than in the general system to be adopted by the patient in his habits and diet. He has been known accordingly, when asked if he did not intend to prescribe, to disappoint the patient by saying, "Oh, if you *wish* it, I'll prescribe for you, certainly." Instead of asking a number of questions as to symptoms, &c. he usually contented himself with a general dissertation, or lecture and advice as to the management of the constitution, to which local treatment was always a secondary consideration with him altogether. When patients related long accounts of their sufferings, and expected the healing remedy perhaps, without contemplating any personal sacrifices of their indulgences, or alteration of favorite habits, he often cut short their narratives by putting his fore-finger on the pit of their stomachs, and observing, "It's all *there*, Sir;" and the never-failing pill and draught, with rigid restrictions as to diet, and injunctions as to exercise, invariably followed, although perhaps rarely attended to; for persons in general would rather submit to even nauseous medicine than abandon sensual gratifications, or diminish their worldly pleasures and pursuits.

Mr. Abernethy's great example, which he delighted to quote and enforce, was the celebrated Venetian nobleman, Cornaro, who, at forty years of age, being emaciated and enfeebled by luxurious living, changed his constitution, from adopting measured abstinence, in such a manner as to live in health and vigor to somewhere above ninety, declaring constantly that old age was the happiest period of life. Hence our philosopher's book upon the disorders of health is really valuable, although his maxims and precepts are too rigid perhaps for flesh-loving sinners, who enjoy mental and bodily strength, and thus yield fearlessly and unconscious of danger to the temptations which surround them.

LINES ON THE VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

HAIL to thy face and odors, glorious Sea!
 'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
 Great beauteous Being! in whose breath and smile
 My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
 Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
 Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world!
 Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
 To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.
 E'en gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes
 With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
 And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
 Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song
 For these wild headlands and the sea-mew's clang—

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea,
 I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades
 And green savannahs—Earth has not a plain
 So boundless or so beautiful as thine;
 The eagle's vision cannot take it in.
 The lightning's wing too weak to sweep its space
 Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird.
 It is the mirror of the stars, where all
 Their hosts within the concave firmament,
 Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
 Can see themselves at once—

Nor on the stage
 Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
 Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
 How vividly this moment brightens forth,
 Between grey parallel and leaden breadths,
 A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
 Flush'd like the rainbow, or the ringdove's neck,
 And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
 The semblance of a meteor—

Mighty Sea!
 Cameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
 In all thy change, and constant sympathy
 With yonder Sky—thy Mistress; from her brow
 Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colors on
 Thy faithful bosom; morning's milky white,
 Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve;
 And all thy balmier hours' fair Element,
 Have such divine complexion—crisp'd smiles,
 Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,
 That little is the wonder Love's own Queen
 From thee of old was fabled to have sprung—

Creation's common! which no human power
 Can parcel or inclose; the lordliest floods
 And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
 Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
 To thee that couldst subdue the Earth itself,
 And brook'st commandment from the Heavens alone
 For marshalling thy waves—

Yet, potent Sea!

How placidly thy moist lips speak e'en now
 Along yon sparkling shingles. Who can be
 So fanciless as to feel no gratitude
 That power and grandeur can be so serene,
 Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
 And rocking even the fisher's little bark
 As gently as a mother rocks her child?—

The inhabitants of other worlds behold
 Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
 On earth's rotundity; and is he not
 A blind worm in the dust, great Deep, the man
 Who sees not or who seeing has no joy
 In thy magnificence? What though thou art
 Unconscious and material, thou canst reach
 The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
 And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
 To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre!

The Spirit of the Universe in thee
 Is visible; thou hast in thee the life—
 The eternal, graceful, and majestic life—
 Of nature, and the natural human heart
 Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.

Earth has her gorgeous towns; the earth-circling sea
 Has spires and mansions more amusive still—
 Men's volant homes that measure liquid space
 On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land
 With pain'd and panting steeds and clouds of dust
 Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
 Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
 Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day,
 Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the night,
 Moor'd as they cast the shadows of their masts
 In long array, or hither flit and yond
 Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
 Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.
 There is a magnet-like attraction in
 These waters to the imaginative power,
 That links the viewless with the visible,
 And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond

Yon highway of the world my fancy flies,
When by her tall and triple mast we know
Some noble voyager that has to woo
The trade-winds and to stem the ecliptic surge.
The coral groves—the shores of conch and pearl,
Where she will cast her anchor and reflect
Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,
And under planets brighter than our own :
The nights of palmy isles, that she will see
Lit boundless by the fire-fly—all the smells
Of tropic fruits that will regale her—all
The pomp of nature, and the inspiring
Varieties of life she has to greet,
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.

True, to the dream of Fancy, Ocean has
His darker hints ; but where's the element
That chequers not its usefulness to man
With casual terror. Scathes not Earth sometimes
Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
Their shrieking cities, and, with one last clang
Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
As riddled ashes—silent as the grave ;
Walks not Contagion on the Air itself ?
I should—old Ocean's Saturnalian days
And roaring nights of revelry and sport
With wreck and human woe—be loth to sing ;
For they are few and all their ills weigh light
Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
Our pensile globe revolve in purer air.
Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
Their fresh'ning dews, gay fluttering breezes cool
Their wings to fan the brow of fever'd climes,
And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was
Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence—and he will be beautiful
When all the living world that sees him now
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throb
In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast,
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
In thund'ring concert with the quiring winds ;
But long as Man to parent Nature owns
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA !

A RETROSPECT OF LITERATURE,

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE TWELFTH CENTURY OF THE
CHRISTIAN ERA.

NO. I.

Read before the ROYAL INSTITUTION, Albemarle Street, May 29th, 1830, and before
the LONDON INSTITUTION, Finsbury Circus, May 12th, 1831.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

AN eloquent, but extravagant, writer has hazarded the assertion, that "words are the only things that last for ever."¹ Nor is this merely a splendid saying, or a startling paradox, that may be qualified by explanation into common place; but with respect to man and his works on earth, it is literally true. Temples and palaces, amphitheatres and catacombs—monuments of power, and magnificence, and skill, to perpetuate the memory, and preserve even the ashes of those who lived in past ages—must, in the revolutions of mundane events, not only perish themselves by violence or decay, but the very dust in which they perished be so scattered, as to leave no trace of their material existence behind. There is no security beyond the passing moment for the most permanent, or the most precious of these; they are as much in jeopardy as ever, after having escaped the changes and chances of thousands of years. An earthquake may suddenly ingulph the pyramids of Egypt, and leave the sand of the Desert as blank as the tide would have left it on the sea-shore. A hammer in the hand of an idiot may break to pieces the Apollo Belvedere, or the Venus de Medici, which are scarcely less worshipped as miracles of art in our day, than they were by idolaters of old as representatives of deities.

Looking abroad over the whole world, after the lapse of nearly six thousand years, what have we of the past but the words in which its history is recorded? What beside a few mouldering and brittle ruins, which time is imperceptibly touching down into dust,—what, beside these, remains of the glory, the grandeur, the intelligence, the supremacy of the Grecian republics, or the empire of Rome? Nothing but the words of poets, historians, philosophers, and orators, who being dead yet speak, and in their immortal works still maintain their ascendancy over inferior minds through all posterity. And these intellectual sovereigns not only "rule our spirits from their urns" by the power of their thoughts, but their very voices are heard by our living ears in the accents of their mother-tongues. The beauty, the eloquence, and art of these collocations of sounds and syllables, the learned alone can appreciate, and that only (in some cases) after long, intense, and laborious investigation; but as thought can be made to transmigrate from one body of words into another, even through all the languages of the earth, without losing what may be called its personal identity,—the great minds of antiquity continue to hold their ascendancy over the opinions, manners, characters, institutions, and events of all ages and nations, through which their posthumous compositions have found way, and been made

¹ The late Mr. William Hazlitt.

the earliest subjects of study, the highest standards of morals, and the most perfect examples of taste, to the master-minds in every state of civilised society. In this respect, the "words" of inspired prophets and apostles among the Jews, and those of gifted writers among the ancient Gentiles, may truly be said to "last for ever."

Words are the vehicles by which thought is made visible to the eye, audible to the ear, and intelligible to the mind of another; they are the palpable forms of ideas, without which these would be intangible as the spirit that conceives, or the breath that would utter them. And of such influence is speech or writing, as the conductor of thought, that, though all words do not "last for ever," and it is well for the peace of the world, and the happiness of individuals that they do not,—yet even here every word has its date and its effect; so that with the tongue or the pen we are continually doing good or evil to ourselves or our neighbours. On a single phrase expressed in anger or affection, in levity or seriousness, the whole progress of a human spirit through life—perhaps even to eternity—may be changed from the direction which it was pursuing, whether right or wrong. For in nothing is the power and indestructibility of words more signally exemplified than in small compositions, such as stories, essays, parables, songs, proverbs, and all the minor and more exquisite forms of composition. It is a fact, not obvious perhaps, but capable of perfect proof, that knowledge, in all eras which have been distinguished as enlightened, has been propagated more by tracts than by volumes. We need but appeal, in evidence of this, to the state of learning in our own land at the present day, when all classes of people are more or less instructed. On this point I shall have a future opportunity of expatiating, and shall therefore, at present, offer only two examples of the permanency of words, involving sacred or important truth, of equal value and application, in all periods and countries, and among all people to whom they may be delivered.

In the youth of the Roman Commonwealth, during a quarrel between the patricians and plebeians, when the latter had separated themselves from the former, on the plea that they would no longer labor to maintain the unproductive class in indolent luxury, Mene-nius Agrippa, by the well-known fable of a schism in the human body, in which the limbs mutinied against the stomach, brought the seceders to a sense of their duty and interest, and reconciled a feud, which, had it been further inflamed, might have destroyed the state and turned the history of the world itself thenceforward into an entirely new channel, by interrupting the tide of events which were carrying Rome to the summit of dominion. The lesson which that sagacious patriot taught to his countrymen and contemporaries, he taught to all generations to come. His fable has already, by more than a thousand years, survived the empire which it rescued from premature destruction.

The other instance of a small form of words, in which dwells not an immortal only, but a divine spirit, is that prayer which our Saviour taught his disciples. How many millions and millions of times has that prayer been preferred by Christians of all denominations! So wide indeed is the sound thereof gone forth, that daily and almost

without intermission, from the ends of the earth, and afar off upon the sea, it is ascending to Heaven like incense and a pure offering: nor needs it the gift of prophecy to foretell, that though "Heaven and earth shall pass away," these words of our blessed Lord "shall not pass away," till every petition in it shall be answered, till the kingdom of God shall come, and his will be done in earth as it is in heaven.

We now proceed to the immediate purpose of these papers, to take a brief and necessarily imperfect, but perhaps not altogether uninteresting, retrospect of the history of literature, from the earliest data to the period immediately preceding the revival of letters in modern Europe. I must premise, that the method of handling such an argument in so small a compass, can scarcely be otherwise than discursive and miscellaneous.

Literature, as a general name for learning, equally includes the liberal arts, and the useful and abstruse sciences. Philosophy, in this acceptance of the word, is a branch of literature. But literature, in its peculiar sense as distinct from philosophy, may be regarded as the expression of every fixed form of thought, whether by speech or writing. Literature in this view will embrace poetry, eloquence, history, romance, didactics, and indeed every kind of verbal composition, whatever be the subject: all books, in reference to their execution, are literary works; and so are the songs and traditions of barbarians, among whom letters are unknown; the latter, not less than the former, being vehicles for communicating premeditated thought in set terms.

Of literature thus defined, there are two species, verse and prose: and the first takes precedence of the second; for though the structure of ordinary discourse be prose, the earliest artificial compositions, in all languages, have assumed the form of verse; because, as the subjects were intended to be emphatically impressed upon the mind, and distinctly retained in the memory,—point, condensation, or ornament of diction, combined with harmony of rhythm, arising from quantity, accent, or merely corresponding divisions of sentences, were the obvious and elegant means of accomplishing these purposes.

The most ancient specimen of oral literature on record, we find in the oldest book—which is itself the most ancient specimen of *written* literature. This is the speech of Lamech to his two wives, (in the fourth chapter of Genesis,) which, though consisting of six hemistichs only, nevertheless exemplifies all the peculiarities of Hebrew verse—*parallelism*, *amplification*, and *antithesis*. The passage is exceedingly obscure, and I shall not attempt to interpret it: the mere collocation of words, as they stand in the authorised English Bible, will answer our present purpose:—

Adah and Zillah! hear my voice;

Ye wives of Lamech! hearken unto my speech.

This is a parallelism, the meaning of both lines being synonymous, though the phraseology is varied, and the two limbs of each correspond to each other:—

Adah and Zillah!

hear my voice;

Ye wives of Lamech, | hearken unto my speech.

For I have slain a man to my wounding,
And a young man to my hurt.

Here is amplification ;—concerning the man slain in the first clause, we have the additional information in the second, that he was “ a young man.”

If Cain shall be avenged seven fold,
Truly Lamech seventy and seven fold.

The antithesis in this couplet consists not in contrariety, but in aggravation of the opposing terms—sevenfold contrasted with seventy and sevenfold.

The context of this passage has a peculiar interest, at this time, when the proscription of everlasting ignorance is taken off from the multitude, and knowledge is become as much the birthright of the people of Britain as liberty. This Lamech, who, if not the inventor of poesy, was one of the earliest of poets, had three sons ; of whom, Jabal, the father of such as dwell in tents, followed agriculture ; Jubal, the father of all such as handle the harp and organ, cultivated music ; while Tubal-Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron, practised handicraft. Thus, in the seventh generation of man, in one family we find poetry, music, agriculture, and the mechanical arts. Hence literature, which is connected with the two first, is not inconsistent with the pursuits of the two latter. There are two traditions respecting the second and third of these brethren, each of which may, without impropriety, be introduced here. Of Tubal-Cain, it is said, to borrow the homely verse of Sylvester's *Du Bartas* ;

While through a forest Tubal, with his yew
And ready quiver, did a boar pursue,
A burning mountain, from his fiery vein,
An iron river rolls along the plain :
The wily huntsman, musing, thither hies,
And of the wonder deeply 'gan devise :
And first perceiving, that this scalding metal,
Becoming cold, in many shapes would settle,
And grow so hard, that, with his sharpen'd side,
The firmest substance it would soon divide ;
He casts a hundred plots, and ere he parts,
He moulds the groundwork of a hundred arts.

There is a classical tradition of the discovery of iron, by a volcanic eruption of Mount Ida, so nearly allied to this, that it may be concluded the one was borrowed from the other ; or, if both had a common origin, the coincidence would almost stamp the authenticity of the fact itself.

Jubal, on the other hand, is reported to have found the upper shell of a tortoise, in which, though the flesh of the animal had perished, the integuments remained. These at his touch trembled into music, giving forth sounds, which suggested the idea of a stringed instrument. He mused awhile, then set his fingers to work, and forthwith came the harp out of his hands. This invention has also been celebrated in British verse, but of a higher mood than the strain already quoted :—

When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,

And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound ;
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.—*DRYDEN.*

To return to the general subject—The hemistichs of Lamech, on which we have commented, are only verse in form ; neither the voice nor the soul of poetry are there. The next specimen which occurs in Sacred Writ, are the words of Noah, when he awoke from his wine, and knew what his children had respectively done unto him.

Cursed be Canaan ;
 A servant of servants shall he be to his brethren :
 Blessed be the Lord God of Shem ;
 And Canaan shall be *his* servant :
 God shall enlarge Japhet,
 And he shall dwell in the tents of Shem,
 And Canaan shall be *his* servant.

This quotation, in the closing triplet, rises into genuine poetry, by the introduction of a fine pastoral metaphor illustrative of the manner of living among the ancient patriarchs :

God shall enlarge Japhet,
 And he shall dwell in the tents of Shem.

But these lines are more striking, as exhibiting the first example of the union of poesy and prophecy, for in those primitive days

———— the sacred name
 Of prophet and of poet were the same.—*COWPER.*

I have passed over the reputed prophecies of Enoch before the flood, because, though we have a quotation from them in the Epistle of St. Jude, the original language, in which they were uttered, is either itself extinct, or, if it were the Hebrew, has lost the words that embodied them. It may be observed, however, that the translated extract in the Greek Testament bears tokens of the original having been rhythmical, which is specially indicated by the use of one emphatical word four times in as many lines—a pleonasm that would hardly have occurred in prose composition, even in the age of Adam, but might be gracefully adapted to the cadence and character of the most ancient mode of verse.

Isaac's benedictions on Esau and Jacob are at least presumptive evidence of the advanced state of oral literature (for writing was probably not yet invented) in his age. The critics, I believe, do not allow the language to have the decided marks of Hebrew rhythm. If so, the passage may be, without hesitation, set down as the oldest specimen of *prose* in the world.

Of the words of dying Jacob, however, there is no question, that the structure of them is verse, and the substance of them, at once poetry and prophecy of the highest order. It might seem from the power of the sentiments and the brilliancy of the illustrations, as though the patriarch on his dying couch, surrounded by his mourning family, were again caught up into the visions of God—as when in his

youth he lay alone on the earth, in the wilderness, and saw the angels of God ascending and descending upon a ladder, that reached from his stone pillow into the heavens; for here, in his last accents, it is even as if he had learned the language, and spake with the tongues of angels,—so fervent, pure, and abundant in wisdom and grace, are the words of his lips, and the aspirations of his heart. One extract will suffice:—

“Judah is a lion’s whelp; from the prey, my son, thou art gone up: he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion; who shall rouse him up?”

“The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from before him, until Shiloh come; and to him shall the gathering of the people be.

“Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass’s colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes with the blood of grapes.

“His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk.”

The whole of this imagery might be engraven in hieroglyphics; but not one of the sister-arts alone can do it justice, for it combines the excellencies of all three,—picture to the eye, music to the ear, poetry to the mind.

The death of Jacob brings us to the year 2315 from the creation, and consequently includes the earliest era in profane history, of which any authentic records remain concerning those celebrated nations of antiquity, among whom arts and sciences flourished while Greece and Italy were yet unpeopled or unknown. It has been intimated that verse was antecedent to prose in the progress of literature. It is true, that in the book of Genesis, many conversations are given; and in various instances, no doubt, the very words employed by the speakers have been preserved; but none of these having been artificially constructed for the purpose of identifying and perpetuating the sentiments with the phraseology, they come not under that definition of literature which has been assumed in this essay;—in fact, they are themselves integral portions of a literary work; namely, the first book of Moses, which belongs to a later period. Undoubtedly traditions of what had been said, as well as what had been done, by patriarchs and eminent personages, were perpetuated in families through all generations from Adam downward; but, as it was enough for the purposes of tradition, that events and discourses should be *substantially* true, every one who repeated either would do so in his own language, rudely or eloquently, according to his taste or talent. Indeed, to sum up in a few sentences what had been delivered in a long dialogue, it was so far from being necessary, that it was obviously impossible to use the actual words of the speakers, even if they had been remembered.

In one instance, however, without violating probability, an exception may be made in favor of the speech of Judah to Joseph, when he and his brethren had been brought back to Egypt by the stratagem of putting the silver cup into Benjamin’s sack. This address is perhaps the finest piece of pleading ever reported, though nothing can be more simple and inartificial than the diction and arrangement of the whole. In truth, it is little else than a family history, with the

principal incidents of which Joseph himself was well acquainted, and in the most afflictive of which he had borne his bitter part. There is, moreover, a dramatic interest in the scene, arising from the reader's being in the secret of Joseph's consciousness, and thence knowing that the force of every fact and argument was far more searching and heart-melting to the hearer, than the speaker himself could imagine, from his ignorance of the person whom he was addressing. I must not quote more than one paragraph, referring to a conversation between them on their former visit to Egypt. Judah says to Joseph :

"My Lord asked his servants, saying,—Have ye a father or a brother? And we said unto my Lord—We have a father, an old man—and a child of his old age, a little one; and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother,—and his father loveth him."

Is not this the voice of nature speaking with human lips, and speaking to all the affections that make life precious?—'An old man'—'a father'—'a child of his old age'—'a little one'—'whose brother was dead'—'he left alone of his mother, and his father loveth him.' Love, in man at least, can go no further,—in woman, perhaps it may. Now as Judah must be supposed to have prepared his appeal for this interview, the speech itself may be considered as the earliest specimen of eloquence; and surely, in its kind, it has never been surpassed. I have dwelt the more on this specimen because it is the model of almost every other regular speech that can be found in the Sacred Scriptures. In these, recapitulatory narrative brings home to the hearers the peculiar deduction which the speaker would establish; having, as it were, by lines of circumvallation completely secured access to every point of attack at once, he carries by storm at last the object of his harangue. The whole book of Deuteronomy furnishes a series of such historical arguments: Moses therein addressing, as with the living voice, the people whom he had brought out of Egypt, and led during forty years in the wilderness. And these consecutive discourses were probably so delivered to the tribes, bodily assembled, from time to time, to receive instruction from the lips of a legislator, who could call the heavens and the earth to be his auditors, and say with authority, "My doctrine shall drop as the rain; my speech shall distil as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass."

Joshua's exhortation to the elders before his death; Samuel's remonstrance with the Israelites for their perverseness in demanding a king; Solomon's speech to the people before the dedication of the temple; Daniel's confession of the sins of the captives in Babylon, and their forefathers; Ezra's prayer after the return of the Jews to their own land, laid desolate; and, in the New Testament, Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost; Stephen's discourse before the Sanhedrim; and Paul's two defences before the council, and before Agrippa:—These are all of the same class of oratory, in which the details are *long*, the arguments *brief*, and the conclusion *personal*; so that this peculiar mode of eloquence may be traced for two thousand years; and probably, from its plainness and energy of application, was usual among all the eastern people.

But whatever may be conjectured concerning artificial prose before the invention of writing, it is certain that verse existed from the in-

fancy of the world, and was employed for history, laws, chronology, devotion, oracles, love, war, fables, proverbs, and prophecy,—indeed for every combination of thoughts, which were intended to be long and well remembered.

Having now arrived at that period, where sacred and profane history meet,—the former, like a clear stream issuing from a known fountain, and defined along its whole course through a peopled and cultivated region; the latter, dimly and slowly, disentangling its mazes from the shades of impenetrable forests,

Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,—

(BYRON)

but henceforward widening, deepening, brightening on its way,—the first subject that claims our attention is the learning of the Egyptians, of which much has been said and little is known. The testimony, however, of all antiquity, as well as the superb and stupendous monuments of architecture, and traces of literature in the shape of hieroglyphics and symbols, however unintelligible, prove that they were a wonderful people for gigantic enterprise and indefatigable industry, in achieving what were then the highest feats of manual, intellectual, and mechanic power. On these we shall not expatiate here, as another opportunity will be afforded in the next paper of this series, of considering by whom, and by what means such marvellous works were executed. At present we shall only allude to them generally, in connexion with the discovery of alphabetical writing. When, where, and by whom letters were invented, it is now in vain to imagine. Notwithstanding the pretensions of Hermes Trismegistos, Memnon, Cadmus, and others, the true history, nay even the personal existence of these supposed claimants, must be ascertained before the unappropriated honor can be conceded to any one of them. It may, meanwhile, be affirmed as one of those circumstances humbling to human pride that occasionally occur in history, and which, while they strangely stir the imagination, awaken sublime but melancholy reflection in minds given to muse upon the vanity and mortality of all the things that are done under the sun,—it may be affirmed, as one of these humbling circumstances, that the man who conquered the greatest trophy ever won from fate and oblivion, lost his own name, after divulging the secret by which others might immortalise theirs. As a figure of speech one may be allowed to wish that the first letters in which he wrote that name, whether with a pen of iron on granite, or with his finger in sand, had remained indelible. But his own invention is his monument, which, like the undated and un-inscribed pyramid, will remain a wonder and a riddle to the end of the world.

It is allowed, I believe, on all hands that the Egyptians, from time whereof the memory of man knoweth not to the contrary, possessed three kinds of writing—hieroglyphical, alphabetical, and probably, as a link between, logographic, of which latter the Chinese is the only surviving example at this day. Indeed, in all countries where society has emerged from the stagnation of barbarism, and has made but little advance towards civilisation, there have been found evidences of attempts to create a language for the

eye, either by figures of things, by arbitrary symbols of words, or, in the most perfect manner, by the systematic combination of lines forming letters to represent the rudiments of sounds. This assertion might be copiously illustrated, but the limits of the present Essay will permit no more than a cursory mention of the fact.

It has been observed that the Egyptians were in possession of three kinds of letters, if, indeed, by *letters* three kinds of *learning* be not typified; for Pythagoras, it is said, as a special favor, rarely granted to a stranger, was initiated in these triple mysteries of writing. The hieroglyphic mode was unquestionably the first, but between it and the literal the affinity is so remote that the leap over the wholespace could scarcely have been taken at once, especially as there is an intervening step so obviously connected with each, and connecting *them* with one another, that it seems almost necessary for invention to have rested, at least for a little while, upon it. When the ambiguity and imperfection of hieroglyphics were felt to be irremediable, the first practical scheme which would suggest itself to the mind, which conceived the happy idea of designating vocal sounds by strokes, in themselves without meaning, would be to invent a separate mark for every word; but, as all *the easy forms* would soon be exhausted, it might next occur to make *these* elementary, and adapt them, not to individual words, but to the most common simple sounds of which words were composed. Thus monosyllables would have a single mark; dissyllables two joined together; and polysyllables more or less, according to their audible divisions. But still this apparatus would be difficult and perplexing from the multitude of signs necessary; till a finer ear, trying syllables more accurately, would unravel sound as Newton's prism unravelled light, and discover its primary intonations as he discovered the primary colors. Thus the alphabet would be gradually developed, and a familiar sign being attached to each letter, a new creation of intelligible forms for embodying thought would arise where all was silent, dark, and spiritless before. The lumbering, unwieldy logographic machinery is now confined to the unimproving and unimproveable Chinese, whose inveterate characteristic seems to be, that they obtained a certain modicum of knowledge early, which, for thousands of years, they have neither enlarged nor diminished. They have lent out their intellects at simple interest, and have been content to live upon the annual income, without ever dreaming that both capital and product might be immensely increased by being invested in the commerce of minds—the commerce of all others the most infallibly lucrative, and in which the principles of free trade are cardinal virtues.

This theory of the process by which letters were gradually invented, has been actually exemplified in our own day. A Cherokee chief having heard that white men could communicate their thoughts by means of certain figures impressed on soft or hard substances, set himself the task of inventing a series of strokes, straight and crooked, up, down, and across, which should represent all the words in the Indian language. These, however, became so numerous and so refractory in their resemblances that he must have given up the work in despair, had he not recollected that the sounds, or syllables,

of which all words consisted, were comparatively few, though capable of infinite combination. To these then he applied his most approved symbols, which, in the course of time, he reduced to two hundred, and, latterly, it is said, that he has brought them down as low as eighty; and that by these he can accurately express the whole vocabulary of his mother-tongue. It is to be observed, in abatement of this marvellous effort of a savage mind, that the primary idea of *writing* was suggested to it, not originally conceived by it.

So beneficent to man has been the invention of letters that some have ascribed it to the immediate instruction of the Almighty, communicated to Moses when the two tables of stone, containing the Decalogue, written by the finger of God, were delivered to him on the Mount. For this there appears to me no evidence that will bear the test of a moment's calm consideration. Of the Supreme Being we know nothing but what He has been pleased to manifest concerning Himself in his works and in his Word. To the volumes of nature and of revelation man must no more presume to add than to diminish aught. In neither of these can we find that letters were thus miraculously given; it therefore cannot be admitted, nay, it must be rejected so long as all probability is against the supposition. Man, in every progressive state of society, however insulated from the rest of the world, endeavours to express his feelings and perpetuate his actions by imagery or mnemonics of some kind; now these, so long as he continues to improve in knowledge, will, in the same degree, be more and more simplified in form, yet more and more adapted to every diversity and complexity of thought. Nay, it is not too bold to assume, that, thus circumstanced, man, by the help of reasoning, reflecting, and comparing, would as naturally—nay, as necessarily, be led to the invention of alphabetical characters as the young of animals, when they are cast off by their dams, are led by an ineffable faculty, which we call instinct, to all those functions and habits of life which are requisite both for existence and enjoyment, and which their parents never could exemplify before them during their brief connexion. Birds may be imagined to teach their offspring how to eat, to fly, to sing, but no bird ever taught another how to build a nest, — no bird ever taught another how to brood over eggs till they were quickened into life; yet every linnet hatched this year will build her nest next spring as perfectly as the first of her ancestors in the bowers of Eden; and, though she never knew a mother's warmth before, so soon as her own first eggs are laid, she will sit upon them, in obedience to a kindly and mysterious law of nature, which will change her very character for the time, inspire her with courage for timidity, and patience for vivacity; imposing on her confinement instead of freedom, and self-denial in the room of self-indulgence, till her little fluttering family are all disclosed, and reared, and fledged, and flown.

If external circumstances thus conduct every irrational creature *individually*, to the knowledge and acquirement of all that is necessary for its peculiar state,—it seems to follow as a parallelism in Providence, that man in society, at one period or another in his progress of improvement in knowledge, would inevitably discover *all* the means by which knowledge might be most successfully obtained

and secured ; these being as necessary to the rank which he holds in creation, as the respective functions of inferior animals are to their different conditions. I cannot, however, allow it to be said, because I thus state the question, that I derogate from the glory of God by not attributing immediately to Him, what He has nowhere claimed for Himself, in the only book written by his command. To Him nothing is impossible ; with Him nothing is great or small, easy or difficult. His power is not more magnified by working miracles, than it was by ordaining, or than it is by upholding the regular course of nature. "There is a spirit in man, and the breath of the Almighty giveth him understanding." Is it less then to say of the Almighty, that, by the understanding which He gave, man found out the divine art of writing, (for divine in this connexion it may be called,) than to suppose, without any proof, that this art is so super-human, that it could not have been discovered, unless it had been absolutely revealed by the Deity ?—No, surely—for though he made man a little lower than the angels, yet hath He crowned him with glory and honor ; and, to speak after the manner of men, the more exalted the creature is found, the more praise redounds to the Creator, who is "God over all, and blessed for evermore."

That the art of writing was practised in Egypt before the emancipation of the Israelites, appears almost certain from their frequent and familiar mention of this mode of keeping memorials. When the people had provoked the Lord to wrath, by making and worshipping the golden calf, Moses interceding in their behalf says, "Yet now, if Thou wilt forgive their sin ; —and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written. And the Lord said unto Moses, whosoever sinneth, him will I blot out of my book."¹ The allusion here is to a table of genealogy, the muster-roll of an army, a register of citizenship, or even to those books of chronicles, which were kept by order of ancient oriental princes, of the events of their reigns, for reference and remembrance. Besides, such a mode of publishing important documents is alluded to, not merely as nothing new, but as if even the common people were practically acquainted with it. "And thou shalt bind them (the statutes and testimonies of the Lord) as a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes, and thou shalt write them upon the posts of thine house, and upon all thy gates."² There are various parallel passages which no cavilling of commentators can convert from plain meaning into paradox.

But not the Egyptians and Hebrews alone possessed this invaluable knowledge, at the time of which we speak (from fourteen to seventeen hundred years before Christ), we have direct and incidental testimony, both in sacred and profane history, that the Phœnicians, Arabians, and Chaldeans, were instructed in the same. The book of Job (whoever might be the author) lays the scene and the season of his affliction about this era, and in the north of Arabia. That extraordinary composition—extraordinary indeed, whether it be regarded as an historical, dramatic, or poetic performance—contains more curious and minute information concerning the manners and

¹ Exod. xxxii. 32.

² Deut. vi. 8, 9.

customs, the literature and philosophy, the state of arts and sciences, during the patriarchal ages, than can be collected in scattered hints from all later works put together. In reference to the art and the materials of writing then in use, we meet with the following sublime and affecting apostrophe : " O that my words were now written ! O that they were printed (*impressed or traced out*) in a book ! That they were graven with an iron pen, and lead, in the rock for ever !"

The latter aspiration probably alludes to the very ancient practice of hewing characters into the faces of vast rocks, as eternal memorials of persons and events. It is said by travellers, whose testimony seems worthy of credence, that various fragments of such inscriptions, now utterly undecypherable, may be seen to this day in the wildernesses of Arabia Petrea—monuments at once of the grasp and the limitation of the mental power of man ;—thus making the hardest substances in nature the depositories of his thoughts, and yet betrayed in his ambitious expectation of so perpetuating them. The slow influences of the elements have been incessantly, though insensibly, obliterating what the chisel had ploughed into the solid marble, till at length nothing remains but a mockery of skeleton letters, so unlike their pristine forms, so unable to explain their own meaning, that you might as well seek among the human relics in a charnel-vault the resemblances of the once-living personages,—or invoke the dead bones to tell their own history,—as question these dumb rocks concerning the records engraven on them.

The passage just quoted shows the state of alphabetical writing in the age of Job, and, according to the best commentators, he describes three modes of exercising it : " O that my words were now written,—traced out in characters,—in a book composed of palm-leaves or on a roll of linen ! O that they were engraven with a pen of iron on tablets of lead, or indented in the solid rock to endure to the end of time !" Arguing against the perverse sophistry of his friends, that he *must* have been secretly a wicked man, *because* such awful calamities, which they construed into divine judgments, had befallen him; so fast does he hold his integrity, that, not only with passing words, liable to be forgotten as soon as uttered, does he maintain it ; but by every mode that could give his expressions publicity, and insure them perpetuity, he longs that his confidence in God to vindicate him might be recorded, whatever might be the issue of those evils to himself, even though he were brought down by them to death and corruption, descending not only with sorrow, but with ignominy to the grave,—for, saith he,

" I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day on the earth ; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, though my reins be consumed within me." Job xix. 25—27.

Had these words of the patriarch been indeed " engraven with a pen of iron on the rock for ever," yet without some more certain medium of transmission to posterity, they would have been unknown at this day, or only speaking in the Desert with the voice of silence, which no eye could interpret, no mind could hear. But, being inscribed on materials as frail as the leaves in my hand, yet capable of

infinitely multiplied transcription, they can never be lost; for though the giant-characters, enchased in everlasting flint, would ere now have been worn down by the perpetual foot of time, yet, committed with feeble ink to perishable paper, liable "to be crushed before the moth," or destroyed by the touch of fire or water, the good man's hope can never fail, even on earth; it was "a hope full of immortality;" and still through all ages, and in all lands, whilst the sun and moon endure, it shall be said by people of every kindred and nation, and in every tongue spoken under heaven, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

We must here conclude what the limits of this brief Essay will permit to be said respecting the literature of the Bible, the first five Books of which contain examples of every species of writing and discourse in use among the Jews—poetry and prose, eloquence, ethics, legislation, history, biography, prophecy. It may be added, that the narrative portions especially are of inimitable simplicity; they breathe a pathos, and at times exercise a power over the affections, which no compositions extant beside them have equalled, except some passages of rare occurrence in the subsequent books of the Hebrew Scriptures and the New Testament. The historian presents men, manners, and incidents to the eye, the mind and the sympathies of the reader, precisely in the way that they impressed his own. This is the uniform style of the inspired penman, in his highest mood:—"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the waters. And God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light."

In scenes of common life, and the intercourse between man and man, nothing can be more delicately true to nature, than the light touches of a hand that could sketch such a scene as the following;—the picture composed of words having this advantage over any picture drawn with lines and colors; that, whereas the latter can exhibit but one moment, and only imply discourse, the former can express motion, speech, and progress—the beginning, middle, and end of the action represented. How graceful, and yet how emphatic, are the oriental plenasms in Jacob's reply to Pharaoh's simple question!

"And Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh; and Jacob blessed Pharaoh.

"And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, 'How old art thou?'

"And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, 'The days of the years of my pilgrimage are one hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers, in the days of their pilgrimage!'

"And Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and went out from before Pharaoh."¹

Of the remaining books of Scripture (all of which are more or less conformed to these primitive models,) it will not be expedient to enter into further particulars, than to offer an example of the perfection to which the most perfect of all the forms of literary composition

¹ Gen. xlviii. 7-10.

was carried by him, who both as prophet and minstrel is distinguished by the title of the sweet singer of Israel. Considered merely as an emanation of genius, conceived in the happiest frame of mind, and executed with force and elegance corresponding,—the 104th Psalm may not only be quoted in competition with any other similar product of fine taste, but may indeed be placed as the standard by which *descriptive* poetry itself ought to be measured, and estimated as it approaches or falls short of the excellence of such a model. This divine song is a meditation on the mighty power and wonderful providence of God. It begins with an apostrophe to *Him*, as “clothed with honour and majesty, who covereth Himself with light as a garment, who stretcheth out the heavens like the curtain of a tent, who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, who maketh the clouds his chariot, who walketh upon the wings of the wind.”

Then follow exhibitions of Almighty power in creation, when “He laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever:” and in destruction, when, at the deluge, “the waters stood above the mountains,” but, having accomplished their ministry of wrath, “at (His) rebuke they fled; at the voice of (His) thunder they hasted away.”

This scene of devastation is succeeded by one of amenity and fruitfulness, exquisitely delineated:—“He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst. By them shall the fowls of heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.” The earth is represented as pouring forth from her lap the abundance of food for man and beast. The habits of various animals are accurately noted. The revolutions of the heavenly bodies, bringing day and night, and the change of seasons, are next reviewed, and celebrated in strains rivalling their own, when “the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.” Afterwards the great and wide sea, in its depths, is disclosed, and exhibited as a world of enjoyment as infinitely extended as the endless diversities of its strange population of living things innumerable, “both great and small.”

One passage, and but one more, must not be passed over, the picturesque reality of which will be perceived by all who have a heart to feel horror, or an eye to rejoice in beauty:—“Thou makest darkness, and it is night; wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.—The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.—The sun ariseth; they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.—Man goeth forth unto his work and his labor until the evening.—O Lord! how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all.”

The remaining unquoted passages of this Psalm are worthy of the foregoing, especially the verses which describe animal life, death, and resurrection, by the breathing, withdrawing, or regenerating influence of that Divine Spirit, which at first “moved upon the waters.” Who, after reading the whole of this sublime strain, can forbear to exclaim with the royal Psalmist, at the close: “Bless *Thou* the Lord, O *my* soul!” and then invoke all living to do the same—“Praise *ye* the Lord.”

THE POLITICAL TIMES:—THE ELECTIONS.

IN our last Number we showed that no satisfactory objection had been made against reform, that reform is necessary, and that it is better the measure should proceed from the government than from the people. We urged that those who made a profit by selling seats in the senate, and were therefore losers in hard cash, or what is the same thing—in influence and in place, owing to a corrupt perversion of the property and rights of the people of England, were a small but powerful party who opposed all change in and out of Parliament. We now advance further, and in the result of the elections—in that appeal to the people which is not denied to be the constitutional mode of proceeding, we find that the results are in favor of our opinions and of that measure. The country has spoken out in a tone not to be mistaken, that the government of the nation must no longer be carried on for the exclusive benefit of a small privileged party in the state, to the injury of the many; that Englishmen will take that part in their own affairs which anciently of right belonged to them, and which reason and common sense justify them in recovering. It is astonishing what miserable shifts those who oppose concession are driven to, in their anxious hope of seeing the measure defeated. They have, however, the hope that makes the heart sick upon them at present, and we wish them joy of their companion. We are now, according to such persons, on the brink of destruction. Revolution is ripe. If we are to credit their extravagant opinions, the result not so much of sober reflection as of angry discomfiture, we are shortly to see guillotines in Grosvenor Square, a revolutionary tribunal sitting in Lincoln's Inn, Richard Carlisle representing Fouquier Thinvillie; Parson Taylor, Marat; and Cobbett, Robespierre: Buckinghamshire is to be La Vendee; and Cambridge, Lyons. The taking out of the hands of a few old noblemen and gentlemen the right of selling seats in Parliament, and putting the cash into their pockets, is to cause myriads of rapes and murders, torrents of blood, a circulation of assignats, blasphemy against God, our church's ruin, a republican form of government (the King, God bless him! being disposed of after the manner of Louis XVI.); and lastly, a despotism! Harry Hunt is to bottle gunpowder instead of blacking, and to be the Napoleon of England; Gale Jones is to enjoy the revenues of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bill Soames to be Lord Chancellor. Very speedily, if the Reform Bill is carried—very speedily Lord Grey and the Whigs are to be ousted by the Radicals, and the Radicals by the Ultra-radicals of Wapping; and the glory of England to be quenched for ever (they do not tell us what the sober, thinking part of the people will be doing in the interim!) in the filth of Billingsgate and the cess-pools of St. Giles's! Then will 'journalism' be more than ever encouraged, and not, as in Jack Cade's time, be put down; then will gentility stink in the nostrils of the *canaille*, or be extinguished in this fallen land—all by reason of the rage for reform, and the refusal of the misled people of England to allow Mr. Noodle or my Lord Lackwit to sell them better legislators than they can choose, at eight thousand pounds a couple. Unhappy buyers and sellers, your occupation will be gone!

Mr. Stansbury, the cobbler, who patronised Lincoln and Tregony, and any other place where a seat was to be obtained by a little intrigue, resume your awl—your vocation is no more! Shade of Castlereagh! visit the earth, and sympathise with those who mourn over the departed glories of Old Sarum and Beeralston, of Gatton and Grampond. Let there be a fast among you, and pious Perceval be your chaplain, and invoke the spirits of your grandsires to come lugubriously and revisit “the glimpses of the moon,” in sympathy with your empty stomachs! Then will Bankes appear in his coat of many turnings before Corfe Castle, which will be hung with Frome broad-cloths of raven hue, and, kneeling before the tottering keep, in vain implore the genius of corruption to help and save. Newcastle’s duke will wear weepers and sackcloth through the streets of Newark; and Sir Edward Sugden and Sir Charles Wetherell, a pair of matchless and mateless cock-turtles, will wing their way to Weymouth and to Boroughbridge to seek rest, where they will not find it. Lord John Russell is the most extraordinary magician that ever lived. His charm—a mere bill, and not of the most lucid provisions, has worked wonders. It has dissolved the spell which lulled millions into slumber, while their pockets were lightened, and they were reposing in the belief that there was no remedy for their grievances but in Quaker-like suffering and more than monumental patience.

Thus the hue and cry has been raised that those who are well-wishers to reform are anarchists and revolutionists—what a monstrous fiction! Have not we who advocate reform, as good a ground to do so as they who oppose it—certainly a more disinterested ground, not to say any thing of right? Have we no legal competency to think and judge, and act too, upon the conviction of our minds that such a measure will benefit our country? The keenness of men towards their own individual profits is often the most lamentable of human calamities. With men who are fond of clinging to old things, and who fear political change from the difficulty in curbing the spirit of the mass, as exhibited in other countries—from those who oppose the measure from sound motives, we can hear arguments advanced, and we can reason calmly, if we cannot convince them or they convince us; but where the gross feeling of interest is alone predominant among the dealers and chapmen of the constitution, we can neither find rhyme nor reason—all resolves itself into self-interest. With brazen front this latter class tell us, that to put money into their pockets is our duty, and a part of the British constitution; and that if we oppose the corruption upon which they fatten, we undermine that glorious old fabric. No cant is so rife as this; no argument so impudently and foolishly thrust into our ears. What founder of the British constitution, what voice that was once raised among its supporters in its most glorious days, ever defended a trade in seats in Parliament? We blush for the mendacity of those who dare assert that such was the fact; and if it was not the fact, what monstrous nonsense is such an appeal—what a forlorn hope in falsehood!

We have always been of opinion that there is too much strong common sense in the public of this country, to suffer the language of a solitary demagogue or two to affect it by inflammatory tirade or unfounded assertion. Hunt has found in the House of Commons his Caudine Forks. What do the people of England think of his

exhibition there? We need not wait for a reply. There is a pride in patriotism about the people of this country, that will never suffer such men to obtain an influence in the government. Such a question has no relation whatever to that of reform, nor does it affect it that such a man should appear in Parliament. He might even become a member under ministers who, like the last, pronounced themselves enemies to all reform of every grade and kind, and who left the nation no alternative but that which it has adopted. He might have become a member any time these twenty years past by purchase, could he have raised the money, especially if he had enough to outbid to a seller a rival who had made a large offer. The influence of the wealthy and noble will always be great in this country, and will be co-existent and co-equal with their characters and estates. Reform will not destroy their influence, but it will prevent the rich from becoming richer at the public expence, and the noble from pleading birth and borough-patronage as legitimate titles to power and place, however incompetent, thus making a minister their instrument: it will prevent this; whether for the advantage of England or not, it is not difficult to decide.

We say, and we maintain it, that the real question at issue is not between the conscientious and the zealous for the present, or rather past system, but it lies between the interested in seat-selling and the public. Who can expect the latter to give up their profits if a little noise about the constitution, a tear for the past, a cry of "Revolution," and a yell of "Anarchy," will keep things as they were? Spoiled children roar if you deprive them of their sweetmeats, and nothing can be more natural; but it is the parent's fault if the tears prevail and the child's health be ruined. It is England's fault if she do not prevent any further injury to her people from the continuance of a deteriorated system of representation. The debt of England was the fruit of the present system. It cost us America; it urged us into a war to replace a fallen Bourbon, until the tables were turned upon us and it became a strife for our national existence. It gave us a disposable revenue of only 16,000,000 out of 46,000,000, to meet contingencies and support our establishments. It has over-run the land with paupers, and will put it out of the power of any ministry to avert, in all likelihood, financial difficulty, and ultimately bankruptcy. These are good and substantial reasons why the people of England should have a reform in Parliament—why fitness for appointment should constitute title to place, instead of interest or birth—and why a deaf ear should no more be turned to the popular appeals for a remedy of abuses "notorious as the sun at noon-day."

But let us see for what the anti-reformists are advocates. Let us take the state for example, or rather the service of the state; was it ever known that the resources of the country were spared by them? Were it not for some conscientious twinges on the part of the minister, would any bounds have been set to their rapacity? Their object being gain—gain in some shape or another, they grasped at a monopoly of every thing. The property of the public enabled them to bribe or rather force the minister of the day to be their vassal, and they through him insatiably laid their hands upon every thing they saw. Lord Liverpool's "too bad" will not be forgotten by the present generation. In the church, the colonies, abroad, at home,

the various offices have often been filled with incompetent men, men not adequate to the duties of the different stations. The country has been ill served in consequence, and yet there has been no remedy. Now when we look at the names that have filled important situations, one after another from particular families, many of them noted for being below par in intellect, we ask the cause and get a speedy reply—"The family holds so many boroughs." It was no doubt by this means that one person not long ago held 34 church appointments, another 25, another 20; two 15; three 13; one 12; two 11; four 10; eleven 9; and so on, to the detriment of deserving men who have labored nearly all their lives as curates,—not to say a word of the lives led by some of these pluralists contrasted with the humbler clergy. Could this have been the case if there had been a proper system of representation? We might go on to other branches of the public service, but really the arguments we use are not now met by our opponents. They find them unanswerable, and shift their ground to expediency, turn alarmists, try to frighten the isle from its propriety, shaking the nerves of old maiden-ladies, and startling hypochondriacal nabobs, making the hairs of the bishops' wigs stand on end, the old courtiers call tremulously for *eau-de-luce*, and Lord Bexley with trembling knees fall to prayers.

But we must now recur to facts relative to the elections which have so completely floored the enemies of reform. We say facts, because our antagonists are for ever begging the question, and putting imaginary points for lack of realities. If public opinion expressed under the present and, *par excellence*, unrivalled mode of electing a House of Commons—if this be any thing, then the minority, in which the anti-reformists are left, abundantly refutes their own arguments. Even in the present state of the representation under the paternal auspices of the anti-reformers, the ungrateful people of England return more friends to the proposed change. Is this no answer to the objections of the anti-reformists; or are the people, the electors as they now stand, the unwashed mob, the swinish multitude, the many-headed monster! Our conclusion from the premises of our antagonists is, they think they are; and that the beautiful system of representation really desired by the anti-reformists is that the elected should be the electors, and that save and except the dealers and chapmen there should be no electors in Great Britain. How else do they get out of the dilemma in which their own arguments involve them! They have gone so far as to confuse right and wrong in the contest—reason, Heaven's best gift, has left them. They may exclaim—

Omnia fanda nefanda, malo permista furore,
Justificam nobis mentem avertère Deorum.

The champions opposed to us, it is curious to remark, are many of them very estimable but credulous men; they are persons whose political talents for the most part we should be very sorry to see the country trust. False prophets they have proved themselves. There is Sir Richard Vyvyan, whose renown rests upon his prophecies and lamentations respecting the Catholic bill, our first knowledge of him derived from predictions on that question falsified in their results, and from an unrelenting opposition to every thing which does not harmonise with a political state of society a

century old. Another apostle of the party is Mr. Sadler, its Solomon, its Mentor, grave as an undertaker, solemn as an earwig, one who would be lachrymose at a comedy, who ever invests trivialities with importance, who speaks of a linen manufactory and a universe in the same pompous march of mock-heroic declamation. Then we have Sir Charles Wetherell, who predicted (his party are remarkable for predictions) that the Duke of Wellington had ruined the country by passing the Catholic bill, and that long ago Dr. Doyle would have been Archbishop of Canterbury, or have trampled in the dust the last remnant of our Church establishment, that the Parliament would be wholly Catholic, and the Jesuits masters of the realm. Sir Charles is a sort of political Liston; his sayings are quoted as oracular by his party as Liston's are by the galleries. His body in full swing, and his suspenders cast loose and inexpressibles having fair play, the foam up, and the afflatus in full operation, we envy the spectators a treat Liston could but distantly imitate. Sir Charles is after all no actor; he believes what he says, and even puts faith in his own grimaces, yet we suspect his in the whole is a solitary creed. There is Sir Harry Inglis, who speaks for the doctors of Oxford, so learned in Port, Syntax, and the Fathers, and therefore so much the better adapted to judge of the merits of a reform bill. There is Mr. Croker, whose antipathy to a curtailment of ministerial power in granting places and to reform of any kind is a part of his bodily constitution. Then we have Mr. Bankes, Sir John Shelley, Sir Edward Sugden, Lord Norreys, and Mr. Atwood, who endeavour to rise into notice by a species of opposition, the motives of which the world, knowing their political history, well enough understands.

It is the incessant cry of the opposers of Reform that the mob will now get the upper hand; that the contest will no longer be between Whig and Tory, but between the mob and all the hallowed or unhallowed usages of antiquity. A few individual co-operators, divided into two parties, will no longer have it the way either of one party or the other, but the voice of the people will be influential; for this is the true meaning of the twaddle so put forth. Be it so, say we, as long as the voice of the people, or mob, or whatever it may be styled in derision, be heard legitimately; and through the proper constitutional channels let it be heard. Where is the mischief? What are the fearful consequences to follow this much-dreaded communication? We confess we see none but in the nightmare fancies of political hypochondriacs. Let the vessel of the state be steered onward in her glorious course, not as before under courses, but with every sail set; studding-sails, royals, and sky-scrapers, catching every breath; streamers and pendants gay as the rainbow; exulting myriads watching her from the shore and cheering her on; with every breeze that can impel her, whether from noble or ignoble quarters, from the throne or the hovel—nothing casting a gloom over the scene, not even the septenarian Ultra Tory in black, who sits in the chains meditating suicide; his head leaning against the dead-eyes, cadaverous and sick; our friend Blackwood in one hand, the Reform Bill in the other; and the Penal Laws, Six Acts, and Southey's Book of the Church, strapped to his back.

But *revenons nous à nos moutons*, as the Frenchman said. We

fully believe that the same result will follow the present Reform Bill which, after all the fret and fume respecting it, followed the Duke of Wellington's Bill for Catholic Emancipation. That Bill, we were told by the same grave personages, was to overturn the constitution, dethrone the king, and revolutionise the country; our maiden ladies were to be thrust into nunneries, and our bachelors turned into monks, at the command of the papal Anti-Christ: in consequence, our card-playing watering-places were in a state of insurrection; antiquated ladies protesting against perpetual chastity, and bachelors against celibacy; the military every where ready to march to suppress riot, and the Secretary of State for the Home Department kept dinnerless and sleepless. In a few weeks all were wondering what they had been about. Thus will it be the case again, when certain interests have buried their hopes of prolonged influence and profit—we shall again be calm; and the solitary groan of an old peer or borough-trader at the necessity of providing honestly, as other good subjects do, for their children, will now and then only break the universal hush on the political ocean. Lord Grey's *proroco ad populum* was the shortest way to recover peace, and set the question of Reform at rest, at least for our time, by uniting all reasonable men together in its behalf.

But how has this *proroco ad populum* been met? Let us examine—let us see whether the people of England respond legally and constitutionally to the cry of "Reform;" and if they do, let those who oppose the measure hold their peace for ever, since a war of words will only run them deeper into dilemma. We may indeed wonder, after the recent display of national feeling, what can be said in answer to results so notorious; yet it is the very heritage of disappointed feeling to murmur on, to raise groundless excuses for failure, to alarm, and predicate, and threaten, and sophisticate, until nature spent, and irritation gone out from sheer inanition, a calm once more reigns over the political hemisphere. According to the returns of Members of Parliament already elected for England, we find the third or popular branch of our government has shown an addition on the side of public opinion as follows. The reader is requested to attend to the returns in those divisions of electors among which the legitimate influence of the public mind operates unshackled, according to the true constitutional sense of election—free election; and to contrast them with the returns in which the innovations of borough-dealers, or the influence of peers, operates in deteriorating the character of the third estate of the constitution. It was agreed on all sides, up to the present moment, when it tells against the interest of the Anti-Reformists, that the county representation of Great Britain was as perfect as need be, because it was independent of bribery; that influence only operating upon it which, from birth or wealth or property, with local character, might constitutionally arise. How then do the returns of eighty-two county members stand upon the question of Reform? Why Buckingham, Huntingdon, Monmouth, and Westmoreland, return each one Anti-Reformist, and Shropshire two—total *six*! leaving *seventy-six* county members, who are supporters of Reform. The Anti-Reformists will say that this is all owing to popular clamor, and so forth. They will do any thing

rather than allow that they are fairly beaten. They have nothing of the high spirit and heroic feeling that makes the vanquished respectable in defeat, by acknowledging that while they die hard all is fair play; no, they falsify and misrepresent even amid the palpable shame awaiting such conduct, and evade an acknowledgment of the fact by shufflings that do credit certainly to their ingenuity, while writhing under the pain of the castigation.

Out of eighty-two county members, then, the Reformists reckon on seventy-six. How do they stand in open places where the right of election is, according to the constitution, *free to the people*? Why out of *sixty-eight* places returning one hundred and thirty-seven members, we have one hundred and eleven for, and twenty-six against, Reform! In *sixteen* other boroughs which have flung off the yoke of illegitimate influence at considerable hazard and sacrifice to many of the electors, we have *twenty-three* members for, and *three* against, Reform! Even in Wales, the least-informed portion of electors have returned *fourteen* for, and *ten* against, Reform. Thus there are, out of two hundred and seventy-three members returned by counties and free boroughs, no less than two hundred and twenty-eight for Reform—leaving forty-five against it, or a majority on the side of Reform of one hundred and eighty-five members.¹

In boroughs which have been abused into private property, or which are operated upon by the influence of peers, commoners, and corporations, and which therefore represent only the opinions of such peers, commoners, and corporations, whose property they may all be very properly called, we have no less than two hundred and forty members. Of these, seventy-six belong to patrons favorable to Reform, and one hundred and sixty-four to Anti-Reformists. To sum up, we have as follows :

Out of 273 free elections, for Reform	228	against it	45
Out of 240 close do.	do. 76	do.	164
Total	513	For	304
		Against	209

These returns, which as yet can only be given in the rough, yield ninety-five majority in favor of the measure; some say, by other calculations, one hundred and twenty-one. Either majority named, it is obvious, would have been vastly increased, but for that pernicious species of borough-property which has been so long operating against the best interests of the nation, for the aggrandisement of individuals. Thus has the third estate of the government been rendered inefficient, and too often been little more than a tool in the hands of borough-holders. No less than one hundred and thirty-five members have been returned by peers, whose interference with the returns of members of parliament is declared by law to be highly offensive and punishable. What impudence then is theirs, who dare openly defend the continuation of such an abuse!

The "Spectator," one of the cleverest of the London weekly Papers, which has taken some pains to calculate the returns in their present incomplete state, gives a large majority of Irish members in favor of Reform. In Scotland at least two-thirds of the members

¹ These calculations are as nearly correct as we can make them at this moment, before all the lists are regularly published. We are under rather than over the mark, and put the case in the way most inimical to our own side of the question.

returned are expected to be favorable. The thing therefore is decided. The sense of the country—the thinking part of the country, of those who reflect and reason, is in favor of the bill. Its opponents for the most part have been those who neither reason nor reflect upon any part of the question, but that connected with profit and loss either in cash, interest, or self-consequence. Old Mr. Bankes—whose political talents rank about midway between Saint Bexley and Saint Sidmouth without the political honesty of either, but to the full as much political imbecillity—declares that the county is under a delusion! Many weak people who with us do not see in the respectable names (respectable we mean as men) of Knatchbull, Heathcote, Vyvyan, Acland, Dickenson, and other Anti-Reformist apostles, such prodigious powers of mind, such fathomless political knowledge, such noonday illumination of spirit as their partisans—nay, who put them down as scarcely reaching mediocrity in these respects—congratulate the nation on their compulsory retirement to scenes better adapted to the exercise of their negative political virtues, and the display of those amiable domestic qualifications for which we give them full credit. Mr. Bankes in his excess of admiration inquired from the hustings in Dorsetshire, how they are to be replaced! Why, we will tell him—let him go blindfold into a London smoking shop, and pick out the first six persons he finds there, and including himself with his friends, he will find half a dozen as good politicians,—men who comprehend as well the situation of the country, have as perfect a cognizance of its political position, and are equally enlightened. They may not equal the first six chosen vessels in fortune, nor be as good fox-hunters, but they shall be better versed in those branches of knowledge of which the necessities of the times demand the exercise. The more we see of the men so vaunted by their partisans, the more we are led to wonder by what possibility they have been placed in such false positions,—“how the devil they got there.” We can attribute it to nothing but the expiring hope of a party that exalts the most insignificant efforts in its own favor, for want of more substantial assistance. The drowning catch at straws for salvation.

The defeats of the Anti-Reformists we will not separately enumerate, though in Northamptonshire it has been most mortifying. There they made a great stand and were beaten in the teeth of their assertions up to the “eleventh hour,” as they say in the House of Commons. In Cornwall their repulse was rapid and complete. There was discomfited even Sir Richard Vyvyan himself, the grand Lama of his party. Dorset was a mighty triumph to the Reformers. Devon set a noble example. Kent vindicated itself bravely. A volume might be filled with the details of the struggle which has now nearly closed, and Reform is every where triumphant. The people of England must now be honestly represented, and their opinions must have weight in the legislature. The efforts made by the Tories were characterised by a want of tact, and an ignorance of the mode of dealing with the people,—by a want of prompt action and a deficiency of information which astonishes us. That with such a weight of influence as they possess, with wealth, property, a knowledge of the practical part of business far above their opponents, they have done so little in their own behalf, would almost lead one

to suppose they were paralysed by some supernatural visitation, or reposed too much in a blind dependence upon the power they once possessed. No one expected such a complete discomfiture. No one dreamed that the numerous errors which they have committed in their generalship could have occurred ; unless indeed

Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.

One word of advice to the Anti-Reformers and we have done. We recommend them, first seeing that reform is inevitable, and knowing that good policy is half the art of living—we recommend them to lower their tone and bow to irresistible necessity. There is a portion of their body possessing wealth, influence, and talent competent to render good service to their country. Let this portion come forth spiritedly, and make their defeat a victory over their opponents by dropping fruitless opposition, and aiding to promote the public good. There are those we know arranged on their side whom time will never make wiser, who have grown old in the force of ignorance and arrogance of station, whom the reasonable men of their own party cannot control, with whom the most stupid obstinacy is virtue, bigotry is religion, and pride an accomplishment. Many are advanced in years and aristocratic affluence ; and the common lot of humanity will ere long put an end, in the usual course of things, to their opposition and their very names, for they are among the illustrious obscure even now. They operate in silence, but not the less powerfully. These we recommend the moderate and enlightened men of the party to leave to themselves, and not to let the country lose their own services for the sake of a vain warfare against principles which are indestructible. The truth is, Toryism belongs to the past time ; it has done its share of good and evil, and is passing away for ever : it does not assimilate with an advanced state of human knowledge. Man is no longer what he has been ; it has pleased God to call him forth to greater efforts in every species of human exertion. Nations are all advancing in knowledge, and that advance cannot but be beneficial. There is now a combined mass of movement in this respect where it was formerly personal, and the resistance of usage and ignorance is proportionally less powerful. What a change is there in political science, or the art of governing, in the last forty years ! How much more powerful are nations become, and how much more rational ! We have aspirations for the good of mankind that seem borne out by the march of events. We can smile at the puny efforts made to arrest them by party or by faction : they are but as a weak dam to the mighty stream that pours forth its deluge of waters, Nile-like, to overflow and enrich the moral world, and ultimately increase the sum of human comfort. We find matter for pleasurable contemplation in the mutation of earthly things, since it brings good as well as evil. We firmly believe that the great change operating in our political horizon is for the good of our glorious country, of which even in dark times we never despaired, even when narrow principles and political blundering justified the most gloomy forebodings : and who would now despair, when freedom and knowledge seem to go hand in hand, the seas calm, and the skies bright ! We will not.

FRANCE AND EUROPE.

LETTER II.

Paris, May 15, 1831.

THE month of April has been fertile in events, which, although not of a decisive nature, will lead to the most important consequences in a period not far distant. In the north the Poles have continued to display a chivalrous courage, and have obtained great advantages over the Russians; but, unfortunately, they have been partial, and have not prevented the concentration at Siedlec of the main forces of Diebitsch, who receives daily strong re-inforcements. We fear that all the efforts of that gallant nation will prove unavailing, if the insurrection of Lithuania, Volhynia, and other ancient Polish provinces, does not assume a serious aspect; even then the cause of Polish independence will depend on the measures adopted by England and France. If the two cabinets are not deaf to the voice of public opinion in both countries, they will adopt a line of conduct which is as strongly prescribed by their mutual interests as by regard for a just cause. But it may be doubted whether in either cabinet there is spirit and decision enough to keep in awe the autocrat, and save Poland. All our hopes rest on the English cabinet; the French ministry having shown its incapacity, and a total disregard of the honor of France: it has abandoned the Italian patriots, — it has prevented Mahmoud from making a demonstration against the Muscovites, and allowed these to leave Bessarabia, and march against the Poles. The conduct of M. Casimir Perrier, Marshal Soult, and their colleagues, appears to us inconceivable and inexplicable. The most general opinion in Italy and in Paris is, that the cause of the Italian patriots has been sacrificed to the court of Naples, and that it has been a family affair. If so Louis Philippe is playing a game which may have sad consequences for himself and his family, and turn out as unfavorably for the despot of Naples. What seems to confirm this statement is the continuance of Castelfidardo in Paris as ambassador from the king of Naples. This ferocious instrument of the late implacable queen in 1799, not only continues to represent his master, but is said to enjoy great favor at the court of the Palais Royal! Such is the inevitable consequence of family connexions among kings; and, when we consider that the Bourbons reign in Spain and at Naples, our surprise should cease at the measures taken since the revolution of July by the French cabinet, against the Spanish patriots and in behalf of Ferdinand. To keep the Bourbon family on their despotic thrones seems to have been the *sine qua non* condition imposed on every succeeding ministry since the glorious but imperfect revolution of July 1830. A late writer has very acutely and wittily observed that the dial only was changed, the clock-work remaining the same as before that great event, but the main-spring has a flaw that will totally alter the play of the whole machinery. The present ministers are too vain, too selfish, and too blind, to foresee the inevitable results of their mistaken policy. Some aspire to the peerage, others think of making or of increasing their fortunes, and to remain long in place is the capital object of all the present members of the cabinet; some of them are perhaps dupes of their more shrewd colleagues. The Guizot cabinet was hostile to the revolution, but could not overcome it, because the event was too fresh in the recollection of the public. Lafitte, an honest man, an upright and disinterested patriot, was trifled with and ensnared by Sebastiani and his associates, under the direction of the crafty Talleyrand. But all that was done by the two former cabinets, against the

spirit of the revolution that overthrew Charles X., is nothing when compared with the systematic plan adopted by the quondam patriot Casimir Perrier, whose line of conduct seems to have been suggested to him by Metternich and Nesselrode, or Pozzo di Borgo, or by the adherents of the Pretender. What appears utterly inexplicable is the security of the king, and his apparent ignorance of the views of men who are betraying him and the nation: he is a man of information, and possesses a good stock of experience; how then can he listen to the advice of silly or perfidious councillors, who would fain persuade him that he is strong enough to establish his dynasty on a solid basis without the assistance of military glory, and in times of diminished prosperity, and with an enormous increase of the public burdens! When he, very unexpectedly, was placed on the throne, there existed in France no Orleans party; and the new king does not seem aware that he is under the necessity of rendering the energetic part of the nation favorable to the newly elected dynasty and interested in its consolidation. But how is this to be effected? Not surely by cajoling courtiers, intriguers — men attached to the excluded line of Bourbons—and by persecuting their enemies who are the only men in France willing and able to support the Orleans line. Such, however, is the system steadily pursued by Casimir Perrier and his associates, among whom we were rather surprised to find Soult; but we soon recollect that he, to gain the good graces of Louis XVIII., proposed to erect a monument to the emigrants killed at Quiberon; and that, to court the favor of the clergy, he submitted publicly to the most ridiculous practices, and actually carried a lighted torch in a procession through the streets of Paris. Monsieur D'Argent, in 1814, caused the tri-colored flag to be burnt by the public executioner at Perpignan, where he was then prefect. Barthe is an able lawyer, but a poor statesman; Sebastiani, an unprincipled, covetous, and intriguing courtier; Baron Louis is a monied man, he served the restoration as he would serve Henri V.; Rigny, his nephew, is under the influence of the uncle; Montalivet is a vain young man, without experience, led at times by Decazes, and still more under the direction of a fair lady of the Fauxbourg St. Germain. M. Casimir Perrier is a very rich man, with very narrow views, and of no great talents; he is moreover extremely ambitious, covetous, presumptuous, and stubborn. Such are the men to whom the government of France is entrusted in times so momentous, when the most perfect union amongst the friends of the revolution is required to save the independence and the liberties of the country from the coalition of despots ready to avail themselves of the first opportunity to invade France and dictate laws to its inhabitants. They have already gained many an important victory without firing a gun: they have damped the enthusiasm of July; they have sown division among the people; and while France remains a tranquil spectator of the fate of the unhappy Italians, of the unequal struggle of the valiant Poles, Austria and Russia steadily pursue their plans, and dispose every thing for the coming conflict between absolute monarchy and liberty. In spite of their advantages, and of the conduct of the French Government, we feel assured that the cause of liberty will ultimately triumph; but the contest will be much more arduous, and it may be doubted whether France will come off victorious without another revolution. One circumstance alone seems to brighten the prospect—that is, the triumph of the people of England, and the approaching reform of Parliament. This memorable and most auspicious event has been promoted by the revolution of France in July 1830, and will now re-act on the public opinion in France, and tend to bring about a frank, sincere, and permanent alliance between two nations hitherto opposed to each other by the Machiavelian and anti-national politics of their respective governments. Such an alliance is considered by every Frenchman possessing

a thorough knowledge of the interests of his country, political and commercial, as the most desirable event, the only one indeed that can ensure peace and permanent prosperity to both nations, and make them the arbiters of the world. England possesses a naval superiority and peculiar advantages as a manufacturing nation, which France can never dispute; and France, from her situation, the number, courage and activity of her inhabitants, and her great internal resources, is called to exercise over continental Europe a degree of influence which England would in vain oppose. The efforts which either of the two nations might make to prostrate the other, must ultimately prove not only ineffectual, but highly detrimental to both, while their intimate friendship and alliance would procure them incalculable advantages. Russia, the natural enemy of England and of France, is the only power which, if allowed to consolidate its dominion in Poland and Turkey, threatens the whole continent of Europe and of Asia, and the Mediterranean states. England, allied to France, may control Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, Spain and Portugal, Turkey and Italy, and thus keep in awe the colossus of Russia. The independence of Poland and of Italy, the regeneration of Spain and Portugal under free governments, and the emancipation of Germany, would be the best guarantee of the future prosperity of Europe; and this state of things would infallibly become highly profitable in a commercial point of view to France, and still more so to England; for the freer the nations of Europe are the richer they will grow, and the greater will be the demand for the produce and manufactures of the British dominions. England and France are the only powers interested in the liberty of Poland, of Germany, and of the two Peninsulas; they therefore are natural allies, and as such they should, laying aside their ancient rivalry and enmity, unite their efforts in favor of freedom throughout the globe. Both will thus add to their real power and wealth; and their alliance will enable them to reduce considerably their military and naval forces, and their permanent armies. May these truths be deeply meditated upon by English statesmen! May the great men who have immortalised their names by their happy efforts to reform the vices of the aristocratical system of England, complete their glorious work by operating a sincere reconciliation between the two first nations in the world, whose close alliance is become indispensable to their future prosperity and to the happiness of all mankind. The interest of aristocracy has too long kept them in a state of constant warfare; it is high time that the true interests of the free people of England and of France should unite them by the ties of reciprocal amity and brotherhood. Since despots are united by the closest alliance, let free nations bind themselves to resist their combined plans of oppression. What Pitt and Dundas did for kings, let Grey and Brougham do for free men! The recent triumph of public opinion in England must inevitably exercise a beneficial re-action on the institutions and politics of France. The former are as yet incomplete, and incompatible with the liberty of a nation that has reconquered its sovereign rights; the latter is at best a system of family politics so aptly called by Lafayette "*la politique des Agnats*." Even in the Belgian question, the French Government has acted in a very versatile and inconsistent manner, and in its opposition to the election of the Duke de Leuchtenberg it has evinced a very impolitic dread of the influence of Eugene's son. The cabinet of the Palais Royal has lost all consideration at home, and is only praised by sycophants and stock-jobbers; the two descriptions of people alone to whom the late revolution has hitherto been beneficial. Austria, Russia, and even Ferdinand, treat France with contempt; and Metternich keeps possession of the Papal dominions after having imposed upon M. Perrier, who pledged his word in the Chamber of Deputies that the Austrians would immediately evacuate Romagna. The apathy and forbearance of the

ministers has been such that many people here doubt even of the determination of the French cabinet to chastise the tyrant Miguel for his atrocious proceedings against several French citizens. Such conduct from the ferocious usurper deserves a punishment equal to that inflicted by Charles X. on the Dey of Algiers. If England and France do not unite their forces to overthrow this unprincipled despot, they may as well recognise him at once, and thereby countenance all his past, present, and future crimes. Miguel has been a tool employed by the Holy Alliance; to effect their abominable scheme the holy allies sacrificed even their favorite system of legitimacy. The termination of the Portuguese question and the resolution taken with regard to Poland, will show the real character of the present British cabinet as to foreign politics, and undoubtedly the French ministers will follow its directions, having no will of their own in such matters. All their wits are turned upon internal intrigues, and it is really wonderful how they have succeeded in making the king unpopular, by a series of measures which traitors or madmen alone could devise to irritate the nation. Amongst these is the rage for prosecutions against the liberal press and the most decided patriots. Almost every prosecution has ended in acquittal, and every acquittal has been a terrible blow inflicted on the advisers of the King, which cannot but have made a strong impression on Louis Philippe. The affair of the *star* bestowed by law on the conquerors of liberty in July 1830, has been a source of universal discontent and irritation. The inscription '*Donné par le Roi,*' and the oath of allegiance exacted by an ordinance, although not required by the law, has met with a repulse from all the persons concerned, which will force Government to yield, as it was compelled to do in the suppression of the *Fleurs de lis*, which had been preserved in the great seal, and were attempted to be introduced into the tri-colored national flag. There is an evident plan to return to the ancient order of things; but the people are too enlightened, too anxious for liberty, and too fond of equal rights to suffer a Bourbon, king by the "grace of the nation," to do what they would not consent to endure from one by the "grace of God." The fate of the new dynasty and that of France itself will depend on unforeseen events at home and abroad. If Piedmont becomes free, it will be an ally of the French, and a dangerous foe to Austria. The freedom of the Piedmontese will lead to, and secure that of all Italy, as the downfall of either Ferdinand or Miguel will emancipate both Spaniards and Portuguese. In Germany the enthusiasm for liberty is growing, and is not likely to be checked by the conduct of Austria towards the Italian patriots, or of the sanguinary autocrat towards the Poles. The old feudal aristocracy is hostile to liberal institutions throughout Germany, but its influence begins to decline, while that of the constitutional party increases daily. The sham constitutions of some states will ere long become realities whether kings consent or not to the reform. France surrounded by free nations will feel perfectly secure, and then, but not till then, its government may disarm and reduce the standing army to a very limited peace establishment. A new era opens—an era fatal to hereditary privileges; it opens under the most auspicious presages, and we may soon anticipate a complete triumph of freemen over slaves and their masters from the Neva to the Tagus.

LINES ON POLAND.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TO BE INSERTED IN THE NEW EDITION OF "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

AND have I lived to see thee sword in hand
 Uprise again, immortal Polish Land!—
 Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,
 And leaves the tri-color in shade behind;—
 A theme for uninspired lips too strong;
 That swells my heart beyond the power of song:—
 Majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith,
 Ah! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath;
 Whilst, envying bosoms bared to shot and steel,
 I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel.

Poles! with what indignation I endure
 Th' half-pitying servile mouths that call you poor:—
 Poor! is it England mocks you with her grief,
 That hates, but dares not chide, th' *Imperial Thief*?
 France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thrall,
 And Germany that has no soul at all,—
 States, quailing at the giant overgrown,
 Whom dauntless Poland grapples with alone?
 No, ye are rich in fame e'en whilst ye bleed:
 We cannot aid you—we are poor indeed!

In Fate's defiance—in the world's great eye,
 Poland has won her Immortality!
 The Butcher, should he reach her bosom now,
 Could tear not Glory's garland from her brow;
 Wreathed, filleted, the victim falls renown'd,
 And all her ashes would be holy ground!

But turn, my soul, from presages so dark:
 Great Poland's spirit is a quenchless spark
 That's fann'd by Heaven to mock the Tyrant's rage:
 She, like the eagle, will renew her age,
 And fresh historic plumes of Fame put on,—
 Another Athens after Marathon,—
 Where eloquence shall fulmine, arts refine,
 Bright as her arms that now in battle shine.
 Come—should the heavenly shock my life destroy
 And shut its flood-gates with excess of joy:—
 Come but the day when Poland's fight is won—
 And on my grave-stone shine the morrow's sun—

The day that sees Warsâw's cathedral glow
 With endless ensigns ravish'd from the foe,—
 Her women lifting their fair hands with thanks,
 Her pious warriors kneeling in their ranks,
 The scutcheon'd walls of high heraldic boast,
 The odorous altars' elevated host,
 The organ sounding through the aisle's long glooms,
 The mighty dead seen sculptured o'er their tombs ;
 (John, Europe's saviour—Poniatowski's fair
 Resemblance—Kosciusko's shall be there ;)
 The taper'd pomp—the hallelujah's swell,
 Shall o'er the soul's devotion cast a spell,
 Till visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance,
 And all the scene becomes a waking trance.

Should Fate put far—far off that glorious scene,
 And gulphs of havoc interpose between,
 Imagine not, ye men of every clime,
 Who act, or by your sufferance share the crime—
 Your brother Abel's blood shall vainly plead
 Against the "*deep damnation*" of the deed.
 Germans, ye view its horror and disgrace
 With cold phosphoric eyes and phlegm of face.
 Is Allemagne profound in science, lore,
 And minstrel art!—her shame is but the more
 To doze and dream by governments oppress'd,
 The spirit of a book-worm in each breast.
 Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,
 And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine :
 But all your vows to break the tyrant's yoke
 Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke :
 Heavens! can no ray of foresight pierce the leads
 And mystic metaphysics of your heads,
 To show the self-same grave, Oppression delves
 For Poland's rights, is yawning for yourselves ?

See, whilst the Pole, the vanguard aid of France,¹
 Has vaulted on his barb and couch'd the lance,
 France turns from her abandon'd friends afresh,
 And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh ;—
 Buys, ignominious purchase ! short repose,
 With dying curses and the groans of those

¹ The fact ought to be universally known, that France is at this moment indebted to Poland for not being invaded by Russia. When the Duke Constantine fled from Warsaw, he left papers behind him proving that the Russians, after the Parisian events in July, meant to have marched towards Paris, if the Polish insurrection had not prevented them.

That served, and loved, and put in her their trust.
Frenchmen! the dead accuse you from the dust!—
Brows laurell'd—bosoms mark'd with many a scar
For France—that wore her Legion's noblest star,
Cast dumb reproaches from the field of Death
On Gallie honor; and this broken faith
Has robb'd you more of Fame—the life of life,—
Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife!

And what of England—Is she steep'd so low
In poverty, crest-fall'n, and palsied so,
That we must sit much wroth, but timorous more,
With Murder knocking at our neighbour's door?—
Not Murder mask'd and cloak'd, with hidden knife,
Whose owner owes the gallows life for life;
But *Public Murder*!—that with pomp and gaud,
And royal scorn of Justice, walks abroad
To wring more tears and blood than e'er were wrung
By all the culprits Justice ever hung!
We read the diadem'd Assassin's vaunt,
And wince, and wish we had not hearts to pant
With useless indignation—sigh, and frown,
But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down.

If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fray,
Or trivial rapine stopp'd the world's highway;
Were this some common strife of States embroil'd;—
Britannia on the spoiler and the spoil'd
Might calmly look, and, asking time to breathe,
Still honorably wear her olive wreath:
But this is Darkness combating with Light:
Earth's adverse Principles for empire fight:
Oppression, that has belted half the globe,
Far as his knout could reach or dagger probe,
Holds reeking o'er our brother-freemen slain
That dagger—shakes it at us in disdain;
Talks big to Freedom's states of Poland's thrall,
And, trampling one, contemns them one and all.

My Country! colors not thy once proud brow
At this affront?—Hast thou not fleets enow
With Glory's streamer, lofty as the lark,
Gay fluttering o'er each thunder-bearing bark,
To warm th' Insulter's seas with barb'rous blood,
And interdict his flag from Ocean's flood?

E'en now far off the sea-cliff, where I sing,
 I see, my Country and my Patriot King!
 Your ensign glad the deep. Becalm'd and slow
 A War-ship rides ; while Heaven's prismatic bow
 Upris'n behind her on th' horizon's base,
 Shines flushing through the tackle, shrouds, and stays, }
 And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze.
 My soul accepts the omen ; Fancy's eye
 Has sometimes a veracious augury :
 The Rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight ;
 The Ship, Britannia's interposing Might !

But if there should be none to aid you, Poles,
 Ye'll but to prouder pitch wind up your souls,
 Above example, pity, praise, or blame,
 To sow and reap a deathless field of Fame.
 Ask aid no more from Nations that forget
 Your championship—old Europe's mighty debt.
 Though Poland (Lazarus-like) has burst the gloom,
 She rises not a beggar from the tomb :
 In Fortune's frown, on Danger's giddiest brink,
 Despair and Poland's name must never link.
 All ills have bounds—plague, whirlwind, fire, and flood :
 E'en Power can spill but bounded sums of blood.
 States caring not what Freedom's price may be,
 May late or soon, but must at last, be free ;
 For body-killing tyrants cannot kill
 The public soul—th' hereditary will
 That, downward as from sire to son it goes,
 By shifting bosoms more intensely glows :
 Its heir-loom is the heart, and slaughter'd men
 Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again.
 Poland recasts—though rich in heroes old,—
 Her men in more and more heroic mould :
 Her eagle-ensign best among mankind
 Becomes, and types her eagle-strength of mind :
 Her praise upon my faltering lips expires :—
 Resume it, younger bards, and nobler lyres !

PAGANINI !

Solus cum solo !

MONSIEUR MALLEBRANCHE, in his "Enquiry after Truth," tells us that it is possible for some creatures to think as much and as long in half an hour, as we do in a thousand years ; and consider the space of time which we call a minute,—as a day, a week, a month, or an age. Of a verity, Paganini must be one of the philosopher's creatures ; for the study and practice of the very first of ordinary men, have never reached any thing even remotely resembling his perfection. The most uncommon application and diligence in the pursuit of any art seldom produce more than common and calculable results. Respectability in almost every profession is attainable by industry and reflection, but the perfection of Paganini is a thing *per se*—he is, to repeat our motto, *solus cum solo !* Minute or detailed criticism of this man is of no utility, inasmuch as it would lead us of necessity into a new coinage of technicals, which, like their object, having no relation or *rapport* to any thing else in the world, might probably be misunderstood or be totally obscure to the common reader. We will therefore attempt a description of him generally.

First, his personal appearance is most extraordinary. His long iron-grey locks down to his shoulders—his broad, high, wrinkled forehead—his wild, unearthly eye, pale hue, and gaunt form—all strike the beholder with awe mingled with pity, and put one in mind of Fuseli's unhappy supernaturals. His deportment cannot be called awkward—it is only unlike every other body's. He seems to be about fifty years of age, and is a melancholy contrast, (if we be informed aright,) both in habits and appearance, to what he was in his earlier days. We think it is Plato who says, that the organs of a philosopher or a poet could hardly be those of a miser. We trust the same doubt may be extended in the favor of musicians ; and in the hope of it being so, we hereby announce ourselves sceptical as to the stories of the Signor's ultra-cupidity of gain. As to his performance, we know not how to commence even an outline description of it. We recollect a passage in a periodical of the last century, the writer of which, alluding to a totally different matter, seems to have anticipated Paganini by what we will presume to call a converse simile ; we will transcribe the passage :—

"The sounds of our English words are commonly like those of string music,—short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch ; those of other languages are like the notes of wind-instruments,—sweet and swelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation."

How very aptly does this passage accord with a description of Paganini's bowing ! "Short and transient"—sounds that "rise and perish upon a single touch"—nothing can be more characteristic of his *staccato* playing ; while, on the other hand, "the notes of wind-instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation," admirably expresses the *sostenuto* of his style, if language have the power to describe it. His *arpeggio* is beyond conception. To those who have not heard it, or who are deficient in

musical appreciation, we cannot do better than repeat what Arbuthnot replied to Pope, on being asked by the latter how he should learn to estimate the genius and merits of Handel: "Conceive the highest possible notion of his ability, and even then you are far from understanding him." We are inclined to think that his practice of the guitar (of which also he is a wonderful master) has given him the facility he possesses in *arpeggio*—a greater number of intervals being united frequently, indeed generally, on that instrument in accord, than upon the violin; but the variety of which has been, by this wizard, transferred to the latter vehicle of his magic art. We lately read, with much satisfaction, a communication in the "Times" newspaper from a Mr. Dannely, respecting the peculiarity of Paganini's interval proportions, or tone distinctions. He mentions that the Signor plays according to the division of the Greek tetrachord, which gives some abused ears the sensation of his being out of tune, instead of being in the very perfection of it! This is judicious and learned on the part of Mr. Dannely; and it pleases us much to find there is yet a little of the standard classic amongst our own musicians, in despite of the *abature* occasioned amongst them by being over-run by the herd of foreign and very dear pretenders. Paganini confesses he has never been so well understood or rewarded as in London! What would M. Fétis say to this?

His choice and composition of music are pure and simple. He tunes his violin in several manners, in order to produce those miraculous harmonics which delight and puzzle everybody. He plays with a heavy and very tense bow, which gives him, if he be indebted to any circumstance human, that dry neat tone in his *staccato*, and that anguished feeling in his slow movements—that melancholy cry, than which

— a cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to—!

His reception here is of the most rapturous kind. We never witnessed the King's Theatre so moved; but indeed we should be stocks and stones if such divine music did not stir our sensibility.

Seneca says: "As the immortal gods never learned any virtue, though they are endued with all that is good; so there are some men who have so natural a propensity to what they should follow, that they learn it almost as soon as they hear it."—Where could Paganini have heard what he has learned—or is he not rather endued with his peculiar power, than indebted to study or imitation for it? Really, on consideration, violinists are a dangerous set of fellows. Tartini was familiar with the devil, as his "Devil's Solo" sufficiently shows; and Corelli, whose Christian name was Arcangelo, bestowed the term of "Arch-devil" upon Struncke, a German player, who had astonished him.

In the dilemma we are in, we know not how to classify Paganini, or genealogise his descent or ascent! He brings with him

Airs from heaven and blasts from hell—

but we will not take upon ourselves to say from which place he came. All we presume is, a hope that he will remain as long amongst us as will be convenient to his engagements elsewhere.

A friend of ours, to whom a few days ago we were hinting our suspicions of "diablerie" on the part of the prince of violinists, warmly asserted that he was *bona fide* a man, and that it was an attempt to defraud humanity of its occasional resemblance to godship when any one asserted or even insinuated the contrary. In vain did we endeavor to set forth that had Paganini lived a few centuries ago, he for a certainty would have been burnt or drowned as a sorcerer;—our friend was a positive stickler for the veritable, and after prosing awhile, produced some lines in rhyme at least, if not in reason, which we forthwith present to the reader, and ask his opinion thereof. Whether he was acquainted with any circumstances in the Signor's private history, which he seems to allude to, or merely has drawn upon his imagination, we will not pretend to say. The lines are as follow:—

LINES TO PAGANINI,

ON HEARING HIM CALLED SUPERNATURAL.

To call thee spirit, from another world,
Down to our grosser, meaner, being hurl'd
For some new angel-crime, were not for thee
The title suited to thy wondrous worth!
From heaven most surely came thy melody,
But thou thyself art mortal of this earth:—
Sickness and sorrow wait upon thy form;
Even thy rapture is an ecstasy,
With more of pain than pleasure in its charm,
Which shows thou hast an earth-born memory;—
Not the proud thinkings of a demon's mind,
Cursing a Paradise that's left behind;
But a fix'd sorrow for some heart-link broken,—
A wound, perhaps, from one word rudely spoken
In the young morning of thy fancy's day,
By one whose smile was then thy very life,
But whose deep falsehood turn'd thee all astray
Into the paths of revelry or strife,—
Aye, even madness!—Oh! impassion'd soul,
I have a sad communion with thy flights—
Thy bitter scorns—the memories that roll
Back their hot fever-surge upon thy nights,
And make thee hate or use mankind as slaves
Or charm'd attendants on thy magic skill!
Thou calledst back some feelings from their graves
Which I would wish were in their death-sleep still!
But yet, thy mournful music gives a pleasure
To my sad mind, though now lost be its measure! ¹

W.

¹ What are all the senses pleasures

When the mind has lost its measures?—OLD PLAY

OVER THE FALLEN.

Tis night's unclouded noon,
 And like an orb of blood,
 Ascends the tranquil moon,
 Out of the ocean-flood :
 Stretch'd cold along the shore
 Unwaking warriors lie,
 Who shall be roused no more
 To victory.

Where now ambition's ray,—
 The illusion they pursued ?
 They see it not, while they
 Sleep in red solitude,
 The sleep that hath no dream,
 The night that hath no morn,
 Festering beneath the moonlight beam
 In reason's scorn.

Where are they now, with all
 For which so soon they died ?
 The old tree green and tall
 Counts ages pass'd with pride ;
 Runs its allotted years
 In timely due decay,
 Among its hoary peers
 All venerably.

As if life were a thing
 So light and easy won,
 That a mere dry leaf's rustling
 Might price its summer sun ;
 They fling the gift away
 They never can resume,
 And with a mirage foolishly
 Purchase a tomb.

Go, then, ambition's race !
 Go, slaves of phantom-glory !
 Myriads that have no place
 Not ev'n in lying story :
 Except in freedom's cause
 I'll game not life away :
 Content with nature's law,
 I'll bide my day.

Lie there ! forgotten men,
 Until to-morrow's dawn ;—
 Lie there ! ye ne'er again
 Can put your lives in pawn
 For despot knave's dull play,
 Who gave your blood for air !—
 In premature decay,
 Lie there, lie there !

A RETROSPECT OF LITERATURE,

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE TWELFTH CENTURY OF THE
CHRISTIAN ERA.

NO. II.

Read before the ROYAL INSTITUTION, Albemarle Street, June 5th, 1830; and before
the LONDON INSTITUTION, Finsbury Circus, May 19th, 1831.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Literature of the ancient Hindoos.—Chaldeans, Babylonians, Egyptians, Phœnicians, &c.—Servile state of the multitude under the old oriental monarchies.—Speculation on the original use of Hieroglyphics, with examples from the practice of modern savage and semi-barbarous nations:—Literature of Greece.—Athens by day,—by night.

ALTHOUGH the modern Hindoos are generally distinguished by deplorable mental as well as bodily imbecility, they are the descendants of ancestors not less conspicuous both for intellectual and physical power. Learning is said to have flourished in India before it was cultivated in Egypt, and some have assumed that it was from beyond the Indus that the Nile itself was first visited with the orient beams of knowledge. The modern Hindoos, however, in their unutterable degradation are only careful to preserve the monuments of their forefathers' glory and intelligence in the stupendous ruins, or, rather, in the imperishable skeletons of their temples, and in their sacred and scientific books. But the latter being wholly in the hands of the Brahmins, few of whom understand much of their contents, are impregably sealed from the researches of the multitude. The astronomical tables of the ancient Indians are yet the admiration of Europeans, considering the disadvantages under which they were framed; and if there remained no other discernible traces of learning, these would mark a high degree of civilisation among the people that could calculate them. Dwelling, like their contemporaries the Chaldeans and Babylonians, in immense plains, where, over an unbroken circle of horizon below, a perfect hemisphere of sky was expanded above, they watched the motions of the stars, while they guarded their flocks by night, and learned to read with certainty, in the phases of the heavens, the signs of times and seasons useful to the husbandman and the mariner. But, unsatisfied with these, they vainly endeavoured to find out what the heavens could not teach—the destinies of individuals and the revolutions of empires.

The sacred books of the Hindoos, which are yet preserved, (so far as their authenticity can be deemed probable, and their institutes have been explored,) display a corresponding elegance of style, simplicity of thought, and purity of doctrine, in all those respects differing essentially from the monstrous fables, the bloody precepts, and shocking abominations, with which their more modern writings abound. The affinity between the architecture and hieroglyphics of India and Egypt indicates the common origin of both, and almost necessarily implies the senior claims of the former; for science, like empire, has uniformly travelled westward in its great cycle, whatever occasional retrogradation may have been caused by disturbing forces. Egypt, with all its wonders, can boast nothing so magnificent as the Caves of Elora, consisting of a series of temples sixteen in number, a mile and a half in length, and each from a hundred to a hundred and

July, 1831.—VOL. I. NO. III.

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fifty feet in breadth, with heights proportioned ; all sculptured out of the live rock by labor incalculable, and with skill only equalled by the grandeur of the edifices on which they have been expended. Edifices, however, they are not, in the proper sense of the word : the men of those days found in the heart of their country a mountain of granite equal to the site of a modern city. They excavated the solid mass, not building up, but bringing out, like the statue from the marble, the multitudinous design ; shaping sanctuaries, with their roofs and walls, and decorating them with gigantic images and shrines, by removing the fragments as they were hewn away, till the whole was presented standing upon innumerable pillars, left in the places where they had been identified with the original block ; the range of temples, from the flint pavement to the vaulted roof, being in fact one stone, wrought out of the darkness of its native quarry, open to the sun and pervious to the breeze through all its recesses. It seems as though the master-spirits who planned this work, had caught the sublime idea from their own prolific tree, which, casting its boughs on every side, takes fresh root at the extremity of each when it touches the soil, and multiplies itself into a forest from one stem. Milton, from such an architectural tree, represents our first parents, after their fall, as gathering the ample leaves, " broad as a target," to twine into girdles :—

The fig-tree—not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known,
In Malabar or Deccan, spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree—a pillar'd shade,
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between :
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds,
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade.

Could the minds that conceived, and the hands that wrought, this prodigy of art, have been those of men in their second childhood,—not the second childhood of individuals, but of a people fallen into dotage and decrepitude, like their descendants, under the double curse of tyranny and superstition ? No ; the ancient Indians were men of mighty bone and mighty intellect, not only according to the evidence of these unparalleled relics of their power, but according to the most authentic testimony of those who have described the expedition of Alexander the Great into this vast region. Whatever were his victories, he saw a boundary there which he was not permitted to pass ; and when he left India behind him unsubdued, he had little reason to sigh for other worlds to conquer. Nor (which is principally to our present purpose) was he less thwarted by the philosophers of India, than baffled by its warriors and its climate. These exercised such influence over the people, that the tribes rose in mass to repel the invader, or perish on the field, or amidst the blazing ruins of their strongholds, rather than submit,—and thenceforward live under the ban of excommunication from the society of men, which the priests had power to decree, and all the plagues which it was believed the Gods would inflict upon the betrayers of their country to a stranger.

In later ages, unfortunately, India *was* subdued,—subdued again

and again ; and for two thousand years it has been the prey of foreigners. At length, however, in the order of Providence, it has become a province of the British empire, and, by whatever means acquired, it may be confidently asserted that our dominion there must be—I trust, will be—maintained by beneficence. Resolutely avoiding all political allusions, I cannot hesitate to say, that a better day has dawned on that land of darkness ; yet, before the Hindoo can rise to the dignity of independent man, a spell which has paralysed his spirit for thousands of years must be taken off. The chain of caste must be broken—that subtlest and strongest of chains, at once invisible and indissoluble ; *each* link being perfect and insulated, so as to inclose within its little magic circle a distinct class of the community, and prevent the individuals for ever from mingling with those of any other class ; while *all* the links are so implicated together as to make *all* the classes one race of captives, dragged, as it were, in perpetual succession, at the chariot-wheels of their own Juggernaut, along the broad road of ignorance, debasement, and superstition. This chain must be broken by the gradual association of persons of various castes in civil, military, commercial, and religious bands, wherein all acting together and on terms of equality, those fetters which both concatenate and divide them will be worn thinner and thinner by incessant and unregarded attrition, till at length they fall off of themselves.

But it is by schools, in which children are promiscuously educated, whatever be their rank and parentage, that the prejudices of bigotry and the inveteracy of proscription will be most easily and effectually abolished. A great point has been gained within the last thirty years, when seminaries in which European literature (however humble in form) is taught, were first opened, and are now, in many instances, well frequented by boys of all castes, from the sons of the Brahmin to those of the Soudhra : but a still greater step towards native emancipation was taken by a countrywoman of our own, about twelve years ago, who dared to offer instruction to Hindoo females. Their mothers, through a hundred generations, had been held in the bonds of ignorance, and if their posterity had been left for a hundred generations more under the same thralldom and outlawry, the other sex must have remained, by a judicial fatality, as they are, and as they have been,—unimprovable beings, from the hereditary disqualification of caste, which prevents a man from ever being any thing but what his father was, and requires him to entail the monotonous curse upon all his posterity. But now the worst of castes—the *caste of sex*, is broken in India, by the opening of schools for girls in various stations. The work has been begun under good auspices, and it will go on. The great difficulty was to take the first step : this, a few years ago, was deemed an impossibility ; the only impossibility now is—to stop the progress of motion once communicated, and never to cease while the earth rolls in its orbit.

But we must return westward—

Nations have their infancy, as well as the men and women that compose them. To a child every thing is new and wonderful, and if one of these little curious observers could communicate its minute history, for the first three years, in its own exquisite anomaly of words and ideas, there would be the prettiest fairy-tale that the world ever saw ; it would indeed defy criticism, but it would delight be-

yond example every body that had once been a baby, dear to a mother, and remembered, however imperfectly, those joys and sorrows of the nursery that compose the morning dreams of life, before one awakes to its dull, and cold, and sad realities. In like manner, the first records of every people abound with marvels and prodigies, with crude and terrible traditions, wild and beautiful reveries, fabulous representations of facts, or pure unmingled fiction, with which no truth can amalgamate. Heroes and demigods, giants and genii, evil and good, are the every-day actors of scenes in which supernatural achievements and miraculous changes are the ordinary incidents. These observations are peculiarly applicable to the early histories of the celebrated nations of antiquity. There scarcely exists an authenticated fragment of all the learning and philosophy of the Chaldeans, Babylonians, Assyrians, Egyptians, and Phœnicians, to give posterity, in the present age, matter-of-fact proof that there were such giants of literature in the earth in those days, as we have been taught to believe from the testimony of the more enlightened Greeks, who, after all, appear to have *known* less even than they have *told* concerning these patriarchal people, and to have recorded vague traditions rather than preserved genuine relics of historical records, which had perished in the bulk before their time. It is almost unaccountable, if there were such treasures of knowledge, in Egypt especially, that the philosophers and statesmen of Greece, who travelled thither for improvement, should have acknowledged so little. This circumstance naturally induces suspicion, that what they learned there was either of very small value, or that they were very disingenuous in not registering their obligations. Be this as it may, though there is abundant evidence that in manual arts, as well as in arms, these people of the east were great in their generation, their literature must have been exceedingly defective; otherwise their monuments of thought, no more than their monuments of masonry, could have so perished as scarcely to have left a wreck behind:—

They had no poet, and they died.

There is not in existence a line of verse by Chaldean, Babylonian, Assyrian, Egyptian, or Phœnician bard. They could embalm bodies, but hieroglyphics themselves have failed to embalm ideas. Yet there was mind, and mind of high order; limited, indeed, in the range of objects on which it was exercised, but expanding itself into immensity upon the few towards which its energies were converged. It is manifest from the uniform character of magnificence stamped upon all the ruins of temples, palaces, and cities, as well as from the more perfect specimens of pyramids, obelisks, and sculptures, yet extant in the land of Nile, that a number comparatively small of master-spirits supplied the ideas which myriads of laborers were perpetually employed to embody, and that the learning of the Egyptians was nearly, if not wholly, confined to the priesthood and the superior classes. Moses indeed was instructed in it, not because he was the son of a slave, but because he was the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter. We have Scripture authority too for the fact, that long before the Israelites became bondsmen to the Egyptians, the Egyptians had sold themselves and their land to their king for bread during a seven years' famine. However intellectual then the rulers

and hierarchy may have been who planned those amazing monuments of ambition, the hands which wrought such works must have been the hands of slaves, — slaves held in ignorance as well as servitude. Men free and enlightened never could have been *made* what these evidently *were*—live tools to hew rocks into squares and curves, and pile the masses one upon another by unimaginable dint of strength, and the consentaneous efforts of multitudes, whose bones and sinews, whose limbs and lives, were always in requisition to do or to suffer what their hierophants or their sovereigns projected. The marvellous relics of Memphian grandeur, of which new discoveries are made by every successive traveller into the desert, or up the river, are melancholy proofs that the vaunted learning of the Egyptians, when it existed, was as much locked up from the comprehension of the vulgar, as it is at this day from the curiosity of the learned in undecypherable hieroglyphics. Had instruction been as general there as it is here, the key to those hieroglyphics could hardly have been lost to posterity. But we are told that a key to the hieroglyphics has been found; and in reference to *alphabetical* hieroglyphics this is true; but that this was the original character of figure-writing, it is difficult to believe; for had it been so, it would probably have been early abandoned, and abandoned altogether, when the simpler forms of lines and curves were adopted to express letters. Had hieroglyphics in the first instance been alphabetical, and employed for purposes of literature, the slowness of the process, and the extent to which documents so written would spread, must have confined their use to tabular and sepulchral inscriptions; for a single copy of the history of Egypt, for example, (had such an one been compiled,) equal to Hume's History of England, would have required a surface for transcription scarcely less than the four sides of the great pyramid of Ghizza.

Without, however, entering into any inquiry concerning the value and extent of the recent discoveries of the late Dr. Young, to whom I believe the honor belongs, and through him to our country belongs, or M. Champollion, who has most happily followed the clew of which the Doctor found the first loose end for unwinding;—without entering into any inquiry into these exceedingly curious but abstruse and complicated questions, the few following remarks are intended to refer solely to the *antecedent* use of hieroglyphics in Egypt, in the same manner as they have been or are used elsewhere, both in ancient and in modern times,—namely as symbols, not of *letters*, nor of *words*, but of *things*; each of which, though it had a *general* meaning, from which it probably was never dissociated, yet in its *particular* application might be employed as a pure *mnemonic* and associated with any *special* idea of that class to which it belonged. Hieroglyphics, in this respect, differed essentially from the systems of modern mnemonics, wherein the association of symbols with things to be remembered by them is *not arbitrary*, and therefore *not capable* of being harmoniously adapted, but fixed, and necessarily incongruous; so that of whatever utility they may be in forming a technical memory, the habit of collocating, and the familiarity of dwelling upon, such heterogeneous materials in the lumber-room of the mind, can have no better effect upon the judgment and the taste than to pervert the one and corrupt the other.—For example: A

lecturer on Mnemonics, in my hearing, proposed something (I forget what) to be remembered in connexion with the miraculous conversion of St. Paul. To accomplish this, he had occasion for the letters (or the consonants) composing the words *smilingly*, while, by an unlucky coincidence, the symbol to be employed was *Venus*. "Well, then, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "having ascertained these two points—the word and the symbol, you need only imagine that when Saul of Tarsus was struck down to the ground by the light from heaven, the goddess of beauty, in her chariot, drawn by doves through the air, was passing by at that moment, and looked down *smilingly* upon him." To say nothing of the impiety, the absurdity of such an association of images and ideas is so revolting, that the mind which could endure it must be either originally insensible to all that is delicate, beautiful, and true in poetry, painting, and reality, or it would soon be rendered so.

Let us now see how differently, yet how gracefully and appropriately, genuine hieroglyphics may be combined with ideas and images to be remembered by *them*. In the year 1734, three Red Indian chiefs of the Creek nation were admitted to the honor of a formal audience, at Whitehall, with His Majesty George II. On being introduced into the presence, Tomo Cachi, the principal of his tribe, thus addressed the king, presenting at the same time the symbols to which he alluded:—"This day I see the majesty of your face, the greatness of your house, and the number of your people." Then stating the object of their visit to be "the good of the children of all the nations of the upper and lower Creeks, that they might be instructed in the arts of the English people," he added, "These are feathers of the eagle, the swiftest of birds, and which flieth all round our nations. These feathers are the sign of peace in our land, and have been carried there from village to village, and we have brought them over to leave with you, O Great King! as a sign of everlasting peace." Now had these symbols been delivered to the chief of another tribe of Tomo Cachi's own countrymen, they would have been preserved in memorial of the pacific interview; and *the very words of the speech* that accompanied them would have been so accurately remembered, that on every public occasion, when reference was made to the particular event, the feathers would have been produced, and that speech would have been repeated, the former being made mnemonics of the latter, not by a settled but by an arbitrary association; for *the same feathers* might have been the recording emblems of any other pacific treaty, and combined in remembrance with *any other form of words* uttered at the ratification of it.

Among these Indian tribes, every thing of importance transacted in solemn council, between themselves or their white neighbours, is confirmed and commemorated by the delivery, or interchange, of symbols, which for the most part are strings or belts of wampum. A string consists of a series of square flat pieces of muscle-shell, fastened breadth-wise on a cord or wire: a belt is composed of several of these strings joined side by side, and from three to four inches wide. The value of each is computed by the number of fathoms contained in the whole length when drawn out. Upon the delivery of *a string*, the speech which accompanies it may be

verbose enough, because it is sufficient if *the general meaning* be recollected : but when *a belt* is given, the words must be few and weighty, and *every one of them remembered*. Neither the color nor the size of the plates which constitute the wampum is indifferent ; the black and blue are used when the occasion is one of doubt, rebuke, or contention ; the white at amicable meetings ; but when defiance is held forth, the pieces of shell are artificially marked with red, the color of blood, having in the middle the figure of a tomahawk. The Indian women are very ingenious in the invention of significant devices, and expert in the art of weaving the same into the texture of these hieroglyphic belts ; every one of which is individually distinguished by some special mark whereby the association of the words delivered with it may be revived, even though all the rest of the emblems upon it were similar to those on other belts, delivered with *other* words at the same time. Such strings and belts are also documents by which the Indians register the events of their desultory history, and perpetuate the only literature which they have,—namely, the verbal terms in which treaties, agreements, and pledges were made between tribes, and families, and private persons. Their national records of this kind are carefully deposited in chests, which are public property. On certain festival days, all these are brought forth to refresh the memory of the aged, and that the young may be instructed in the interpretation of them. On such occasions a large circle is formed by the initiated and their scholars, all sitting on the earth, under the shadow of forest trees around the chest ; from which only one length of wampum is taken out at a time, and held up to inspection, while some chieftain or orator (learned in what actually deserves a better name than legendary or traditional lore) not merely explains the circumstances under which it was accepted, but rehearses word for word the very speech delivered with it. The string or belt is then handed round the whole assembly, each marking the length, breadth, colors, and devices upon it, and in his own mind connecting with these the sentences of which *it* is the particular memorial. When all have examined it and satisfied themselves, this is laid by, and another and another produced, till the whole series has been gone through in like manner. In illustration of the Indian use of such hieroglyphics, the following singular fact is worth attention :—

The wars between the Delawares and Iroquois had been violent and of ancient standing. According to their own accounts, the former were always too powerful for the latter. The Iroquois, fearful of extermination, about a century ago, sent a message to the Delawares, saying:—“ It is not profitable for all the Indian nations to be at war with one another, for by this the whole race must be destroyed. We have thought of a plan by which all may be preserved. One tribe shall be the woman. We will place her in the midst, and the others who are wont to quarrel shall be the man, and live round about her. No one of these shall offend the woman. If any should act so basely, the rest will immediately say, — ‘ Why do you strike the woman ? ’ Then they shall all fall upon him who has hurt her and chastise him. The woman herself shall not go to war with any body, but shall be at peace with all, and keep peace among them.

Therefore, if the men that surround her fall out, and beat each other, the woman shall run between them, and say, — ‘Ye men, what are ye about? Why do you wound and kill each other? Your wives and your children must perish if you do this.’ Then the angry men shall hearken to the woman, and obey her voice.”—The Delawares acknowledge, that not being aware of the subtlety of their antagonists, their tribe consented to be the woman. The Iroquois accordingly appointed a great feast, and invited all the Indian nation to attend it. On this occasion their chief orator addressed the representative of their dupes thus:—“We have appointed you, the Delaware tribe, to be the woman among the Indian people. We, therefore, clothe you in a woman’s long garment reaching to the ground, and adorn you with ear-rings. We hang a calabash filled with oil and another filled with medicines upon your arm: with the oil you shall cleanse the ears of the tribes, that they may listen only to good words; and with the medicines you shall heal those who are walking in foolish ways, that they may return to their senses, and incline their hearts to peace. We deliver into your hands a plant of Indian corn, and a hoe, that, as the woman, you may apply yourself to agriculture and labors at home.”—Each of these conditions of the covenant was confirmed by the delivery of a belt of wampum, significant of its particular provisions. For many years afterwards these were faithfully kept in the national chests, and from time to time brought out, when the identical speeches delivered with them were repeated in the ears of the people.

(To be continued in our next.)

SONNET.

SAIL on, thou pearly barque, through ocean-heav’n—
 Young summer moon, oh! turn away from me—
 A happy course through starry isles is giv’n
 To thy fair splendor in that waveless sea!
 Why look upon a wretch in sorrow weeping
 Over a tomb where all he loved lies sleeping?
 He would be lonely in his grief, but thou
 Dost light him to the glare of curious eyes—
 Let a dim vapour hide thy glorious brow,
 And leave him to the darkness he doth prize!
 Or like the anguish’d parent-bird that flies
 Far from her nest to lure the hunter on,
 Be thou that bird to me, with kind disguise—
 Oh! turn thy beams elsewhere and leave me lone!

W.

A CAPTIVITY AMONG THE ROCKITES.

BY AN OFFICER.

DEDICATED TO THE SURVIVING ANTI-EMANCIPATIONISTS IN THE
HOUSES OF LORDS AND COMMONS.

" 'Tis the Old Head of Kinsale !" said the captain, after a brief look through the telescope.

I gazed long and earnestly through the glass at the well-remembered headland. As the morning mists dissolved in the sunshine, and the fresh breeze occasionally cleared rock after rock to my view, I could distinguish its picturesque lighthouse, and the Castle of De-Courcy, which in ancient days defended the mainland path to this little promontory.—" Yes, there stands the Old Head ; its sides as stern and bleak, its surface smooth and emerald green as ever ! At its base, to the west, lies the strand of the fatal shipwreck ; and the wild waves still chase each other through the sounding archway they have worn in the solid rock, and pierced from side to side. How faithful memory is to landscapes of youth and native land ! How fresh the remembrance of these verdant hills after twelve years' exile in parching India !—Captain, can you put me ashore at the Cove of Cork ?"

" That's more than I can promise, for with this fresh gale—Hollo ! hail that hooker.—Now, Major, get up your trunks, and yonder pilot will put you into Cove in time for breakfast."

The signal was made, the hooker came bounding up—a small, black, rough, and fragile-looking craft, that floated on the waves like a barnacle ; her sides crimped in over the deck, as if the builder had constructed them on the principle of the dished wheels, so as to stand upright occasionally when the vessel was half-capsized ; and her sails tanned, tough, and red as sole leather, as if Irish spray had gravel in it, and the hardy canvas was shod

To walk the waters like a thing of life.

" This is Saturday, and the hooker's running in full of fish ; so we may make an easy bargain.—Paddy ! what will you take to put a gentleman ashore at Cove ?"

" Is he an *Irish* gentleman, captain, jewel ?"

" He is."

" Why then I'll take whatever his honor pleases," (" A hard bargain for me," I prophecied internally,) " and a bottle of rum beside, this damp morning ; for I dare say yees hav'n't a drop of whiskey to cool your tongues in India.—A hell of a spot it is for an Irish gentleman to sweat in !"

" How do you know we are from India ?"

" Oh, I've been abroad myself, and I'd make a good guess what climate the crew got their faces tanned in, and how long this outlandish thieving scruff of the sea has been sticking to your planks," said the old fisherman, scraping off some sea-weed with his boat-hook.

The trunks and bottle of rum were tossed in ; I shook hands with my shipmates, and jumped after. " Cast off. Good bye ! Huzza for old Ireland !"

" Your good health, Sir, and her's too," said a fellow sitting be-

side me, who had contrived to draw the cork already. "Jem, hand this to your grandfather."

"Aye, aye, daddy."

"Three generations on board!"

"Yes, Sir; and I own them *both*. I'm just the top-mast, as if half way up the shrouds of life—or death, as the case may be. Our fathers before us have all fished three a-breast, beyond the memory of man. That gay old man at the helm brought me out as soon as I could bear a blast of wind or a glass of whiskey; and I've put Jem into the boots just as early, you see: he learnt to bait mackerel-hooks the first week; and now he can cut hake-baits out of their brothers' tails as well as any chap in Kinsale."

"And the ling, daddy."

"Devil take the ling! One of 'em nipped off all the best fish on the line last night, before he swallowed a small one and hooked himself. Here's a glass for you, Jem."

"Thankye, daddy,"—and the child emptied it in a twinkling.

"And how do you like fishing, my little man?"

"Oh, very well, Sir;—the rum is very nice, but the whiskey's warmer. All I dislike is that the gurnets groan so loud, and the conger-eels that we catch off the Salters live so long to annoy us, and the hake struggle so cruelly for their lives—I gave one villain twenty blows yesterday before he let me hit him fair on the head, and even then I thought he wouldn't make up his mind to die at all, at all."

(The Cove of Cork, and its lovely river-scenery, opens on us.)

"By the powers, you're just in the nick of time, General, my jewel! There's the Lee steam-packet tuning her pipes to dance quadrilles of her own composing all the way up to Cork; and you can hear the kettle singing for breakfast. We'll be with them before the tea's drawn."

Just in time!—I jumped on board with a shoal of blessings and thanks from the merry crew of the hooker "Hake-Hall," and joyfully exchanged the odors of fish for those of tea and coffee.

"Steward! what newspapers have you?"

"None on board, Sir, I fear."

"What! have I been imprisoned six months on the ocean, condemned to utter ignorance of friends and country, and am I still doomed to bear the spider's life—suspense! Stupid, thoughtless people! Do you ever think of politics in this part of the world—does this generation know how to read?"

"Please your honor, 'twas just a forget; for myself is as much interested—"

"A forget! why should people of common sense forget to provide themselves with newspapers?"

"True for you, Sir; but in less than half an hour you'll be in the 'beautiful city,' and there you'll find newspapers as thick as *traneens*¹ in a hay-loft—Sure its myself likes news. Perhaps your honor could help me to the knowledge of whether my brother Tim is promoted to the bench in Botany Bay yet, as Sir Jonah Barrington was—Tim

¹ *Cynosurus cristatus*: Anglicè, crested Dog's-tail grass.

was very bright entirely ; too bright for Ireland,—or, perhaps, if it be pleasing to you, Sir, you might have read where my brother Billy is promoted to, (for I see your honor is serving his Majesty too,) out of St. Helena, for guarding Boney with Sir Hudson Lowe, bad 'cess to him ?”

“ No, I know nothing of St. Helena or Botany Bay, Sir.”

“ I meant no offence, please your honor ; but you see the family of the Gallaghers is serving his Majesty one way or other, and may be you could insense me with the notion of which of the condemned regiments in the West Indies my brother Terry was drafted into ?”

“ No, no, no, man ! Don't pester me about the West Indies and the condemned regiments.”

After a pause—“ Why, then, it's mighty likely you might be able to tell the master there, (with the speaking-trumpet under his arm,) if his son that's out in India is likely to get the prize-money that they've kept him out of so long ?”

“ Prize-money ! how the devil can I tell ? And why do you worry me with these questions ?” said I, turning full on him as I saw him priming and loading his face for another.

“ Why, then, your honor knows as well as I do, that Irishmen are blown abroad on the four winds of heaven ; and those that stay at home are full as anxious to hear of them, as they are to hear of us in old Ireland—Now, seeing your honor to be a man of *uncommon sense*, and good-nature too, thinks I—to be sure he's plenty of foreign newspapers in his pocket or his trunk, but I won't bother him to lend me a loan of one, as I can ask about all that concerns me and mine.”

The fellow said all this with a provoking humility of tone, and such a studied abasement of eye lest he should not be able to keep his countenance, that I felt myself on the point of being out-generalled, and, at length, after ineffectual endeavours to suppress it, laughed outright.

“ I find you won't let yourselves be called a stupid people with impunity—Here ! let these pagodas make more amends for my peevishness.”

“ Many thanks to your honor—What pretty curwhibbles and et-ceteras ! I'll hang 'em to my watch to give it a travelled air. Well, Sir, you're an Irishman I'd take my oath—No other man alive gets into a scrape so speedily, or gets out of it so handsomely.”

“ Well, though we've both forgotten our newspapers, you can tell me how Ireland has gone on this last year.”

“ Troth, Sir, things are much as they were, only a little nearer to an explosion. If your honor went to school where they taught you to translate ‘ *Hoc est corpus meus*,’ ‘ This is my body,’—as Philpot Curran (God be good to his soul !) said one day to the captain,—you'll find yourself still a slave in your native land ; but if you read it ‘ This is *not* my body,’ you may rank among the masters.”

“ More's the pity !”

“ True for ye, please your honor ; and it does myself good to meet a liberal Protestant ;—(if you were a Catholic you'd say ‘ More's the shame !’)—and so I'll tell you about this same last year—One can't exactly say what it will bring forth, for it's not just brought to bed yet ; but the mountains yonder, the Galtees, are in labor, and if

they bring forth a mouse, Pastorini may hold his whistle ever after."

"Then some movement is expected?"

"Indeed and troth it surely is, and 'all going on as well as can be expected.' My own opinion is that poor Ireland's time is nearly up."

"The last account I heard was, that things were tolerably quiet."

"Quiet? Oh, aye! Ireland is always quiet; but it's 'the quiescence of gunpowder' she's enjoying, as Mr. Plunket said a while ago,—only waiting for the spark that's to spread wildfire over the land, from Cape Clear to Carrick-a-Rede."

Away he went, laboring in his vocation, and I saw him no more till we landed on the quay at Cork, where we both were too much occupied to dabble further in politics.

"I'll just see my father's correspondent, and my two schoolfellows," said I, as I sallied from my hotel into the city. "To-morrow, at day-break, I'll start for dear Tralee."

I anticipated in reverie the worthy merchant's cordial grasp of the hand, his assurances of the health and welfare of father, mother, sisters.

"Is Mr. O'L—— at home?"

"No, Sir; he does not live here now."

"Indeed! I beg pardon, but this *was* his house. Pray, where shall I find him?"

"That, Sir, is not known, I believe; 'tis above a year since the statute of bankruptcy was issued against him; and it is *conjectured* he is gone to the United States."

"To the United States! Thank you."

Well! my friend George will tell me the state of affairs. I hope my father has not suffered in that bankruptcy. George always said O'L—— was the kernel of a swindler even at school; but George was a prejudiced whiteboy carder and thresher in all his opinions, and showed no mercy to rivals of the ascendancy—black, blue, red, or orange.

"Is Mr. George P—— at home?"

"Nobody lives here of that name, Sir."

"He did live here, I'm sure. Can you learn for me where he has removed to?"—(An old lady appeared.) "Pray, madam, can you inform me where Mr. George P——, who formerly owned this house, now resides?"

"Ah, Sir! you must have been a stranger to Cork a long time. Mr. George P—— was shot in a duel about—let me see—about eleven years ago; I recollect 'twas about a party-toast that he wouldn't drink—"

"Shot in a duel! Thank you, madam."

Ah, poor George! William R—— always prophesied that you would never attain the age of twenty-one. Well! *he* was a cautious, money-making fellow, even in his youth—No danger of his going the way of all flesh, in Ireland, for "resistance to the powers that be." William cried, "Long live the conqueror!" with Sancho Panza, and preferred playing the winning game.—Here he lives, and there's his name on the door. Thank Heaven! I've one friend left, at least.

"Is Mr. William R—— at home?"

"You are a stranger, I perceive, Sir!"

"Yes! an old friend and school-fellow of R——'s. I hope nothing has happened him? You look grave, my man!"

"Mr. R——, Sir, was murdered about a month ago near the Galtees, whither we went to see an execution served on some of my lord's tenantry that his lordship wished to eject.—He was shockingly mangled!—When he was brought home I counted twenty-nine cuts and shots in his body!—Three of the police that came with us were killed also, for the whole mountains turned out to stop the driving and retake the people's cattle that we'd seized.—They never liked my poor master or me since we gave evidence against two brothers that were hanged for breaking in and taking our fire-arms when we lived in the country. The papist villains said we ought to have perjured ourselves rather than take their lives, as they didn't take ours when they might. It's said that things are getting worse and worse on the Kerry side of the mountains. God knows where 'twill end!—and all through that Pope Pastorini."

"Worse on the Kerry side! Thank you friend. Good bye!"—

All dead or run away! Worse on the Kerry side! By Heaven I'll not sleep a night on the road, or in this city of the dead, till I see Tralee, and the beloved inhabitants of Castle Diarmid, if they yet live—I'll start by the first coach!—

I did so—"Twas a clear cold day in January (1822), when I seated myself on the Tralee day-coach beside the fiery-faced guard. A light trunk contained some changes of dress and East Indian curiosities, intended for my mother's mantel-piece and well-remembered china closet. My heavier boxes were left at the hotel for a slower conveyance.—Although wrapped in a warm travelling-cloak, I could not help feeling in my acquired oriental bones and nerves the intense cold of what my fellow-travellers termed "very fine weather," and heartily wishing myself inside the vehicle "any thing to the inconvenience of four ladies and their children therein contained nevertheless in no wise notwithstanding,"—I have always remarked that sociability deadens unpleasant sensation, and that warmth of argument is an excellent alterative of cold in the finger-ends, nose, and toes; so I applied it beneficially to myself and others around, who had the good sense to partake without squeamishness of the traveller's standing fare—tongue, garnished with brains or not, as the case might be. However, I soon found that my companions possessed tropical constitutions which could not be wound up to a comfortable blood-heat by the mere exertitation of controversy, polemical or political. The guard first yielded to the freezing influence of the clear blue sky, to which he had paid such empty compliments by shouting for hot strong whiskey-punch as soon as we reached Mallow. His example was contagious, and in a few minutes afterwards the five individuals who occupied the back seats were the best company in the world.

On my right sat the colossal guard in the full-blown "pomp and glory" of his station. His aspect bore a strange mixture of audacity and condescension,—native humor and the acquired stupidity of habitual intoxication. He occasionally uttered *half* a good thing,

and then hiccuped and forgot to finish it. Although it was merely a *day-coach* that whirled us along, he had a blunderbuss slung at his end of our seat ready for use at a moment's notice; and during his frequent sittings-up and down, I found he had a brace of bulky pistols in his surtout pockets—signs of the times!

Facing us on the body of the coach sat three persons, differing remarkably in their dress and manner. One was decidedly a gentleman, whom the guard seemed to be well acquainted with and frequently addressed by the title of "Counsellor." He appeared to know the country that we passed through familiarly, and answered cheerfully and satisfactorily my numerous questions respecting its varied scenery. Travelling depends for its pleasures so much on the intelligence and good nature of our associates, that I instinctively attach myself to the individuals who evince such happy endowments. I suppose my gratitude was visible in my countenance, for the counsellor seemed to think himself fully repaid for all the trouble he took to satisfy my insatiable curiosity. It had slept for twelve long years, or only dreamed as it were of Ireland, and now returned to banquet in the scenes of youth with redoubled appetite. I could not have been more fortunately placed for its gratification—The counsellor possessed that vivacity of talent and variety of information, which I have never met combined to a similar extent in the natives of any other country. An Englishman will study deeply and fully, till he masters the art or science that he has devoted himself to. If he possess one other hobby-horse in the extensive range of human learning, it is enough for him; but an Irishman's mind seems to lie open at every point of the compass. Religion, politics, commerce, agriculture, law, literature, and the fine arts are all lords of the ascendant in rotation, according to the company he finds himself in, or the prevalent excitement of the hour. It is not that he knows merely a *little* of every thing and nothing well;—a well-bred Irishman knows a *great deal* of every thing worth knowing, but even knowledge like other acquisitions has its cares and penalties. Life and its successes are matters of *time*, and they who diffuse it over too many things rarely succeed in any. In Ireland, where people know their neighbours' affairs and opinions as well as their own, this information is generally acquired at the expense of time and pains that would have made them individually wiser and wealthier. *Mais, que voulez-vous?* My poor countrymen must be just what they are; and if their universal aptitude and curiosity conspire to render them the best travelling company in the world, why should I moralise on the matter?

On the same line opposite, sat a fine-looking young country-fellow in an immense frieze coat that seemed intended to defy the weather "and all its works." He appeared to be a peasant of rather a superior class, if I might judge from a manly countenance, a bold free tone of voice, and a corresponding independence of manner; but his clothes, excepting the aforesaid frieze surtout, were of a very meagre fashion, somewhat smoked and rather carelessly worn. The surtout seemed to be all in all with him, and I question if he bestowed a thought on any of the interior integuments.

He also was a true representative of Irish attributes on other

points of national temperament. The whiskey-punch had its full effect

To wake every feeling at once into flower,

as the bard of Ireland sings. He became all at once surprisingly fluent; not only his tongue and thoughts were set a jigging, but eyes, fists, feet, surtout, and shillelah, unanimously yielded "outward and visible marks of an inward and spiritual" inspiration, that (to pursue Tom Moore's simile) gave promise of a speedy, general and magnificent *blow*! His striking arguments were chiefly aimed at a phlegmatic Scotchman, who sat between the two natives, and was heard occasionally to utter some trite Scottish aphorism in his own dialect not at all complimentary to Ireland, which acted like a spur on the sides of his hot-blooded neighbour, despite his armour of frieze. Paddy would evidently have been exceedingly happy to have broken his head in return for his proverbs, time and place befitting; but he stood (and *sat* now and then) very much in awe of "the counsellor," whose kindly admonitions on the score of decorum and hospitality never failed to restore his rougher countryman to a temporary sense of good behaviour. This *desideratum*, however, (like Happiness in the fable) always contrived to slip through his fingers on the least provocation from the Scotchman (whose very accent seemed to be translated by Paddy into an insult) or from the guard, whose politics, when ripened into fruit by the genial influence of the scaldtheen¹ of Mallow, shone forth a flaming *Orange*.

"Do you always carry a blunderbuss on this road?" said I.

"Not always—only when I have a *charge* about me," replied he in an under tone intended for a whisper, but so hoarse and forcible, from his ordinary habits of *base* converse with the coachman and controversy with the horses, that the three opposite passengers heard it as well as I;—"and just now," added he, as if wishing to turn our thoughts into a safer channel, "the country is so disturbed by these vagabond Rockites, that one can't take too much care. 'Twas only last week that a set of devilskins came screeching down from the mountains over Rooskeen yonder (the village we've just passed through) at 12 o'clock at night—(a fine moonlight night it was!)—skelping along barebacked on all the horses they could find in their way, till they came to the Blackwater; and sign's on it they didn't come for nothing, or return empty. That night they carried off three fine cows belonging to my Lord C——'s agent, that were quietly tied up in the herd's shed on the near bank of the river, (but they knew where to find them,) and then stepping across the ford they gutted Parson P——'s granary neat and clean, fairly turning it inside-out like an old stocking² on a rent-day; and fortunate it was that his reverence was in Cork, attending the Ecclesiastical court on a case of tythe for some of that very mountain-land above us there! So after searching for him through every hole and corner, and tossicating the mistress's and the young ladies' beds to see if he was hid under 'em, they contented themselves with drinking his port and madeira to the health of Pastorini, and filling all the sacks (even to

¹ Whiskey, sugar, and water, boiled together.

² An Irish purse.

the pillow-cases) with the tythe-wheat, oats, and bere,—and off with 'em again over the ford and up the hills, as if the fairies were scuttling them along in one of their own March whirlwinds!—Sweet hanging weather we'll have after these breezes!"

"And I suppose, corn, cows, and horses never found their way back?"

"O! please your honor," said he of the shillelah, "the horses were only borrowed for the occasion. What would the poor scullogues¹ do without their beasts?"

"Aye!" said he of the blunderbuss, "and I heard the chief-constable say that the truth of the matter is, the scullogues know very well how to ride their own horses down the mountains, and how to take their tythes in kind as well as *pay* them."

"Small blame to them if they do, my jewel!—They and theirs have travelled the road to Parson P——'s haggard long enough to know the way to and from it blindfold."

"Paddy! Paddy!" cried the counsellor, "recollect the legal maxim, 'That no man is called on to give evidence against himself.' There's no need of your becoming a client of mine before your time, and consider that every transportation costs the county 80*l*."

"True for you, counsellor dear! and so I don't intend to trouble you or Governor Macquarrie yet awhile:" so wrapping his ponderous coat about him, as if it were a heaven-descended shield of Minerva, he seemed willing to find safety in silence.

"Oho!" shouted the guard with a contemptuous laugh, as he pointed to the mountain's side, "Look there! Who ever saw the like of that in a Christian country, near a mail-coach road, anywhere but among the bog-trotting papist Irish! For downright laziness the fellow wont put the wheels on his car, but is drawing his turf down the mountain, sledge fashion!—hauling it along like a horse's head to a bonfire! May be he doesn't know the use of wheels?"

"Puir blinded people! what ceevelization could ye expect?"

"May be," said Paddy, indignantly, "they know more about drawing and driving than either of you!—I wish that both of you were guard and coachman to a Scotch dray-load of turf on top of that same hill at sunrise, and weren't to break your fast till you landed it safe in Kanturk there at the bottom. Why then, between hauling the horse and two wheels (and that makes *three*) out of sloughs axle-deep, and holding-on at every rock to keep the load, (horse, dray, and turf,) from taking a summerset, once for all, down to Kanturk,—the devil a bit ever you'd eat for three days, my gay fellows!"

"I remember something of these mountaineers and their primitive manners and implements. 'Tis now above fifteen years since I shot over those wild hills during a holiday week, and partook of the hospitality of the poor cotters—I recollect they were for the most part a fine-looking set of people, robust, active, and of very obliging manners."

"Yes," said the counsellor, "these mountains (like all other se-

¹ Small Farmers.

cluded districts) contain a peculiar race of people. An immense range directly north of this road stretches into three adjoining counties, Kerry, Cork, and Limerick; at the feet of which all around lie the towns of Mallow, Kanturk, Newmarket, Castle-Island, Abbyeale, Newcastle, Charleville, and Doneraile. Through this vast tract not a single carriage-road exists passable in winter. In summer the natives travel over it in every way that they please, no fences existing to prevent them. From the Blackwater that rolls below on your left, you may walk thirty miles northward and not meet the house of a resident gentleman. 'Tis absentee soil! In so exposed a region, the crops are very precarious; and though the cattle find good grass during the spring and summer months, the needful store of hay is difficult to save, and the peasantry are often obliged to share their own stock of potatoes with their cows and calves, as Paddy here can tell you."

"True for you, Sir! My three little beasts all became *lifters* this winter,—"

"What!" said I.

"*Lifters*, please you honor, seeing that when they lost their legs, they could not find them again out of downright weakness till we helped them up, one at each side;—and only that my pretty Kerries were so small entirely, they'd have eaten us out of house and home. Drimeen eat my wife's cap and shawl one day,—and Oonagh chewed the broom and turf-basket to giblets,—and Nora, taking pattern, at last fell to devour the turf, choosing the soft sods to save her teeth, as the creature's old."

"The ground is in many places highly susceptible of cultivation," continued the counsellor, "but the peasantry have no manure, no roads to bring it on, and indeed no carts to draw it with. On the Kerry side, where the mountains approach the shore, the poor cotters spend much time and pains in bringing sea-sand and wrack for their potato-crops in little basket-loads on horses' backs up the steep hills, where zig-zag bridle-roads enable them to clamber ascents that to the eye at a distance appear almost perpendicular and impracticable. But the inhabitants of this inland district are debarred all access to these ocean-treasures, and during most of the year have nothing to do but climb for hawks' and eagles' nests, fish for trout which run up the streams when swollen by showers, hurl, or kick football in fine weather, and sit down to tell stories and make potteen in the rainy season when the gaugers can't ride up the boggy hill-sides to annoy them. Indeed, gaugers and tax-gatherers think it safest not to meddle much with these mountaineers, who say they haven't a potato to spare from their own poor lifters to feed the soldiers for shooting Frenchmen. Though the hearth-money collector had regular troops at his disposal to enable him to enforce payment of that tax during the war, he gave up the affair 'as a bad job,' after a campaign off and on for seven years, in which many daisy-cutting horses foundered, and severe overthrows were sustained by the respective riders. The quarter-master of the regiment (who hated the bog-service as he called it) drew up a calculation, by which it appeared that the nett amount of revenue obtained during the seven years' war, compared with the cost of collection was as 1 to 5349; so the tax-gatherer

was laughed out of his occupation. The serjeant of the troop told me that 'it was the most vexatious thing as ever he comed across, to be riding about from cabin to cabin, and opping his orse from timmock to tussock all day long without bite or sup; and then again fellors with them dommed things they call *slurring-horns* two or three miles off perhaps, axing him 'if he was hungry,'—'if he'd taste some turf and buttermilk,'—'if he had seized the slate-griddle for the tax,'—and fifty nonsenses of that kind. Another time he'd hear'em praying through the horns 'to sweet Jasus, that he might fall and break his neck,' and laughing till the bogs shook around, at every toss his men got.'"

"I remember! I remember!" shouted Paddy in delight, "myself had the guiding of the troop one day by a short cut to Kilbrin. The serjeant insisted that I should lead them on firm level ground,—and so of course I did, on the flat hill-tops, where every bog-hole stood gaping, black and full to the brim like a huge ink-bottle down in the green sod, its sides under cut all round, so that horse or man couldn't pass within a yard of the brink without breaking in. Now you see, counsellor, they were so conceited, they wouldn't take my advice to follow me in single file but rode on, two abreast, between ink-bottles that joined underneath, and left only a bridge of the *keebe*¹ sod above. 'Yees must follow only one at a time,' says I, as I felt the bridge in one spot shake under myself. 'Out of my way,' said the serjeant, 'or I will ride over you. There's room for two.' 'For the love of the devil,' says I, 'stop!' But on they came, and down they went! That stopped the others sure enough; but, like stupid blackguards as they were, they still closed up their files as if they had been on parade in their barrack-yard, till they stood so close and heavy together that the whole patch under them sunk away to right and left and in the middle, and every mother's son of 'em was floundering in the ink-bottles before the serjeant could get the bog-stuff out of his mouth to cry 'To the right about!' That was a sight for the mountains! and you may be sure the horns made the most of it. 'Twas God's mercies and a thousand pities that they were not all drowned; for the edges standing over the sides, d'ye see, the horses could get no footing till they were almost spent. The sight was so comical, as the dragoons floundered about like so many wasps in a tar-bottle, that I couldn't help laughing heartily, till the serjeant and half a dozen more wasps missed fire at me, (for their holsters were full of bog-stuff;) but when they drew their swords, I thought it safest to run and leave them to themselves (as God left the Jews) up to their skirts in a bog-hole."

"This is the way that my countrymen amuse themselves up the mountains, in the midst of their poverty," continued the counsellor. "Danger gives a zest to adventure, and the risk of life or limb is cheerfully undergone for the sake of a hearty laugh, or of having a good story to tell in the winter's evenings. There is much of the genuine spirit of chivalry to be found in their wild doings. A love of active enterprise, a taste for historical tradition, a high respect for ancestry, and almost intuitive feelings of the obligations of hospitality

¹ Bog-rush, or cotton-grass, of the genus *Eriophorum*.

and honor, exist among them in an eminent degree. On this account, 'tis useless to attempt to capture an offender who flies to the hills : indeed, 'tis the boast of the inhabitants that no one was ever punished who sought refuge in their mountain-sanctuary. Excepting a few men of sense, (like our friend Paddy here,) they sit idle at home during winter, deeming work in the Lowlands a degradation—a species of slavery unsuited to their high notions of gentility. They are endowed by nature with an extraordinary portion of acuteness and intelligence, which displays itself in their estimate of every thing that lies within their sphere of observation, and often leads them into disputations upon rights and wrongs, and points of law, that grow at last to murderous quarrels. Irishmen, I believe, are *educationally* fond of law ; but these mountaineers seem, from their aptitude for the discussion of legal subtleties, to be born lawyers. They annoy me beyond measure by the

vigor
Beyond the spirit of the law,

which they manifest on all occasions when they come to consult me, (or rather, to incense me,) with as desperate designs for each other's ruin as if they were peers of the realm ; although, in fact, they can't pay for the stamps to file a declaration. Thus, while strangers and felons are received like brothers among them, and while travellers find them courteous and obliging, they will fight like madmen among themselves, about some nonsensical trespasses on imaginary bounds, or imaginary titles to forfeited estates, with a spirit of courage and perseverance worthy of a better cause."

" Ah ! please your honor, no man goes to law without thinking he has good grounds for it. If yourself had the title to the snug little estate of Castle-Diarmid, down by sweet Tralee, that had come to you through seven forefathers as it has to me, troth, you'd argue and fight for it, like Paddy Skibbereen, and leave it as a dower to your child of the next generation, if you couldn't get it in this ; and may the curse of Cromwell—"

" There ! you see," exclaimed the counsellor, " the Irish man of the mountains ! He is an estated man in idea ; and, without the slightest chance of ever reversing Cromwell's forfeiture, lives on in a vague hope that the sword of law or justice will one day restore him and hundreds of others to their green acres in the Lowlands."

" All in good time, please God and the Virgin ! and that time may be nearer than you imagine, counsellor dear !"

Here was a discovery ! My paternal estate devoted to reprisal and rescue ! My father's house given with a crab's-claw to cut the teeth of the young Skibbereens ! A desperado with a memory of rights and wrongs seven generations long, ready to eat me up alive and give God thanks for having rid the world of the spawn of a *sassanech* spoiler ! the living representative of his seventh-forefather's foeman !

I was just on the point of inquiring if the counsellor knew aught of the welfare of the family of Castle-Diarmid, when the mountain attainer was announced ; so I staid my queries till I might propose them in less suspicious company.

(To be continued.)

ASSOCIATION FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

If it were sufficient evidence of the futility of a scheme, that something may be said, and plausibly enough too, against it; most assuredly there does not now exist any benefit in the political, moral, or scientific world, which has not been (while it was a project merely) in that predicament. Mankind, indeed, seem to be divided into two classes only, where improvement is concerned; they who contrive methods for bettering our condition, and they whose method it is to contrive objections. What ridicule was heaped upon the Royal Society when it was first established! and what opposition, grave or jocose, has been levelled at the first proposal of every innovation, from steam-engines and macadamized roads to gas-lights and the new police!

It is not surprising, therefore, that the "Association for the Encouragement of Literature" (being as yet a project only, and in its infancy,) should have had its share of this common destiny. The wonder would have been, had it escaped.

We are not at all inclined, however, to enter into a controversy upon the merits of its plan. It will be doing the "Association" better service, and literary men better service, to elucidate its advantages, than to exhibit with what facility we can make stupid ridicule recoil upon itself, or convict sophistry of flimsy misrepresentation.

As it is probable that many of our readers may be unacquainted with the objects of this "Association," and with the manner in which it is intended to carry those objects into effect, our first task shall be succinctly to put them in possession of this necessary information.

The Association, then, is instituted for the sole purpose of publishing works of merit, upon a principle which shall secure to the writers of them a profitable interest in their success; that is, that in proportion to the sale of a work, shall be the pecuniary advantage of the sale to the author. To secure this result, the Association prescribes to itself these two principles:—1st. "The disavowal of all personal profit on the part of its members." 2nd. "The benefit of the author."

These are the objects of the Association. The following is the manner in which they are to be accomplished:—

"The account of every work published by the Association shall be made up within six months, (or as soon after as may be practicable,) from the time of publication; and the proceeds shall be allotted, in conformity with the principles above specified, in the following manner:—

"First.—The actual expences of publication shall be discharged.

"Second.—The amount of remuneration shall be awarded and paid to the author as soon as possible, in the following ratio, viz.

Out of the first hundred pounds surplus balance	. 50 per cent.
Out of the second do. do. .	. 65 do.
Out of the third do. do. .	. 75 do.
Out of all sums exceeding £300 do. .	. 90 do.

"Third.—The remainder shall be carried to the account of the Association."

Now, unless they who are opposed to this scheme, can prove, or show reasonable grounds for believing, that it is IMPRACTICABLE, that it aims at something which it is IMPOSSIBLE to achieve, we ask, at the outset, is it open to any other valid objection? On the other hand, is there anything in the proposal thus stated, so chimerical, so Quixotic, so visionary, that it carries with it a *primâ facie* condemnation? Is the printing of books, or the publishing of books, or the selling of books, or the receiving of money for books when sold, such a mystery, such an occult or incommunicable process, that none but booksellers can understand it? Truth to say, we strongly suspect the only mystery, the only secret in the business, is

that mystery, or secret, by which it has hitherto been contrived that books should be printed, published, sold, and the money received, for the least possible benefit to those who wrote them.

We are enabled to state one personal fact, and two others, which though not personal we know to be equally authentic, that will clearly demonstrate the solid advantages to literary men of this Association; assuming, as we have a right to do, that there is nothing which should prevent it from acting up to its professed intentions.

The writer of this article has been guilty of the crime of authorship within the last twelve months—guilty, to the extent of inditing three goodly volumes. He had his own price for them from the bookseller; therefore he has nothing to complain of. The work sold well. The public, therefore, as he indubitably thinks, showed its good taste and discernment. But mark how his pocket would have fared, supposing the “Association” had published what he wrote, at the *same* price, and sold the *same* number of copies. He would have received, within a fraction, FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS more than he did receive! True, he would have had to wait six or eight months perhaps for his money; though the “Association” expressly reserves to itself a right of advancing to an author, whose work they intend to publish, any sum they may see good reasons for so doing, to the extent of £100; but four hundred pounds are a tempting premium for a little patience, even supposing that *some* booksellers never paid their authors with bills at far more protracted dates.

The other two cases are these:—In the one, A. would have received about £170 more, upon a work of comparatively small price—but, as it happened, of extensive sale: and in the other, B. would have been better off by nearly £300. These are *facts* which nothing can gainsay except that which is merely gratuitous assumption,—namely, the impracticability of the proposed undertaking. Grant that what is intended can be done, (and it is for those who deny it can, to prove the thing they deny,) and who will question its real value and importance to every man who derives his means of living from the employment of his pen?

But we have yet shown the advantages of the “Association” only, as they affect works which are destined to no longer popularity than is conferred by a first, or single, edition. It rarely happens, in contracts between an author and a bookseller, that any condition is included which defines the interest of the former in the contingent benefits of a second, or more, editions. When, indeed, an author has acquired a name, when there is a tolerable certainty that whatever is announced from his pen will command a given sale, a sort of security may be taken by him that he shall derive an additional profit from such sale. But generally, (and always in the commencement of an author’s career,) whatever he gets beyond the stipulated price for the copyright in the first instance, he must receive, cap in hand, as a donative, as an act of generosity, from the bibliopolist. Authors may be an irritable, but assuredly they are not a sordid, grasping, or calculating race. There are few who would not shrink from the implied vanity and self-conceit of an explicit bargain for what they were to receive from the second, third, and fourth editions of a work yet in MS.; or, who would not sink under the sarcastic, incredulous smile of the bookseller, to whom such sanguine hopes of success were expressed. Hence, as we have said, and with the exceptions we have mentioned, whatever he receives beyond the first price paid for the copyright comes to him in the shape of a gift from the munificence of his publisher. But not such his condition, if he publishes with the “Association,” as he will see by the following Regulation:

“9. Should other editions of a work be called for, they shall be published on the same terms, (i. e. as the first edition,) but with this proviso, viz. that after closing the account of the first, or any subsequent edition, the author shall have the privilege of purchasing back the copyright of his work, at a price to be fixed by the committee, upon a fair calculation of the proceeds; and in accordance with the fixed principles of the Asso-

ciation: no such privilege being claimed, the copyright to become the property of the Association."

Such are the pounds, shillings, and pence features of this plan; and again we say, if it be not a chimerical one, if it be not incapable of practice, if it be not palpably, and of necessity, a wild absurdity, let any one who has ever written a book, and found a publisher, ask himself, whatever have been his gains, whether they would not have been doubled, trebled, or quadrupled, had there existed an "Association for the Encouragement of Literature" to pay them? The principle holds good, whether forty, four hundred, or four thousand pounds have been paid for copyrights; for more than a bookseller can afford to give, who has all the risks of trade to weigh in his dealings, must find its way into the author's pocket, where there are no risks to calculate. Take the case of an author whose celebrity is so great, that a bookseller unhesitatingly gives him the highest of any sum we have ever heard named as being given for a work. Why does the bookseller give this price? Because he knows the work is worth it; that is, he knows he shall sell enough copies to replace the principal and yield a very sufficient surplus. The expected sale is his only guide in the bargain he makes;—and what will the same sale do for the author, whose work is published by the "Association?" The only class of authors who will not be benefited by this Association are bad ones, writers whose lucubrations the public will not buy. Such authors there are, we admit; and, what may seem wonderful, they often find publishers, who must, of course, if they do not succeed in "pulling off" an edition, make the profits of good pay for the losses of bad works.

We are fond of facts; we will therefore ask another question—Do booksellers ever make fortunes? Were the Tonsons, the Lintots, the Millars, the Osbornes, the Strahans, the Dillys of a former age, or are the Longmans, the Murrays, the Blackwoods, the Cadells of the present age, opulent men? It is with no invidious feeling, for no paltry object, that we ask this question; but in a spirit of candor and of truth we say, remember that whatever wealth it has ever been the lot of publishing booksellers to realise, has been realised out of the profits received from publishing the works of living authors (after having, in many instances, paid those authors high prices for their works); and that it is the exclusive object of the "Association" to admit authors themselves to the receipt of those profits, out of which that same wealth has been obtained. One question more; it grows naturally out of the one we have just asked—Do authors ever make fortunes? But we will put this question still more fairly, because it may be urged that the fortune of a bookseller is not from the profit upon publishing the works of any single author, but from the profits of many. We ask then, does any body believe the money paid to Johnson, Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, and Blair, for the works from their pens which were published, with trifling exceptions, by one house, bore any proportion, any just and reasonable proportion, to the money eventually received by that house before the respective copyrights of those works expired? Does any body believe that they would not have obtained much larger sums of money, had there then existed such an "Association" as the one now proposed to be established; and had that "Association" published their works for them, according to the principles laid down by the "Association for the Encouragement of Literature?"

The Lord Chancellor, who presided at the last anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund, observed very truly, that "the public were the only patrons of literature, and that booksellers were but the agents of the public." Agencies, however, like all other services, may be performed upon principles more or less beneficial to the agents themselves; and we think we have shown, that so far as authors are concerned, the proposed agency of the "Association" must be preferable to the one now employed.

Let us next look at the mode in which it is intended to determine the pretensions of writers who may forward their manuscripts to the "Association" for publication. By the fifth Regulation, it is declared that "A

committee of twenty-one members, five of whom shall be a quorum for the dispatch of business, shall be appointed by a majority of votes at a General Meeting, to be called 'the Committee of General Management.' By the sixth Regulation it is declared that "no bookseller or publisher shall be eligible to be a member of this committee." And then comes the seventh Regulation, which runs thus:

"That to prevent the influence of private or party feeling in the selection of works for publication, such works shall be received by the committee without signature, but distinguished by some motto, which motto must also be inscribed on the envelope of a sealed letter accompanying the work, and containing the name and address of the author; this letter shall not be opened but in the event of a favorable decision upon the work itself, and then in the presence of the committee; or, in case of the work being rejected, shall, on application, be returned unopened with the manuscript."

A more complete security against the possibility of a work being exposed to any unfair influence, and obtaining for it a decision founded entirely upon its merits, could hardly be devised. The only misgiving that *can* arise is, as to the degree of competency on the part of the committee, whether the persons appointed to the function of judges will possess the necessary qualifications to enable them to discover the merit which may come under their notice. Now, without assuming for the persons who may be periodically entrusted with this office any surpassing judgment, taste, and critical acumen, we think we are in no danger of falling into extravagant expectations, when we say there is at least an equal chance the committee of management will be as sagacious, as erudite, and as discriminating as a bookseller, or as the "wise man" of a bookseller, whose province it is, like the ministers of the Crown, to advise his sovereign what he should do; while, as the name of the author will be as secret, there is *no* chance of any one of those thousand direct and indirect jealousies, prejudices, and rivalries operating, which must always be the case more or less when the question to be decided is frequently, not whether a work be good or bad, but whether the author has made an enemy or a friend of his judge.

In considering the practical advantages of the "Association" under this branch of its operations, we must take a different ground from the one which relates to mere pecuniary benefit, and bear in mind the services which will be rendered to a friendless and unknown author, who has to struggle with all the difficulties that obstruct his first efforts—difficulties notoriously unconnected with his talents. The lives of literary men are full of melancholy proofs that genius of the highest order is no passport to the patronage of booksellers; and that most works which, when published, have taken their station at once among the noblest productions of the human mind, have, in the first instance, been rejected by half the bibliopolists in London. The evidences of this fact are so trite, from the ten pounds paid for *Paradise Lost*, down to the disclosures in Lord Byron's letters of how he, though a Lord, was encouraged by booksellers before the public taste encouraged them to buy, that it would be a mere parade of common-places to enumerate them. We have heard, indeed, and from no mean authority, that even "*Waverley*" lay for two years in Mr. Constable's desk, (after he had bought the manuscript, out of deference to the poetical genius of the author of "*Marmion*," and in consideration of the profit he had derived from it and the other poems of Sir Walter) before he could bring himself to risk its publication.

We think, therefore, the system upon which the "Association" intends to proceed must turn out very bad indeed before it can be worse than that with which authors have hitherto had to contend. But have we not every reason to suppose it will be much better? Are we not justified in concluding that a committee, consisting, as it is likely to do, of intelligent, educated, honorable, and disinterested persons, will be able to

discern, and disposed to foster, intellectual merit? May we not expect that, under the superintendence of such a body, controlled by the salutary regulations above described, the only recommendation of which an author will stand in need will be that of talent? Let his work but speak for itself, let it but possess those claims to public patronage which, when they really exist, are rarely overlooked, and he will find the path at once open for making his appeal. He has nothing to fear from envy, resentment, or personal prejudice. He is secure from every thing but human fallibility. It is possible his judges may form a wrong estimate of his abilities from the insufficiency of their own; but even supposing such an injury to take place, it admits of a remedy, the old channels are still remaining; the secret of failure is locked up in the author's own breast, and the rejected work a bookseller may publish, while its success may teach the "Association" wisdom for the future.

Our readers will be amused with the following specimen of the flippant absurdity employed to convince authors that they cannot possibly be better off than they are, to show that the very best plan for them is that which it certainly requires no argument to show is the best plan for their publishers. The writer, who has long since convinced himself that a jest is an overmatch for Aristotle and Sanderson, draws this picture of what will inevitably happen to every work that is submitted to the Committee of General Management:—

"In the first chapter the author gives an account of a battle, or some incident depending upon the carefulness of a sentinel, the severity of an officer, or the discipline of a regiment. The military member of the critical committee denounces the book as absurd.—In the second chapter appear some severe strictures upon financial expedients, and general observations upon the state of the money-market. To this the banker immediately demurs as indelicate, dangerous, and quite uncalled-for.—In the third chapter comes a sea-storm, and the author, unskilled in nauticals, talks of splicing the main-brace, or sailing head to wind, or some such thing. The naval officers start from their seats, and exclaim against the ignorance and folly of the unhappy scribbler.—The fourth chapter, in describing a banquet, discusses the subject of wine with a fluency quite amazing, but with an ignorance so astonishing that the medical *Gourmet* insists upon the immediate expulsion of the work.—The fifth chapter treats upon political economy. He that has written and published on the other side laughs to scorn the efforts of the poor dunce under consideration.—The clergyman denounces the heterodoxy of the sixth chapter.—The poet damns with faint praise the ode which illustrates the seventh.—The ambassador exposes the fallacy of the author's idea of diplomacy in the eighth.—And then the thing is put to the vote."

Admirable and conclusive reasoning! What an extraordinary and most original work too that would be which treated in successive chapters of military discipline, finance, a sea-storm, a banquet, political economy, theology, and poetry! There are but two institutions in the metropolis where the author of such a work could, or the writer of such nonsense as the above should, be found; the one is St. Luke's, the other Bedlam.

Having thus, with as much brevity as we could employ, shown what are the objects of this "Association;" what are the proposed means of effecting those objects; and in what manner, not only authors individually, but the literature of the country will be benefited, should the "Association," as we cordially hope it may, meet with sufficient support to carry their designs into execution, we cannot do better than submit to our readers, in conclusion, the few striking truths which are set forth in their unostentatious Address:—

"From the present mode of publishing literary works," they observe, "considerable delay, inconvenience, and injury are frequently sustained by authors who may be desirous of sending forth their productions to the world.

"One or two publishers monopolise in a great measure, not only the

control over, but the profits of, publications ; consequently they possess the power of depressing literary merit and of misleading the public.

"It often occurs that the work of a friendless author is lost to the public in consequence of his want of sufficient means to publish on his own account, or from disappointment in the disposal of his manuscript. Thus dispirited and pressed by want, he is compelled to relinquish entirely the pursuit of literature.

"In order therefore to promote the general cause of literature, and to benefit authors by enabling them to participate more largely in the profits attendant on the publication of meritorious works, this Association has been formed, without any intention, on the part of the Association, of interfering with the general or particular interests of booksellers."¹

M. W.

THE GRACES IN IRELAND.

Of old Olympus' court grown weary,
Of dowdy gods, and dow'ger goddesses,
Where all is grand, and cold and dreary,
High airs, big wigs, and tight-laced boddices—

It chanced, the Graces on a day
Resolved a lark on earth they'd try,
And just for fun, once in a way,
To cut their own eternal sky.

But where to bend their brilliant flight,
Took half a century debating ;
Till, on their doubts to throw some light,
They call'd their aid-de-camp in waiting.

Momus, the merriest god in heaven,
If not the sagest, said in sport,
"Were I from high Olympus driven,
By Jove I'd seek the Irish court—

For there, I'm told, with high urbanity,
Supreme bon-ton, and state in plenty,
There's still so much of sweet humanity,
I'd choose that court,—aye, out of twenty."

"But how present ourselves? dear Momus,—
A court is still a court I trow ;
And though as free as that of Comus,
We must go labell'd there, you know."

"Labell'd!—I like that; show your faces ;
They'll prove a *passe par tout* I'm sure ;
Besides, 'tis known against the Graces
Lestrange² will never shut the door."

"Still we must have a name 'tis clear."
"Oh! for a name,—why take at once
That name which Erin holds most dear,—
Say you're the Pagets for the nonce."

Away they flew,—the god had reason,
The goddesses a *grand succès* ;
Pass'd as the Pagets for a season,
And back to heaven rewing'd their way.

S. M.

¹ In fact it is intended that the works of the Association shall be published by all booksellers on the usual terms of trade-profit on the sale.

² The chamberlain of the Irish court.

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.—No. III.

THE large and lofty aisle of the church of St. John might awaken an almost subdued piety even in a midshipman. I gazed with veneration on the rich altar-piece, and longed to purloin, notwithstanding the sacrilege, some of the precious stones which represented the eyes of a saint, as they glistened in his skeleton skull. In the centre of the church was a long deal box upon a pair of tressels, in which was, as I supposed, a new-made saint in wax. I took the liberty of feeling the nose, and discovered, to my horror, it was a dead knight of Malta remaining his three days of exposure in public before he was consigned to the common tomb of his Order. As I shall have to mention some curious adventures in Malta when I grew to man's estate, I shall leave that island for the present, and conduct my readers to a nobler country.

We were ordered to Smyrna; and, shortly after our arrival, directions came for the *Salsette* to repair to Constantinople, there to receive Mr. Adair our minister, and convey him to Malta. Our stay therefore at Smyrna was short, and would have been much shorter had not the *St. Fiorenzo* contrived to run bowsprit forward upon a high rock, and sustain considerable damage. It was at Smyrna I first saw the activity of the Mamalukes in a sham-fight against some Turks. Sunday was the day they selected for this amusement; and on a flat of grass, to the left of the town, the different parties repaired. Each man was armed with a certain number of d'jherids, or blunted lances, about four or five feet in length, and carried also a small thick stick by which he warded off the lance of his antagonist. They charged each other, and showered away their spears: the opposite party either caught them as they flew over their heads, or knocked them aside with the short stick. Sometimes, to avoid the lance in a retreat, they would throw themselves along the back of the horse, and frequently jump from their chargers, recover a lance, and mount again at full gallop. A few boys were employed to pick up the d'jherids and restore them to the disarmed horsemen. These urchins seemed in great danger; but, in spite of their long full trowsers, their activity and vigilance were overmatches for the peril they encountered. These amusements often end fatally: I saw one Turk killed on the spot; the d'jherid struck him on the forehead, and he fell lifeless from his horse. This by no means stopped the amusement. It remained a doubt, however, with the faithful if he went to Heaven or not, it being clearly understood amongst all Mahometans, that Houris only wave their green kerchiefs for those who die in battle against an enemy. Now as the Mamaluke was only as a mock enemy for the moment, the subject becomes one of great speculation and interest to those who thus on Sundays run a very considerable chance of not outliving the day. The management of the horse was here seen in its highest perfection. I have often witnessed two combatants keep their horses in such a position that neither could throw his spear at his antagonist; and, when tired of this evolution, the retreating soldier would throw himself along the back of his steed, and, setting off at full gallop, take the chance of being struck by his adversary. Captain Bathurst was in the field

talking to a noble-looking young Englishman,—it was Lord Byron ; not far off was Mr. Hobhouse : and then I learnt that these travellers were to take a passage in the Salsette to Constantinople. We sailed the next day, having fired a salute when his Lordship came on board ; and, on the following evening, came to anchor off the island of Tenedos. In the course of the day, however, a circumstance occurred which brought me into notice with Lord Byron, whose kindness and attention I shall never forget. “ Have you an orange ? ” asked his Lordship of the captain’s-steward. “ We have not one on board, Sir,” was the reply. I was sitting in the fore-cabin, wishing Hamilton Moore, Norie, and all other writers upon Navigation in the bottomless pit, for I was confoundedly puzzled in working the chronometer, being one of those young lads who had moments when study was not a pleasure. I immediately ran below, and from the till of my chest brought forth two ripe Smyrna oranges, and polished them with a damp towel. I put my best foot foremost, and made one of Oscar Byrne’s most approved bows, as I offered his Lordship the oranges. “ Many thanks, youngster,” said his Lordship ; “ what is your name ? ” I told *him*, although I am not going to tell my readers. “ What are your studies ? ” I told him I was endeavoring to find out the longitude. I recollect his Lordship remarking with a smile, “ I hope you may succeed, but it has puzzled older heads than yours.” The next day I was at Hamilton Moore again, when the gig was lowered to land Lord Byron on the Plains of Troy. “ I will take this young acquaintance of mine if you will allow me, Captain Bathurst.” “ Certainly,” replied that excellent man, and forthwith I left the cabin and placed myself in the gig ; his Lordship’s fowling-piece was handed down the side, and we shoved off. It blew a stiff breeze, and the boat surged her gunwale in the water as she lifted over the wave. Once or twice I thought we carried too much sail, and the cockswain ventured to hint that “ she would go the faster for having a reef in.” This was objected to by the poet, and we safely landed in the very bay, where, no doubt, in former times the Grecian fleet was hauled on shore. I did not then possess the knowledge of Homer which perhaps I do now, and a midshipman’s mind is about on a par with an Eton boy’s ; he looks to pleasure more than to study, for school-hours are long enough when we are obliged to learn. The gig was sent on board, and we proceeded to the ruins of Alexandria Troas, his Lordship being accompanied by two servants, directed to guard their present master by that furious tyrant Ali Pacha. It was all hallowed ground to his Lordship, and capital fun for me. I had the fowling-piece and blazed away at every bird that happened to rise, having before my poetical imagination the delight of the next day’s dinner. What I saw then I have still before my sight ; but as I was young, and might blunder in description, like Lord Byron “ I leave topography to classic Gell.”

We had walked far ; and I was tired enough, when his Lordship brought himself to an anchor upon the tomb of Patroclus, and produced a book which he read with the utmost earnestness, and which, from his own account, must have been a Homer. I remember my

leaping across the Scamander to the infinite amusement of the poet, who was spluttering Greek to one of his servants in no common style, and seemed to be imagining where the different fights in former days took place. The tumuli of the mighty dead made a great impression on his Lordship, and are mentioned by him in every work in which a reference is made to that part of the coast, — witness the opening of the 'Giaour,' &c. In the evening we returned on board, having crossed to Tenedos, tasted sherbet, and smoked a pipe with the commanding Turk of the misnamed fortress. Day after day we waited in anxious expectation of the firman, or order, granting permission for the frigate to approach the sublime city. And as "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," we were determined to keep the body in health by exercise. It was proposed to ride to Abydos, and his Lordship's servant was sent on shore overnight to hire the steeds. We made a grand show the next morning as to numbers. We found animals by no means the size or strength of the Grecian horses of old. Our cavalcade mounted formed an odd group, some in uniform, some in traveller's garb, Turkish and Greek servants, with our running footmen in trowsers flying behind them as they passed through the air. We started in good style, for sailors are curious horsemen, and had progressed about a mile, when a difference of opinion arose between Captain Bathurst and his horse—one wishing to keep company with his friends, and the other proving, that although he might be gregarious, he was by no means sociable, and therefore was determined to return to the village whence he came. The stick was freely administered, but the horse was the dull ass which would not mend his pace for beating, at least in the right direction, for he began to yaw about like a hog in a high wind. The attendants began to use their whips, the captain began to call out that he was nearly unshipped, for he had lost his stirrups, which are in fact the shrouds to a horseman to keep him (the mast) upright. At last the horse began to pitch about like a ship in a head-sea; and the captain meeting with the same accident as William the Conqueror, although it did not terminate so fatally, was pitched first against the pommel of the saddle, and afterwards over the bows of the horse. He was left in charge of Lord Byron's servants to be conveyed to the frigate, and we directed our course along shore to our destination. It was a sultry, close, hot, disagreeable day, and the ride was sandy, dusty, and uncomfortable. I had a nice animal, and rode by the side of the poet, being left in his charge. We had not ridden far, when in a road which winds through a wood of no very considerable extent, we were met by a squadron of Turks, who immediately drew their sabres, and showed other very intelligible signals of having cleared for action. They bellowed out their deep-toned barbarous language, which I could not of course comprehend, but I saw some of our party getting ready for a fight, and began to think it was beyond a joke. It appears the barbarians mistook us for Russians, with whom they were then at war, and not thinking (a Turk never thinks) of the impossibility of Russian gentlemen from Moscow taking a forenoon's ride along the shores of the Dardanelles, they were preparing to send us out of the

world without much ceremony. I am convinced that Lord Byron's lines, beginning—

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,

in the Giaour, originated in the present scene, for the description is exact. The hot-headed Turks waved their sparkling scimitars over their turbaned heads; some drew their pistols and cocked them, and, suddenly stopping their horses, condescended to ask if we were Russians. When they heard we were English, the cut-throats became suddenly overjoyed; and their mustachios, which had stood out like a cat's whiskers, became softened over the upper lip in calm and placid contentment. An interchange of friendly expressions took place; the warlike weapons were replaced in their scabbards, and we separated; our party continuing on to Abydos, and the Turks proceeding to their own destination. It was two in the afternoon when we arrived at the town famous in poetry for Leander's love and folly. The *English* consul, at whose house we stopped to refresh man and horse, was an Italian-Jew, married to a Greek woman, the progeny about as mixed a breed as a turnspit dog's. He was the dirtiest consul I ever remember to have met with in all my travels, and positively was so neglectful of his person and property, that we saw some of the same tribe of vermin, which the Maltese family was busied in hunting, carelessly wandering over the collar of the consul's coat; we were glad enough to escape their contact, and, taking boat, made sail to Sestos on the opposite side of the strait. It blew fresh, and the constant rains and easterly winds rendered the current stronger and the water colder than usual. I could not comprehend for what rash purpose we had crossed the Dardanelles. We all knew the Turks would not allow us to examine their tremendous fortifications without some kind of order, and our Italian-Jew English consul had mentioned his intention of procuring this requisite favor by the time of our return. After gazing about from the boat, for I did not land, I saw Lord Byron in a state of nudity rubbing himself over with oil, and taking the water like a duck; his clothes were brought into the boat, and we were directed to keep near him, but not so near as to molest him. This was his first attempt at imitating Leander. He complained instantly on plunging in of the coldness of the water, and he by no means liked the rippling, which was caused by an eddy not far from where he started. He swam well—decidedly well. The current roared, and he did buffet it with lusty sinews; but, ere he could reach the point proposed, he cried “Help me,” which we did by handing him into the boat. At this time he was not half way across, certainly not fatigued, but cold as charity and as white as snow. He was cruelly mortified, and did not speak one word until we arrived on shore. He looked sullen, and his upper lip curled up like a passionate woman's. I see it now as if it were but yesterday.

We had some coffee at our dirty consul's; but we did not visit the fort, reserving this for something new when the frigate should arrive. After paying for the horses we hired a boat, and when the night advanced sailed down the Dardanelles to the frigate; on passing Fort Asia, so called from its standing on the Asiatic side of the

entrance of the Dardanelles, the sentinels hailed us. Lord Byron, who had recovered his gaiety with the rising of the moon, swore in real Greek he would not land to please any Turk in Asia; whereupon the sentinel thought it right to fire at a mark which he never hit, and which mark was soon out of his reach, as the boat flew along in the water, assisted by the rapid current which occasionally runs at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, especially when the wind has blown long from an easterly point. In spite of the malice of the Turk we arrived safe, although our crew nearly mutinied when the first shot was fired. They might as well have tried to have lifted St. Paul's, as turn Byron from his determination, which none but a woman could have effected. After waiting a whole month off Tenedos, we received the Imperial firman, and weighed our anchors. There had been some difference of opinion relative to the necessity of leaving our powder behind; but as it so happened that we had a very large quantity on board as a present to the Sultan, it was voted useless leaving our own, and we succeeded in going to the sublime city in no ways curtailed of our fair proportions. We anchored off Abydos, the wind died away, or not blowing sufficiently strong to enable the frigate to stem the current. In the course of the night we were twice roused "to quarters," owing to the noise and confusion in the fort opposite, and within pistol-shot of which we were anchored; it was merely their unchristian-like way of relieving the guard, at which ceremony they made more noise than a whole school of boys round a bonfire.

The next day was calm and warm; we had not a breath of wind, "and ocean slumbered like an unweaned child." Lord Byron and Mr. Ekenhead landed on the European side preparatory to swimming across. The cutter attended upon them, and they took to the water about half past nine o'clock. The actual distance across from fort to fort cannot be more than a mile and a quarter at the very utmost; I should rather be inclined to declare it is not more than a mile. Above Sestos there is a narrow point of land which projects into the Dardanelles, and below Abydos there is a similar formation of coast. The current, as I before mentioned, is very rapid; now to cross the strait it would be necessary to pass over at least six miles of ground, for crossing in a straight line is impossible. Mr. Ekenhead took the lead, and kept it, arriving on the projecting point below Abydos in an hour and ten minutes; Lord Byron arrived about eight minutes afterwards. As the distance swam has been mightily exaggerated, it may here be as well to state that a mile an hour is about the distance a good swimmer can accomplish; and that therefore this very wonderful feat, merely because few people have undertaken it, dwindles down to no such very Herculean task, when it is considered from the time employed, that neither Byron or Ekenhead could have swam more than a mile and a quarter, although they were swept by the force of the current at least six miles of distance. Neither party seemed at all distressed, on the contrary Mr. Ekenhead remained splashing about in the water until his companion arrived. Poor fellow! he did not long survive this great undertaking, and never saw himself immortalised in verse. On our return to Malta, he heard of his promotion to the rank of captain of marines,

a rank not easily attained ; and having offered, it is supposed, an unusual libation to Bacchus on his good fortune, he somehow or other managed to tumble over the bridge, which separates Nix Mungare Stairs from Valetta, and was killed on the spot. The verses which celebrate the great undertaking, written in May on board the *Salsette*, have no reference (except in the note attached to them) to Mr. Ekenhead ; but in *Don Juan* we find mention of it in the line, " Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did." This feat accomplished, the breeze becoming strong and favorable we weighed anchor ; and in two days, rounding the Seraglio Point, we anchored off the fort at Pera. As we passed the place of female imprisonment, our glasses in spite of the discipline of the navy were directed to the peep-holes, misnamed windows, of the harem. We saw one or two beautiful creatures unveiled, looking at the ship, little dreaming that we were examining their pretty faces through long telescopes. The first gun of our salute, which we fired under-sail, drove the fair prisoners from their positions ; and it was all noise and smoke until we anchored. It is a magnificent view to behold, from the Sea of Marmora, the splendid domes of the mosques, the elegant Minâhs, the rising city in its different elevations, with the beautiful scenery of the surrounding country. In the many corners of the world, which I in my wandering life have visited, I do not know the equal to Constantinople ; it is perhaps the loveliest spot on the globe.

We had landed our powder and our passengers, and put the ship into harbour-fashion, when we were visited by several Turks,—some of rank, but mostly idlers, whose curiosity was only excited by the hope of killing some portion of time. They voted us unceremoniously ungentle when we informed them " that smoking was not allowed on the quarter-deck ;" and as fast as a Turk seated, or rather squatted himself on a carronnade slide, so fast did I desire a quarter-master to warn him from the prohibited ground. As I increased in merriment, the Turks became more infuriated from being badgered by a boy : at last one more solemn than the rest asked another midshipman if he would sell me. " By all manner of means," replied my vender ; " but how much will you give for him, for he is a good-looking youngster ?" " Thirty dollars," said the Turk. The proposition was tempting, but the price was raised to forty : the Turk instantly agreed to the purchase, and called one of his turbaned tribe to secure me, I being his property ; in the meantime he proceeded to count out his money on the capstan. I now began to fancy this no joke, and making a dart at the rigging began to scud up like a monkey. My purchaser at first began to handle his pistols, but my vender soon stopped that proceeding. The companion of the Turk began to ascend the rigging in pursuit of me to the infinite merriment of the crew, who were bursting with laughter at my fright and the Turk's eagerness. The officers were at dinner, and we had the ship to ourselves. I had heard strange stories of these Turks, and felt by no means inclined to venture myself in their clutches ; the consequence was that I became excessively nervous, and did not mount the rigging with half my usual agility. I still, however, kept a long way a-head of my pursuer, and when he arrived at the main-top, I was comfortably seated on the cross-trees. Like a great fool that I was, I began to mount higher, instead of

descending on one side as he mounted on the other ; and the Turk, seeing my error in judgment, hastened to avail himself of the opportunity and followed me to the cross-trees. I began now to think I was captured, when the captain of the main-top and some of his gang seized hold of the Turk and lashed him to the top-mast rigging. This profanation of person was violently resisted by the Turk, who kicked and spluttered in all directions ; but he was in the hands of sailors, and they left him to his meditations and his prayers, bound hand and foot to the rigging. I now descended, and passed the enemy, grinning like a young monkey at the trick, while he foamed in all the fury of Mahometan rage. As his companion on deck had begun to be clamorous for his property—"myself," he and his dollars were popped into a boat and sent on shore, and our prisoner was the only Turk left on board. He behaved himself with all the sullen gravity of his sect, until the sun began to near the horizon, and then he began a prayer to Allah in the most orthodox style ; but, finding that was useless, he roared out with most Stentorian lungs to be released ; the Turks in the boats alongside, and round the ship, joined in the shout, and the whole harbour was in an uproar. This brought the first-lieutenant on deck, who instantly ordered the Turk to be released, and down he came foaming with rage and his mustachios bristling like a tiger's whiskers. On arriving upon deck he looked round with the utmost disdain, spit upon the deck as a mark of contempt, which was against all order and discipline, and, making a slight prayer to Allah, he jumped overboard and swam on shore. He there undressed himself and washed his clothes, whilst his comrades joined in loud exclamations to Allah, and then chattered away like so many monkeys. This was a bad beginning, and very nearly cost me my life and liberty, as will be seen hereafter.

The next of our boyish tricks was practised on an Armenian Jew who had cheated us with bad attar of roses, worse musk, and camel-hair shawls. The first of these articles was miserable stuff, and left a stain on paper of an oily description which the real attar ought never to do ; the camel-hair shawls were made, I believe, from the Astracan goat, for which he made us pay a most extraordinary price. Having however discovered the fraud, we took the liberty of shaving his beard—a most signal disgrace, and then seizing him up to a gun touched him up with a cat-o'-nine-tails. We concluded that day's entertainment by making him drunk and tarring his face.

Lord Byron had formed a party to visit the French minister at Bouyouk-déré, a village situated on the Bosphorus, and not far from the commencement of the Black Sea ; we rode and spent a very agreeable day at the country resort of the different ministers. Lord Byron, myself, and some others entered a boat, and pulled into the Black Sea—merely to say we had been there ; on our return Mr. Dale, one of the lieutenants of the Salsette, became suddenly indisposed, and our janissary and guide Mustapha, who had been in England and spoke our language, was left to convey him to Pera by easy paces. As the night had advanced, the rest of our party began to gallop home. There was a difference of opinion as to the road, and the party divided ; Lord Byron, the purser of the Salsette, and myself kept one road, whilst the others advanced to a fire round which some Turks were seated. We soon lost our way, and became more

and more confused as to our route. The night crept on, and it was about eleven o'clock when we called a halt to take counsel. It was a still but dark evening; on our right was a hedge which seemed to enclose some cypress-trees, and on the left was an open field. We had scarcely begun to talk, and that in a very low tone of voice, when we heard a whistle close to us; it was answered more in advance of us, and Byron began to think we were in a net: he whispered us to be quiet and to follow him. He whistled exactly the same notes as we had first heard, and, suddenly turning his horse to the right, scrambled through the hedge, and found himself in a burying-ground. I never was much of a horseman, but that night I flatter myself I faced the hedge like a huntsman: all my misdeeds in lashing the Turk aloft came before me, and I concluded that no punishment could be adequate to the crime of Christians violating the sanctuary of the dead, and galloping over the last reposing spot of the faithful. Over grave and turbaned stone we rode with alarming velocity, I keeping as near as possible to his Lordship. We heard a noise behind, before, and around us, but recovered breath, and hope, in emerging from the cypresses and finding ourselves close to Pera. The other party arrived about an hour afterwards, and had tumbled into a scrape also. To Lord Byron's excessive coolness we were indebted for our escape, for gentlemen do not assemble on dark nights in damp ditches merely to whistle like nightingales to one another; neither do travellers jump over hedges and stumble over tomb-stones without being properly convinced that some danger is to be apprehended. I had to pass through the market-place on my return to the ship, and never do I remember to have heard such howling and barking, even in a kennel, as I experienced in passing to our boats. Every stall in the market-place has about a dozen dogs; the instant you appear, for Turks are not often in the street of a night, the whole pack come open-mouthed upon the intruders, but I found here the proverb true, "A dog which barks will never bite." We kicked them, thrashed them with sticks, and probed them with swords; yet I do not remember one of our party having been bitten.

F.

SONNET.

WHEN kindred sensibilities gaze o'er
 The speaking features of each other's face,
 Till they can trust expression's bound no more,
 But turn away—methinks 'tis sweet to trace
 The inward feeling struggling to efface
 What's writ on tearful eye and redden'd cheek;—
 Blush after blush to paleness giving place—
 And then the broken deep-drawn sighs that speak
 The pleasure-sadness that's within—such meek
 Warm vermeil flushings of thy heaven-lit soul
 I've gazed upon till I have gazed too much,
 And rashly loosed my heart from its control!—
 Vain though it be, my magic love is such,
 'Twill only yield to death's dissolving touch!

W.

DECLINE OF THE STAGE.

THE decline of the theatre is at present a subject of common remark. Every body observes the dearth of dramatic talent, both among authors and actors—the change from tragedies and comedies to melo-dramas, operas, and spectacles—and the little interest, comparatively speaking, taken by the public in all such entertainments. The *laudator temporis acti* sighs when he speaks of the golden days of Garrick, Siddons, Kemble, and Jordan, and laments the Cimmerian darkness in which the setting of those luminaries has left us; while another class of observers is inclined to think that it was only during a period of considerable darkness that such stars could have shone at all, and that the morning of intellectual day has now dawned too brightly to allow them to shine any longer. This opinion we should be very glad to find erroneous, for it is chilling and painful. The fact, however, is certain; and it would relieve the mind to be convinced that the decline of an entertainment, which has much that is noble and delightful, could be accounted for from temporary causes, or even from the abuses to which it is liable, for these might be remedied. But it seems impossible to look round without receiving the impression, that the decline of the stage is (to some extent at least) one of the changes which have for some time been working by the progress of society. While we are every day becoming more enlightened, it is perhaps to be feared that we are also daily becoming more *prosaic*. Reason enters more largely than it used to do into all our pursuits,—even those of mere amusement. The growth of society is like that of an individual; in its infancy it speaks and thinks as a child, but when it draws near to maturity it puts away childish things. In the present state of society, the most delightful illusions of the imagination are beginning to be considered childish things, if they do not satisfy that faculty which is now called into such incessant action—our reason. Whether we are not becoming somewhat *too* reasonable, and too unmindful of the “*dulce desipere in loco*,” is another question.

A great deal of poetry is still written, and still read; but it is of a kind very different from that which formed the enjoyment of our forefathers. The highest species of all—the Epic, that which was brought to perfection in the rudest age of the world, is that which seems to be most rapidly passing away. “The tale of Troy divine,” however, will not be lost. It will continue to stand, like a mighty pyramid, a monument of the stupendous power of its author, and a connecting link, along with the Sacred Scriptures, (to which, in *this* point of view, it is not profane to compare it,) between the most distant ages of the world. But the time will probably come, when it will stand in solitary greatness. One by one its companions will disappear and be forgotten. Even now, of many which once reared their heads proudly, hardly a trace is remaining; and at last, even the Epics of Virgil, Dante, and Milton, there is reason to fear, will become empty names, and leave the old Mæonian bard “alone in his glory.” In France, proud as they are of Voltaire, how many people read their only Epic—the “*Henriade*?” And among ourselves, if the “*Paradise Lost*” was more talked of than read in the days of Johnson, it is still less talked of, and less read now; while every other English Epic poem is absolutely forgotten.

The descriptions in these great poems, inasmuch as they deviate from nature and things reconcileable with existing images, are now less relished. Milton, for example, with his artillery and personation of beatific natures, as well as by conceits here and there prominent, does not interest the modern matter-of-fact reader. The effect of these descriptions is like that of the “*Last Judgment*” of Michael Angelo in the sister art; a work in which the most sublime of painters has only shown how far such subjects are beyond the reach of human art. What but the imagination of a narrow and bigoted age could have been

sublimely impressed by the sight of groups of naked figures, tumbling in every sort of attitude, or dragged by grotesque-looking demons into a yawning gulf? Who does not feel, that this representation, with all its wonderful power of fancy and skill in execution, is mean when compared to the vague and shadowy, yet terrible, impressions which the imagination receives from the mere words of Scripture?—and then to depict the infinite Being in the shape of an old man with a long beard, sitting in the clouds like the material and half-human deity of Olympus! Such a pretence might have been well suited to the age and country of the artist, and to a religion which subsists upon visible emblems or representations of every thing sacred; but, in our times, however much it may be admired as a work of art, nothing but the blindest fanaticism can deny that it is a gross violation of taste and propriety; nor would any modern artist dream of attempting such a subject.

Other kinds of poetry have undergone a similar revolution; and, within the present century, poetry has assumed new aspects, suited to the tastes and habits of thinking of the present times. And the same cause that has produced this change in the state of poetry in general, has, we think, contributed a good deal to the decline of the drama.

Though it is more the fashion now to read plays than to see them acted, and though plays are sometimes written for the purpose of being read only, yet representation on the stage may be considered as essential to the drama. Dramatic representations have in most countries been found in very rude states of society. Since the time when Thespis perambulated Greece in his cart, similar entertainments have been found in all parts of the world; and seem not to have been derived from any one common origin, but from a natural propensity which is observable even among children. Our English stage may be traced to times when it could not have had a classic origin, there having been dramatic entertainments in England almost as old as the Norman Conquest. These *mysteries*, as they were called, which were generally ridiculous and licentious representations of Scriptural subjects, were followed by *moralties*, in which there were some attempts at a fable and a moral; and the introduction of classical learning had the effect of moulding them into something like the form of the ancient tragedies and comedies. In the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor James, a constellation of gifted poets arose, among whom Shakspeare shone pre-eminent, and raised all at once the English drama from insignificance to its greatest splendor. Malone tells us that there is not one play published in England before 1592, that will bear a second reading; and the height which Shakspeare attained is one to arrive at which his successors have toiled in vain.

During that period dramatic entertainments were at the highest pitch. Prynne, in his famous attack on the stage, the "*Histriomastix*," says, that, in 1631, there were nineteen playhouses open in London. They were crowded with the great, the fair, and the fashionable; and it gives some idea of the refinement of the age to learn, that the audience used to solace themselves with tobacco, wine, and beer, as in the theatre of a sea-port town at present. The female parts were performed by men; and the stage was without any scenes or decorations, save some old tapestry and rushes strewed on the floor. Private theatricals were the general amusement of the higher classes,—at court, where the king and queen themselves were performers, and in the mansions of the great.

At the Restoration Charles II. granted two patents, which are the foundation of the present monopoly enjoyed by the great winter-theatres. Female performers about this time appeared on the stage. Play-writers began to look for models among the works of the Grecian and the French theatres. The illusion was attempted to be heightened by means of scenery, decorations, and dresses; and the stage gradually assumed the form which it preserved during the last century.

In the course of that period few additions were made to the stock of standard plays. In tragedy the stage subsisted on the works of Shakspeare, Dryden, Otway, and Rowe, with the assistance of paraphrases from Racine and Voltaire. Now and then a good comedy was produced; but no comedy keeps the stage that has appeared within the last half century. We had an unbroken series of great performers; and the exertions of Siddons and Kemble (with a brilliant constellation of comedians) supported the stage long after it had ceased to receive any aid from the genius of dramatic writers. More recently the stage has been gradually deserted by great performers. Kean and Young (both of whom, unhappily, must be spoken of in the past tense,) have left no successor; nor has O'Neill; for surely Macready and Miss Fanny Kemble (however estimable in point of talent) are not to be looked upon as continuing the race of the great actors of the olden time. In comedy the stage is almost equally destitute. Miss Ellen Tree and Miss Chester have much ability, but are not great. Wallack is a clever melo-dramatist, whose forte lies in the Brigand, *et hoc genus omne*; and the best of our low comedians, as Liston and Mathews, depend for their success upon buffoonery and mimicry. Regular tragedy and comedy are almost banished from the stage; and the managers have sought to attract audiences by operas, melo-dramas, gorgeous spectacles, and exhibitions of the feats of horses, and even dogs. By these shifts crowds are sometimes drawn together: but theatres are almost universally losing concerns. Their showy exhibitions are got up at enormous expense, lavished upon machinists and scene-painters; and they are no longer supported, as of yore, by audiences of whom the highest and most educated classes regularly form a considerable portion.

Now has this decline in the quality of our theatricals been the cause of their decline in public favor, or has the converse been the case?—Has the growing indifference of the public been a cause of their becoming inferior in quality? We suspect the latter alternative to be, in a considerable degree, the case; and are inclined to think that, even while the quality of dramatic representations continued unimpaired, they began to be found unsatisfactory to the taste and judgment of the public.

The drama was most flourishing when it was a rude entertainment, presented to an audience equally rude. An uncultivated taste derives pleasure from the coarsest attempts in the fine arts. A clown or a savage contemplates a sign-post daub with more wonder and delight than a connoisseur does a *chef-d'œuvre* of Titian. In the earliest days of the drama, a set of vagabonds travelling in a cart, and having their faces smeared with the lees of wine, were felt to be adequate representatives of demigods and heroes. In the middle ages the whole population of Europe witnessed, with intense interest and highly excited feelings, the most sublime incidents of the Scriptures exhibited in a way that would raise laughter in the mob at Bartholomew Fair. In the best days of the Grecian stage the audience found nothing absurd in the appearance of a tragic hero mounted on stilts, having his face covered by a monstrous mask, and bellowing through a speaking trumpet. And even in the time of our immortal Shakspeare, the wretched attempts to create illusion, notwithstanding the want of scenery, were found quite sufficient. "When King Henry VIII.," says Malone, "is to be discovered by the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk reading in his study, the scenical direction in the first folio, 1623, (which was printed apparently from playhouse copies,) is, 'the King draws the curtain (i. e. draws it open) and sits reading pensively;' for, besides the principal curtains that hung in front of the stage, they used others as substitutes for scenes. If a bed-chamber is to be exhibited, no change of scene is mentioned; but the property-man is simply ordered to thrust forth a bed. When the fable requires the Roman capitol to be exhibited, we find two officers enter 'to lay cushions, as it were, in the capitol,' " &c. The same author tells us, that in Shak-

speare's time, "the want of scenery seems to have been supplied by the simple expedient of writing the names of the different places where the scene was laid in the progress of the play, which were disposed in such a manner as to be visible to the audience." The squadrons of contending armies, the crowds of cities, and the assemblies of Roman and Venetian senates, were represented, with universal approbation, by half a dozen scene-shifters.

As taste became more fastidious, devices were fallen upon to keep pace with its progress. The actors endeavored to imitate, as well as they could, the costumes proper to their characters; and the scenic illusion was attempted to be supported by ingenious representations of streets, palaces, and forests. But though the eye has thus come to be amused with agreeable pictures, they do not in the least assist the imagination in forming an idea of the reality. On the contrary, they are an impediment to its operations. In the solitude of the closet, when wrapt in the perusal of *Macbeth*, the words, "Scene,"—"A barren heath,"—"thunder and lightning,"—"enter three witches," act more powerfully on an excited fancy than all the scenes and mimic thunders which the most skilful painters and machinists can devise. Then, in *Othello*, we must still be content to see our hero haranguing half a dozen scene-shifters in red cloaks as the assembled senate of proud Venice; and we must see the same respectable persons enact the Roman armies in *Coriolanus* or *Julius Cæsar*. When we read Shakspeare's well-known "Scene"—"A field of battle,"—"alarums"—"excursions,"—"ordnance goes off,"—we can fancy our heroes in all the tumult and peril of a desperate encounter; but it is difficult to do so when we actually see and hear the alarums and excursions, and the firing of the ordnance, in our theatres. Amid such paltry accessories, John Kemble himself could hardly maintain the dignity of his character.

Another thing that ruins the effect of a tragedy on the stage is the manner in which the greatest part of the characters are represented. Even when a play was what is called well cast (for there is no such thing now), we had two, or perhaps three, of the principal parts performed by persons qualified to give additional force and beauty to the finest poetry of Shakspeare. But then they were surrounded by such a troop of walking gentlemen and ladies, mouthing and lisping through scenes of the deepest moment, that nothing but the most desperate efforts of wilful blindness could save us from disgust, and enable us to take any interest in the piece.

All these things were tolerated, and gladly tolerated, in a comparatively unlettered age. When reading was a pastime confined to few, the representation of a tragedy of Shakspeare, with all its faults, was the most rational and intellectual amusement of which the great body of the people could partake. But every body now reads; and he must have a coarse taste, and an inert imagination, who is not more satisfied, and has not his fancy and feelings more awakened, by the perusal of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* in his closet, than by its performance on the stage. He will not be electrified by flashes of genius from a Kemble or a Siddons, but he will be able more completely to transport himself into the enchanted regions of fiction from the solitude of his own chamber, than from the bustle and glare of a crowded theatre. Shakspeare, accordingly, has almost ceased to become an author for the stage, though he is more read than at any former period; and, even were his plays to be acted no longer, they would continue to be read as long as our language shall endure.

Besides, in the impulse which society has lately received, all men have learned to take an earnest concern in the great drama of the world, in which they themselves are actors, and in the events in which they have so deep an interest. We have not now among us those crowds of good easy persons, who were content to swim with the stream, to "doff the world aside and bid it pass," and, like the ancient Roman multitude, ask nothing but "*panem et circenses*." These were the persons, who, in Lon-

don, Paris, and other great capitals, constituted "the Town," were the frequenters of theatres, and the patrons and critics of all public amusements, the regulation of which was the most important business of their lives. A French *Marquis* or *Abbé*, or an English "man of wit and pleasure about Town," in proportion as he was light and frivolous in his life, was serious and important in his capacity of a play-house critic; and tried to imagine that he added something to the elevation of his personal character by giving a higher tone to his only intellectual pursuit. In those days, the most zealous and severe theatrical critics were those who seldom thought seriously on any other subject. At present there is hardly anybody who, when he goes to the theatre, does not wish to unbend a mind fatigued with care and thinking; and, for this purpose, ludicrous farces, fairy tales, splendid sights, and sweet sounds, are better suited than the severer productions of the regular drama. When such persons wish for more intellectual pastimes, they seek it in the exhaustless stores of literature which are spread before them, among which all their tastes, propensities, and faculties, are gratified to the uttermost.

That these causes have contributed to the present state of the stage, cannot, we think, be doubted. But they would not of themselves have produced it, had it not been for abuses in the conduct of our theatres, some of which have rendered it, with many, a matter of conscience to avoid them altogether. Were these reformed, the stage might still afford entertainments calculated to attract the most refined spectators.

We conceive it to be impossible, by any improvements in the art of acting, or in its accessories, to render the representation of *tragedy* as satisfactory as its private perusal. But an excellent comedy, when well cast, is delightful; and, were every character performed with simplicity and nature, and the business of the stage conducted with entire propriety, it would be an entertainment of the highest order. In these respects the French comedians have made a nearer approach to perfection; they almost make us forget that we are sitting in a theatre. Our best comedians have much to learn from them, for our actors have not yet acquired that apparent unconsciousness of the presence of an audience, and that power of identifying themselves with their character, which render every tone, look, and gesture, nature itself. And we are not sufficiently aware, that this is as necessary, for the general effect of the piece, in the footman who brings a message as the lover who receives it. Our lowest actors always play the low parts, for which they are fit, with an air of indifference, indicating their own belief that they were meant for something better. On the French stage, every one, high and low, is equally in earnest, and equally anxious to make the very most of his part. A reformation in this respect would do much good to our theatres, and bring back many who have almost deserted them.

Another necessary reformation is in the *morality* of the theatre—a subject on which so much has been repeatedly said that it is enough to allude to it. Its absolute necessity is undeniable; and if it do not take place, and that speedily, the stage will fall still more rapidly than it has yet done. Independently of the precious lessons, which are taught on the stage itself, the very air of our theatres is contagious. They are filled with the abandoned and dissolute; and no sooner is a theatre established, than even its purlieus become a hot-bed of vice. It has always appeared wonderful (if any symptoms of the *auri sacra fames* can be called wonderful) that the managers of theatres, many of them "honorable men," should openly and avowedly make regulations to facilitate the most profligate intercourse of the sexes, for the sake of emolument to themselves; when they know that hundreds of the young and unwary come every night to their houses in search of illicit pleasure, they must also know that this very circumstance keeps hundreds of the moral and virtuous away. The evil is daily increasing, and becoming more flagrant; and unless they have the prudence (if not the virtue) to correct it, so far as they are

able, they will soon find that no father of a family, nor any individual, who has any regard for his good name, will be seen within their walls.

Such reforms as these are the more necessary from the circumstance which it has been our chief object to point out, namely,—that the decline of the theatre, to a certain extent, has been a necessary consequence of the progress of society. If, by such means, it can be made an entertainment satisfactory to the taste and judgment, as well as the moral feelings of the public, its further decline may probably be arrested, but certainly not otherwise.

SUMMER.

SHE comes, she comes, with her flashing eyes,
 And her cheek of passion's hue,
 Mid a train of ærial symphonies,
 In her garment of cloudless blue :
 She comes with her spell upon earth and skies,
 Over land and over sea,
 In her warm maturity,
 She comes! she comes!

Dark is her brow from the hot sun-beam,
 Swarth child of a southern clime ;
 Her march deepening radiance on valley and stream,
 Like glory enlightening by time :
 She comes, earth exults, the hills leap at her name,
 A thousand hearts spring,
 A thousand vales ring—
 “ She comes! she comes!”

At her day-spring all breathes of that Eden bright,
 For the Dead Sea apple given ;
 She strews amber and pearl with her fingers of light,
 From the portals of eastern heaven,
 And in chariot of purple and dew meets the night ;
 The pride of the year
 In her golden career—
 She comes! she comes!

In her sun-lit eyes let me bask again!
 O kind is her presence to me,
 Since the east-wind blight made the blossom vain,
 And the flower that feeds the bee ;—
 While Nature is smiling o'er mountain and plain,
 Over brook and over sea,
 In her beauty joyously,
 She comes! she comes!

MEMORIALS OF OUR COLLEGE.—No. I.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE EARLY LIFE OF WILLIAM MORTIMER.

My eyes are fill'd with childish tears,
 My heart is idly stirr'd;
 And the same sounds are in my ears
 Which in those days I heard.—*Wordsworth.*

THE subject of the following passages has been since my boyhood one of my dearest friends; and at my particular request, he has permitted me to commence my memorials with these anecdotes of his early days. They relate, indeed, but little to his University occupation; but, if there be any reality in Lord Byron's remark, that "truth is stranger than fiction," I think I may rely upon the reader's approbation.

Mortimer is the name of a remote branch of the family; I have judged it proper, therefore, to employ it; and in parts of the narrative where the insertion of real names was inexpedient, I have either omitted them altogether, or inserted others in their places.

Merton College, Oxon.

EDWARD SEYMOUR.

May 5, 1831.

HARROW is with me a graven name, like one of the memorials in our old hall,¹—the brief record of some bright and buoyant spirit, and my heart returns to it like a pilgrim weary of journeying in an alien land, who longs to lie down once more in the home of his childhood.

I never had the free careless step of a boy; my face in my spring of life presented a grief-worn appearance. I have indeed experienced much sorrow both of mind and body; but sometimes, even now, when I go among the fountains of my early memory, thoughts will come up to me with a sweet and balmy voice, like birds which have built their nests amid the wild-flowers of some desolate habitation.

I am at Harrow in my solitary room again, cradling my fancies in the music of my youthful visions,—the poetry of my boyish aspirations. I stand in our ancient hall once more, and the evening light falls peacefully through the broken casements,—I would not have them entire, indeed I rarely remember to have seen them so—upon the rudely graven names, and making a brightness among those touching remembrancers; and our hamlet church with its hope and sanctity, like the quiet of a summer night upon the heart; and the old clerk, who has looked on so many of the living and the dead, and whose performance upon the trombone afforded us so much delight, they are with me in my meditations. The recollections of them are beautiful, but they are like the moon-gleams upon the grass-covered tombstone of a brother or sister,—they only brighten the almost worn-out inscription which tells of beauty gone from the earth,—of joy darkened for ever.

I can scarcely flatter myself with the belief that the following extracts from the journal of an unknown and solitary student will offer any attraction, save to those with whom the author is acquainted; but I could not refuse a request made to me by one, whom I cannot hope to meet again in my earthly pilgrimage.

¹ Alluding to the names cut upon the walls.

My infancy was characterised by no peculiar events: I was an only son, and the affection of my friends discovered in me indications of a genius strange and remarkable. I attribute none of my sorrows to my parents; I lost my inheritance by misfortune.

I was educated at home with my sister, who was two years older than myself, and much of the patience with which I have endured my after-calamities is owing to that gentle companionship. She was the loveliest girl I have ever seen, and, I speak without prejudice, her voice was like the dying of music; her face did of a truth make the gazer glad when he looked upon it. In my tenth year I was sent to a public school. My father, at this period, had a cottage three miles from town, and the Hastings mail, which passed our door about half past five in the morning, was the signal for my rising. Lawrence-Poultney Lane! how many times have I paced its cold and silent pavement, or sat down upon my bag of books pale and shivering in the corner of the gateway! My progress was slow, but satisfactory, until I reached the ——— form. I will do the tutor of the class the justice to acknowledge that I was lazy in the performance of the exercises, but that was in some measure attributable to their stupidity. I have since frequently thought of the miseries inflicted on Sir William Jones, while at Harrow, by an inexorable schoolmaster, who elevated him to a situation above his capacity, and then punished him because his acquirements did not keep pace with his advancement. I was at this time very weak and frequently indisposed, and was, consequently, sometimes absent. The cruel taunts lavished on me by that man when I explained to him the reason of my non-attendance, I have not yet forgot. In his visitations of disease,—in the loss of his best and dearest,—on the bed of death, and in the day of judgment—may the recollection of having persecuted a defenceless boy come across his mind like the burning hand of an avenging spirit! I cannot resist the expression of my everlasting hate and abhorrence. If there be a crime deserving eternal reprobation, it is the persecution of the young and feeble, and those who have none to help them. With my promotion to another class my school-sorrows ended, and a high situation in my remove placed me at the summit of my juvenile ambition. A circumstance occurred at this period which would not be worth mentioning, were it not for the influence it exercised on my future life. It was this:—on my entrance into the sixth form, I had obtained with some difficulty the books used by the class, which were numerous and expensive—I say with difficulty, for my father's embarrassments had increased to an alarming degree, and it required all the energy which he possessed to withstand the current of his fate. I did however obtain the books, and I well remember the joy with which I carried them to a shop in Cannon Street. I forget the number of the volumes, but I recollect that an edition of Herodotus formed the *apex*, which I steadied by my chin. The Midsummer holidays had commenced, and I left the books only for the night, intending to call for them on the next day. I came into town early for that purpose; and, as I turned out of Lawrence-Poultney Lane into Cannon Street, I found my way blocked up by engines and all the other impediments of a fire. I picked my way along the

black and splashy pavement; some of the firemen were sleeping upon the engines, yet not a thought of the catastrophe entered my mind. As I drew nearer to the shop, the crowds became more dense and clamorous, and I heard the voices of the constables keeping back the people, who were pressing eagerly forward. I now, for the first time, suspected the truth: all hope and joy forsook my heart in an instant—I held my breath, and forced my way through the masses of idle spectators; the reality burst on me at once—the house was burnt to the ground! I felt a cold shiver run along my spine and I stood motionless, but a deluge of water from a pipe, which one of the firemen turned upon me, restored me to my senses, and I hastened from the place. All the remains of my books consisted of a few damp leaves of a Hebrew Grammar, which I did not recover until many days after. I preserve them to the present day. It was utterly out of my power to replace the books, and I did not return to the school.

I pass over the years immediately succeeding this calamity—they were seasons of mournful visitation; but I have had a support in all my sufferings both of mind and body, sometimes waxing feeble, yet still existing, a belief in the mercy and power of God; and in my hours of extreme sickness and danger, when the cold wind of death, as from a land of spectres, has been about my pillow, I have not despaired. I know nothing which presents a more perfect similitude of the state of my mind for some months after this misfortune, than an orphan sitting through the winter night without fire, or light, or any other blessing, beside the corpse of its mother. I have never again been so desolate. We had a large house at the west end of the town, and I was for some months its sole occupant: it was only partly furnished; and, to one whose feelings are so excitable as mine, its loneliness was quite oppressive. I have sat for hours without moving for fear of the echo of my own footstep on the floor, I have counted in the still night the pulsations of my temples; and as I drew my breath with increased difficulty, and the cold sweat stood on my forehead when the shutters cracked in the wind, or a half-starved cat, my only companion, jumped up into my chair, I seemed to sit in a newly-opened grave, and the wet-clayed sides closing in around me. I am not writing for effect; I am merely describing my own sensations. It was after an evening passed in this state of feverish irritation that I dreamed a very singular dream. I thought I lay in bed, weak and debilitated by a protracted illness, and on a sudden the chair by the bed-side was occupied by a cage in which I beheld the express image of Satan, in the shape he is usually depicted, gazing intently into my face. The vision was so vivid that I doubted not its reality. Oh, how often in trial and temptation the memory of that night has been an amulet upon my bosom!

I cannot explain the events which led to my becoming a pupil at Harrow, but so it was; and my residence there forms one of the most beautiful episodes in the dark narrative of my history. My heart seemed to spring up into the pure serenity of hope and peace, and I walked out into the pleasant fields and the quiet lanes, like one who has been living in a darkened room through the

summer, and who leaps out like a thoughtless boy, the first moment of liberty, into the sunniness of daylight. I was now in my seventeenth year, and if I had few friends it was because I had drank too much of the bitter wine of life to derive any gratification from the careless merriment of ignorant boys. My respect for the living renders it necessary for me to touch very lightly on an event which constitutes an epoch in my existence.

I had been at Harrow rather more than a year, and during my wanderings among the neighboring villages, for I never regarded the bounds to which we were limited, I had nourished that spirit of deep and solitary meditation by which I have always been distinguished. It is not, however, of my dreams I am about to speak. In one of my roamings I became acquainted, it matters not how, with an elderly lady who resided in a very retired cottage near Pinner. My love of wandering, perhaps, would rarely have taken me so far—but she had a daughter.

I will not attempt to describe Emily, you have seen her, and your memory will require no refreshing. How often have I exclaimed to myself, in the words of Shelley's Fragment on Love—"ask him who loves, What is life?—ask him who worships, What is God?"

I procured a key of my tutor's house, and in the calm and moonlight nights I bounded along the dreary and unfrequented by-roads leading to the abiding-place of my earthly affection. I believe my absence was never discovered. Those meetings were to me, like walkings in the music-land of heaven. What is like unto thee, first and passionate love!—thou art an alien to my heart; I know thee not, I see thee not,—but let me awaken something of my boyhood enthusiasm in remembering thee! Everlasting art thou as the eternal heavens. O young and passionate love! thou wast born with eternity, thou wilt die with it; thou art that fine and impalpable substance, a breathed essence dwelling in the light of thine own beatitude, and hanging like a shadow from the face of the Deity over the passions and the sins of men! Thou art indeed beautiful, thou art holy!

Emily—thou Beatrice of my young spirit, when a glad but lonely boy I lay among the scented flowers in the fields of Harrow-weald, how often have I waited for the coming of thy feet in the porch of thy village church; and thy small arm hath been around my neck, like the sister of my memory, and thy breath hath died upon my face, like the love-song of a Grecian singer! My love of thee was not the Tarquin love of earth, every thing in me earthly was spiritualised; it was not the longing of the body, it was the appetite of the soul.

The 15th of June will never be forgotten by me; it was appointed for my last meeting with Emily previously to her journey into Scotland, where she was accustomed to pass some part of the summer with a sister of her mother. The evening was like the parting of an angel, so tranquil, so unclouded: I sat down on a seat in the church-porch, where we generally met; it was full of moonlight, and as I felt it gather around me, to my distempered imagination it appeared to be the raiment of a spectre. I held my watch in my hand, but hour succeeded hour, and Emily came not. Fearful is that solitude in which you hear the beatings of your own heart, thick and heavy

as the tickings of a watch when the chain is nearly run out. The motion of a blade of grass made me start; the creeping of a small insect at my feet alarmed me; and the specks of light glimmering into the patches of moss on the tombstones were like the eyes of the dead looking up from the sepulchres. I waited until three o'clock, and then I returned to Harrow. In one fortnight from that evening, Emily was buried; she died of a typhus fever, induced, as I believe, by a cold caught in one of our midnight meetings. Come up unto me yet once more, thou fairest of the Muses' daughters, from thy moist and grassy grave, and let me put back the shroud from thy face, and imprint one kiss upon thy cheek, ere thine earthly tabernacle be passed away! I am like Sir Reginald Glanville;—if the reader cannot appreciate my feelings, it will be in vain to expect his sympathy; I dare not look for happiness again.

I was induced to leave Harrow much sooner than I intended, by the earnest persuasion of my tutor, who advised me to sit for an University Scholarship then vacant at Oxford. I was entered of Oriel College. The number of candidates exceeded sixty, many of them my superiors in classical learning; and I obtained nothing by the trial, except a severe attack of the jaundice, which confined me to my room for several months. I had kept two terms, and had gained two or three college prizes, when some peculiar circumstances connected with my family compelled me to retire from the University. It has ever been thus with me, the moment a prospect of success has opened before me, my removal from the arena has become necessary. The evening was very beautiful, in the decline of autumn, when I walked down the High Street for the last time. I never desire to visit it any more. It was unto me a stony-hearted mother, that city of palaces; I asked for bread, and I obtained a stone! I have wandered along the streets, hungry, and cold, and wretched, and no wine was offered to comfort me, no word of consolation to bless me; I had sorrows, but none there cared for them; feelings, and they were scorned there; visions of beauty, and they were mocked; hopes of honor and glory, and they were destroyed there. If at any time I impugn the providence of God in making me the poor and impotent creature that I am in worldly power, it is because I am unable to reward that city according to its deserts!¹

I date the beginning of my real afflictions from my departure from the University. My father had died, I may say truly of a broken heart. My mother's health was declining rapidly, and my sister already evinced symptoms of an incipient consumption. I was their only source of subsistence; I thank God he had given me talents: I worked both day and night, but I was only able to earn a small pittance, which was ill paid, and totally inadequate to procure any comforts for my relatives. Little does the world know of the miseries attendant on the life of an unpatronised literary man in London. I had taken apartments in the neighborhood of Finsbury Square; but although the rent was trifling, I could not always discharge it with punctuality. I shall never forget the night, it was on a Sa-

¹ I wish to be understood as not identifying my opinions in this instance with those of my friend.

turday, I had been writing incessantly the entire day, my mother and sister were in their beds, which they rarely left, and I was leaning over the nearly extinguished fire—when the mistress of the house sent me a note enclosing a notice to quit on the following day. Reader—can any crime, except the most heinous of all, equal the crime of being poor? Wealth is the standard of excellence; a man is honest, and clever, and amiable, in proportion to the plenitude of its endowment: riches confer on a man beauty, and power, and virtue, and intellect; poverty gives him scorn, and ignorance, and impotence, and disgrace. Wealth is the baptism of the soul unto glory, poverty unto grief; the one is the supper of the spirit, the other is the crucifixion: wealth buries a man in a crimson coffin, and in a marble vault; poverty in a few rotten planks, and on a dunghill. But to return—I did not sleep that night; the morning was lovely, and I walked out, but the light seemed to come through the narrow grating of a prison. I wandered along Oxford Street, it was Easter Monday. I felt myself wholly destitute; I was like a sailor tossed about on an unknown and shoreless ocean—I could not find a spot for a hope to rest upon. I looked behind, and I saw famine and death; I looked before, and I beheld an advertisement in the Morning Herald, and—the *Mendicancy Society*. I would have perished before I submitted to either. If I had a hundred thousand pounds a-year, I would not subscribe a shilling to such societies:—virtuous misery will make no application to them; their benevolence is like the tender mercy of the nurses in the plague, who stifled their patients in order to put an end to their sufferings. I have heard that intense mental anguish has been known to produce sudden death; if the saying were true, I must have died. I had wandered on until I found myself in Hyde Park;—I sat down on a seat near the circle, and looked around me; it was a splendid exhibition of earth's magnificence. Merciful Heaven, I exclaimed, as the multitudes passed by, the price of one of those chairs would save me from —. I could not conclude the sentence. I was rising to depart, when I perceived, at a little distance from the throng, a fellow-student of mine at the University, with whom I had been very intimate. There is no convulsion of the mind more terrible than the struggle of pride with filial affection; I could have endured any pain rather than the degradation of making a petition; but my mother and sister, pale and homeless, arose to my memory, and I accosted him: I stifled every emotion, I stooped to supplication, I asked him for money! He was rejoiced to meet me—he was sorry his account was over-drawn—he refused me. The next morning I found his name mentioned in the papers as the purchaser of a celebrated racer for three thousand guineas! The tempter was with me in that hour, it was only for a moment; and I trembled and shrunk back—my heart was looking at me. The day went by, and I could not procure the money. I will not attempt to delineate my sensations as I walked along the narrow streets to my humble dwelling; the evening was dark and foggy; the black mist and the red light in the sky, and a few dim lamps, made an awful picture. I reached my home weary and exhausted; my sister met me on the landing-place: I knew directly from the paleness of her face that something fearful had come to pass. My first question on my return had always been respecting

my mother; she had been very unwell in the morning, but the excitation produced by the events of the day had brought on paralysis, and she lay upon her death-bed. The mistress of the house had neglected to procure a surgeon, and my sister was afraid to leave the bed-side. I scarcely understood the purport of her last words—my blood stood still. O my God! I cried, as I rushed down the stairs. In our days of prosperity we had been known to a physician of eminence near Saville Row, and, though I was then in my infancy, I had frequently heard my parents mention his name. I had no means of obtaining a coach, and as I ran along Oxford Street, I was obliged to press my hand firmly against my side by reason of excessive pain. When I came to that part of Regent Street fronting New Burlington Street, I was detained by a crowd of people and carriages; my blood rushed into my head, as I dashed here and there to find a crossing: I have often wondered I did not fall in a fit of apoplexy. The faces around me were quiet and apparently happy; I heard voices behind me, and laughter and thoughts of coming delight, and at the same moment I turned round and I saw a face which wore a striking resemblance to my mother's. The thought was fire to me, and I flung myself almost beneath the wheels of a cabriolet, as I sprang across the street. Mr. Mornington was out of town. I had one resource yet remaining—a gentleman in Russell Square, who attended me during an illness—I wish I might testify his excellence more openly—he was at home, and he came with me immediately. We entered my mother's bed-room together; it was poorly furnished, and a rush-light, which my sister held in her hand, cast a sickly brightness over the soiled dimity of the curtains. My mother lay quite motionless with one arm covering her eyes. I took her hand in mine, but it returned no pressure, it was very cold: I called upon her—she answered not—I had no mother! She appeared to have been dead more than half an hour. I did not weep a tear, but I folded my arm around my sister's neck, and we knelt down by the bed-side. O my ever-loved, my unforget! I have built up for myself a tomb in my memories of thee, and I sit in it as among the damp and chilly clods of earth which rattled upon thy coffin; and sometimes in my hours of dreaminess and alienation from the world, I feel thy hand parting the hair upon my forehead, now burning and worn with a deep furrow, and thy footstep falls on mine ear, and thy form passes phantom-like before me, like the moonlight creeping through the foldings of the shroud upon thy cheek, as thou didst lie upon that old and tattered bed, sleeping thy last slumber!

I had no way of raising money for my mother's funeral, save by my own labor. For a sum, small in comparison with the intensity of my efforts, I agreed to furnish a number of papers to a publisher in the city: it was the price of blood; but the proceeds enabled me to procure a respectable burial for my parent.

I have erected a small monument to her memory in the churchyard of Old St. Pancras Church, where I was christened.

TO OURANG OUTANG, ESQ. LATE OF BORNEO,
NOW OF EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

DEAR OURANG,— I had much to say
When I was with you yesterday ;
But you were then so thick surrounded,
So bashful, blushing, and confounded,
What with ladies and with lords,
That I could only say three words,

Ourang, I saw you with a sigh,
Respired in painful prophecy !
I know the errors—not a few,
Which biggish boys are tempted to ;
The tricking harpies that beset
Their steps till they are in the net.

Young gentlemen, just blown like you,
The devil always keeps in view,
And leads them when and where he will,
But always certainly down hill.
I've heard of some, and I have seen
So many fresh-men, young and green,
Flush'd with a fortune, upon town,
With only half their wild-oats sown,—
Such fine young men—nice elder brothers,
And pamper'd darlings of their mothers !
What could it end in ?—why in this :—
A little year of drunken bliss,—
A cab and cover, and a wench,—
A loan,—a break-up,—then the Bench,
Where they became good racket-players,
Lived high, (at least, three pair of stairs,)
Drank deep, and never said their prayers.
O do not thou—I will not croak—
Think life so trivial a joke !

Gay lads, with your good expectations,
And lively turn for delectations,
Stand rocking on a *parlous* brink,
Down which some thousands yearly sink,
Which you, in “ white simplicity,”
See not so well as I can see.
For you behold not at the bottom
The skulking crew of fiends, ('od rot 'em !)
That patiently lie there *perdie*,
To put your soul in jeopardy,—

To Ourang Outang.

(If you are troubled as a trustee
 With that wild ward, so rude and lusty,
 That gets the body in such scrapes,
 And makes mankind much worse than apes.)

First, Folly, with her flaunting banners,
 And her Babylonian manners,
 She will deprave your simple mind,
 And lower you down to human kind ;
 Tempt you with her glittering sights,
 And all her sensual appetites.
 Pleasure, with her harlot smile,
 She will lure you with sweet wile,
 And lead you down her devious dance
 With her witching countenance.
 Fashion, next, that popinjay,
 She will woo you through the day,
 (Which begins at ten at night,)
 Praise your person, please your sight,
 Lure you all ways but the right ;
 Squeeze you in at her " At homes,"
 Drag you to her gilded domes,
 Where she offers hecatombs
 Of dukes, and lords, and dowagers
 Twice in every twenty years.
 Gaming, too, will in a trice
 Pick your pockets with his dice,—
 Snatch each feather he can pluck,
 And send you, a denuded duck,
 In a hackney-coach to bed,
 With an aching heart and head.
 O from all these tempters fly,
 As you would from misery !

O my Ourang Outang ! Age
 Is like a goose's stuffing—sage :
 Yet listen to advice, though hoary,
 So wilt thou walk on in glory,
 Keep your virtues within range,—
 Keep your wife and eke your change,—
 Guard her habits,—mind your morals :
 Don't be found among the chorals,
 And those wily intrigantes,
 Circe's corps, the figurantes.

O my Ourang Outang friend,
 All the ear you hear with—lend !—

Don't become that beast a dandy,
Smoking meershaums, tippling brandy,
Muff'd, mustachio'd, haughty, hairy,
Mounted, murky, military!
Worse—don't sink into a beau,
That nothing with a something show,
Ambling now in Rotten Row,
Ogling ladies in their carriage,
With an eye to mud and marriage ;
And affecting women's ways,
Habit-shirts, kid-gloves, and stays,—
Lounging in that perfumed alley,
Fops resort to, when they sally,
Flush'd with claret and club-dinners,
Demi-men, and full-grown sinners ;
Now they sigh and now they simper,—
Now o'er Pasta's passion whimper ;
Then go maudlin home to bed,—
And thus their leaves of life are shed.
Take such pleasures as you can,
But, Ourang, take them like a man ;
Toss your glass off like a prince,
Neither gulp it down, nor mince,
Like the beau and beast you see
In Bowles and Carver's gallery.¹

If in that pothor—politics
You must, like other young men, mix,
Avoid the dealers in deceit,
Who'd sell three kingdoms for a seat !
Don't join foil'd Knatchbull, Bankes, or Sadler,
That solemn economic twaddler ;
Nor humbugg'd be by Wetherell's stuff,
Of which we've had full *quantum suff.*
If your creed's liberal, speak it out ;
And let none lead you by the snout.
Side with the people, being one ;
Praise if you please Duke Wellington,
For all the good that he has done.
Since Reform will soon be carried,—
The king is to that measure married ;
Remember what was once disloyal
Is now the other thing, and royal.
Pray, don't forget this,—'tis the pivot
Which turns or overturns the trivet

¹ See their pewter-plates, Chapter-Court window, third pane from the bottom.

To Ourang Outang.

On which the Nation's pot is boiling,
 And will work well with proper oiling.
 If you should speak, don't froth or vapour ;
 It looks "just" odious upon paper,
 For thereon what you do or say,
 Reported will be read next day.
 Avoid late hours and late divisions,
 And all procrastinate decisions,
 With every nonsense long and late,
 In common parlance call'd debate ;
 Which is in truth the Commons' way
 Of voting head-aches for next day.
 Attend both Houses, as two schools
 Of many wise and many fools ;
 Cry "hear!—hear!" loudly, when half sleeping,
 But don't laugh out when Eldon's weeping.

I had some other things to write,
 Which I shall take time to indite.

I am your faithful friend, O'FUBBS—
May the 30th, Wormwood Scrubs.

If you are writing to Borneo,
 My love and all that to Corney O'
 Fitz-Alley Crohoore, once an actor,
 Now a gentleman and factor,
 Somewhere in those heathen parts,—
 Trading in the women's hearts,
 If he goes on as once he did
 When I met him at Madrid.
 He's a very pleasant fellow,
 Rich when rational—when mellow,
 Hot and angry as a poker,
 A jewel of a man and joker,
 Left-leg relation to John Croker,
 A boy of boys for brogue and blarney,
 And quite an honor to Killarney.
 My love to all inquiring friends ;
 And here my first Epistle ends.

O I forgot—I should not so—
 My compliments to Mrs. O.

EPSOM RACES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE METROPOLITAN.

THE old phrase of "Sir" is too cold for my high-beating pulse; I like, nay, I must be more warm-hearted—to keep moving—with a kind of hearty grasp—a spirited shake of the hand, something after the friendly manner of "How do you do?—I am very glad to see you." Therefore you must indulge me, as nothing else will please my fancy, but

"My dear Sir,"—

And now having had my say, I will *sans ceremonie* introduce myself to your notice as an Old Stager on the road of Life (more's the pity!—"O the days when I was young, how I laughed at"—But I will not trouble you upon that suit now); yet be it known to you that I am very fond of a bit of sport, like an old coachey who has left the box, but loves the smack of the whip—and ('out with it') better known than trusted at the turnpikes. Thus it is then, my dear Sir, to me, or to 'I by myself I,' there is magic in the word *new*—everybody is fond of something *new*—My family and the whole of my acquaintance are all alive when any thing *new* is mentioned. My 'better half' is always upon the *qui vive* for new articles of dress:—"Mrs. L. you know, my dear," says she, with such a fascinating, winning look, "has got a *new*—" But I was compelled to put on the stopper:—"No more!—enough!" My daughters too—O there is no bearing it; and my boy, to keep the 'game alive,' hunts me to death upon the subject whenever he glances at his exterior. But this is not all; my visitors are continually putting the question to me, "Is there any thing stirring?—any thing *new* to day, Mr. O—?" "Yes," replied I, "there is something *NEW* in the busy world, a literary vehicle has recently made its appearance intituled the 'METROPOLITAN,' with a prime whip on the box—the *leaders* first-rate creatures—and the *turn-out* altogether bids fair to become most attractive." "Indeed!" cried my son, "I am glad to hear it—And why don't you send them some original article to add to its character?" "I used some years since to tip a line or two now and then to some of the Old Machines, but they let me 'train off,' to use a sporting phrase," replied I; "however I will send the New Turn-out a light, sketchy picture of common-place life, in the history of a family that came under my observation a week or two ago at Epsom,—premising that all true descriptions of manners and feelings, whether among the highest or lowest in the land, are worthy of record."

The family of the Twankeys, then, are great tea-dealers in the Metropolis. Old Twankey, as the phrase goes, had done all his dirty-work, and, to use his own words, "when he commenced business he could scarcely jingle two shillings together:" he was originally a porter to a large tea-warehouse, and Mrs. Twankey was the cook; but having found favor in each other's eyes—what with the perquisites of the kitchen, and the 'funds and numbs' of the place of porter, they put their odd matters together, and swore constancy at the hymeneal altar. In consequence of such union their interests became as one; they had an eye to the main chance of life, and entertaining the old but true notions that servitude is no inheritance, took a shop for themselves scarcely bigger than a nobleman's salt-box. Up early, and to bed late, their shop was always opened the first in the neighbourhood, and was the last with the shutters closed. Mrs. Twankey being above the vulgar prejudices, lent a helping hand to fill the till by waiting upon her customers: success crowned their exertions; the coppers soon rolled into shillings, the silver into pounds, the sovereigns into notes; their cash became too bulky to keep at home, stock was purchased at the Bank; freeholds were bought; a residence among the barristers and fashionable cits in Gower-street was taken, and Mr. Twankey ultimately became one of the Common Council, with an aspiring eye towards be-

coming an alderman, and all that sort of city greatness which might ultimately place him in the golden coach.

Their union was blessed with a boy and a girl, named Theophilus Henry and Penelope Georgiana—two prime chits in their way. Education was forced upon these children, just as much as it had been neglected by the parents. Gentility was the idol of the young folks, while, on the contrary, all the cutting-out and padding of the tailor could not polish old Mr. Twankey; nor could the superior embellishments of the dress-maker and milliner give address to Mrs. T.—No, they were always designated the “Rich Old Grocer and his Wife.” Old Twankey and his rib had scarcely had a day’s pleasure in their lives—working from morning to night was their hobby; and the shop, the shop, and nothing else but the shop, their continual theme of delight. But as Mrs. Twankey got up in the world, and heard so much about Epsom Races amongst her new and tip-top acquaintances, she was determined, for once in her life, to do the ‘genteel thing,’ and give her son and darter a treat to see the ‘Darby’—“Derby, mamma,” replied Penelope, (with a blush upon her cheek, and in a whisper,) “Mamma, pray be upon your guard when we are upon the Course and near to the nobility!” “For God’s sake! do, mother,” cried Theophilus—“Should any slip of that sort occur, it would ruin me in the estimation of my schoolfellows and acquaintances; they would set me down as an upstart, in spite of our property.” “Never fear, my boy and girl,” cried Old Twankey, “let them laugh that likes; I have got that in my pocket, if I have it not in my head, which will make you, your sister, the old woman and myself intelligible through life—So let us get ready—the coach will be here in a few minutes.” The coach came;—“Now, Mrs. Twankey, take your seat, and make yourself comfortable,” said Mr. Twankey. “I likes the look of the carriage very well indeed,” observed Mrs. T.—“But, post-boys, are the horses sure-footed?—Your master received particular orders from my husband, last night, not to send any stumbling creatures.” “Why, as to that ere, Ma’am—my Lady, I should have said—I believe no man in our line would insure his cattle from going down—Accidents will happen, and the best of us are liable to make slips at times.” “Yes, it may be so, but that won’t do for me; I wouldn’t have them trip up for all the tea in—” “Hush! my dear Mamma,” cried Miss Pen., “we are out upon pleasure, not business.” “It is all perfectly safe,” said Theophilus in a subdued tone of voice. “Do not, mother, ask any more questions—What will the men think of us?” “Get on boys,” said the Old Grocer; and they did get on. The horses were good; the boys pushed along, passing every thing on the road—Clouds of dust, myriads of horsemen, vehicles of all sorts—a complete world in motion. “My dear husband,” observed Mrs. T., “what a rate we are going! I am frightened out of my wits!—We shall be overturned I am sure!—I tremble every limb of me!—I am choked with dust!—All my clothes will be spoiled!—My four-guinea bonnet will be done for!—I shall never be able to wear my silk pelisse any more!—O dear! I wish I had not come; I would sooner have been home behind the coun—” “Mamma, mamma! think where you are,” cried Miss Pen. “It is fine talking, my love, but all my thoughts are jolted out of me—I wish I could stop the coach.” “It will soon stop,” said Theophilus Henry, with a grin on his countenance.—“Here is a turnpike at hand.” “Come, be quick, Sir—your ticket!” bawled out the man at the gate. “You ought to have got it ready, and not be fumbling in your pockets for it all day—Don’t you see the string of carriages behind you?” “It is our coach,” angrily replied Mrs. Twankey. “Yes, Ma’am, I supposes it is—for the day; but you can’t gammon me it an’t job for all that—we knows the hack-horses—we are up to snuff—Such tales von’t do for Jem and I, so ve must have the day-ticket, or you don’t go through—that’s the long and short of the matter.” “What an impudent fellow to talk to gentlefolks!—I wish I

was a man, I'd teach you better manners!" said Mrs. T. bursting with rage. "That may so appear as how to you, Marm, and we turnpike folks are considered a little bit imperent on race-days by the Greenies, who don't know vat travelling is—a parcel of folks who puts by a penny a week to give themselves a holiday once in their lives. We can't lose our time in bowing and scraping to people, or picking our vords; we have our vork to do, and that must be done, or else our props will give us the go-by, or, in other vords, turn us up. Ve do every thing in the reg'lar vay—If you have no tickets, you are of no use to us; therefore, as how you see, ve must have the blunt, or else you don't go through.—I believe as how, at least I never heard of it,—did you, Jem?—that any Hact of Parliament had been passed to teach us turnpike chaps to diskiver gentlefolks from commoners."

The dispute about the ticket having been arranged by the Old Grocer paying for the negligence of the boys, the turnpike-man's cry of "All right!" again set the vehicle in motion, and the lads scarcely having room to clear an inch of the other carriages, made the best of their way through numberless gigs, curricles, tandems, fours, overloaded waggon, crowded carts, glass-coaches, shatter-dans, flys, &c. contesting every bit of the road with the sixteen-mile-an-hour tits, down to the roarers, the gibbs, the limpers (only fit for the dogs); in truth, such was the eagerness displayed by the inhabitants of the first city in the world to witness the great Derby Stakes contended for at Epsom, that every thing in the shape of a horse was brought into play, to the complete 'clean-out' of all the livery-stables in the Metropolis.

The boys pulled-up at the inn-door, at Ewell. Mrs. Twankey eagerly inquired the cause of the delay. "Why, Ma'am," replied the lads, "please ye, my lady, we must stop a little bit, ye see, to take the dust out of the poor hanimals' mouths; for if we push forward to the ground, we may not be able to get water under a shilling for half a pailful; therefore, you see, Ma'am, the spur is of no service, and the whip will not do any good. If we do not attend upon our cattle, they will not move—Lord bless you, my lady, the horses know as well as we do that it is race-time, and they will have refreshment. We boys too, (by the bye, two old men) if you please, my lady, likewise stand in need of a little summut to drink." "Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Twankey, "and is water really so dear?—What a fine speculation it would be for the New River Company to furnish water at such a price."

The Course appeared to the delighted eyes of the whole of the Twankey family. "I am, indeed, astonished!" said Mrs. Twankey; "the more I cast my eyes around, the more I have to admire.—What a beautiful building!" "Yes, Mamma," replied Miss Pen., "it is an elegant Stand—the sight altogether surprises me—What an immense assemblage of persons!—I must confess, I was not at all prepared for it—I am delighted beyond measure." "Well," said Mr. Twankey, (rubbing his hands in ecstacy,) "this sight will repay us for all the dust and other disagreeables we have had to encounter during our long journey—won't it, my dear Mrs. T.?—Come, lads, get us a good place near the Stand, and take out the horses, that we may take a walk over the Course, and look at the booths and other novelties."

The Twankey family having settled the above preliminaries to their mind, went to view the Course. The first thing that attracted their notice was an elegantly fitted-up *un, deux, cinque* booth; and they listened with great attention to the invitation given by the man at the door, 'Walk in, walk in, ladies and gentlemen, to the royal game of *'un, deux, cinque*;' we are liberal to the echo; we are not like your London play-managers, we do not charge for admission; therefore, I say, walk in—Now is the time to make your fortune if you only bring plenty of sovereigns with you, and mind you are lucky—that is the grand art of making your fortunes.—

You may also perceive, ladies and gentlemen, that I give you advice gratis; that is, in plain English, for nothing.—I like to make myself intelligible to all parties to prevent mistakes.—This game is a royal game, therefore it is strictly fashionable; no commoners are permitted to put down their money, or to mix with the first-rate quality, which always visits this here grand booth at this partiklar time of the year.—Stand by, good people, for the dukes, lords, and other persons belonging to the Upper House, who are eager to walk in without any interruption.—There is the red color for those that approve of red; and for those persons who do not approve of red, there is the black color by way of variety; but should any lady or gentleman fancy the blue, there is the blue color for them; and no questions will be asked.” “This man talks very fair,” said Mr. Twankey, “suppose we go in and take a peep;” when young Theophilus soon lost a few half-crowns by way of paying towards the expenses of the booth.

“Who is that gentleman nodding to you upon that carriage in so family a manner, my dear Pen.?” “Familiarly!” whispered Theophilus to his mother. “See, Mamma,” answered Miss Penelope, “don’t you?—it is Mr. Smithers, the gentleman we met with one night last season at Vauxhall, in company with my father’s friend Mr. Molasses; he knows every thing:—Mr. Smithers—if you remember, you said he was as good as an almanack, as intelligent as a bill of the play, as instructive as the Court Guide, and as communicative as the London Directory.” “Yes, Pen., you are right,” answered Mrs. T., “he was very entertaining, and most excellent company; he knows everything.” “Does he?” said Theophilus with a sneer—“he knows every thing but his own business—I hate him—he is such a presuming, self-important fellow, and I long to tell him so!” “O fie!” replied Mrs. T., “you must be polite to him now; another time say what you like—I perceive he is making up to us.” After the usual congratulations had passed between them, “You are come very opportunely,” said Miss Pen.; “we shall become acquainted with all the public characters now you are with us, Mr. Smithers.” “You flatter me, Miss,” replied Mr. Smithers; “but you may command my services. Well then, to commence—Have you met with any of the conveyancers in your walk over the Course?” “Conveyancers! Who do you mean, Mr. Smithers?” exclaimed Mr. Twankey. “The conveyancers,” said Mr. S., laughing, “are a set of men who convey property from one to another without the use of parchment, or the aid of lawyers; by other intelligent persons they are styled artists, being in the drawing profession, although they are extremely averse to having their own likenesses taken; but by the vulgar sort of folks, they are ignorantly alluded to as pick-pockets.” “O dear! Mr. Smithers,” said Mrs. T., “be kind enough to point out some of these conveyancers to us.” “Not for the world, Madam—my life would be at stake; and I might be conveyed to a bone-house to be owned, by making my exit from society before my time was come. I have put you on your guard at all events—I must leave you for the present to return to my party; but I will join you again before the race commences.”

On their return to their vehicle, their attention was arrested by a man with a small table, upon which were three thimbles with peas under them, similar to the jugglers with the cups and balls. “Now’s your time to make money,” said the fellow, playing with the thimbles; “I’ll bet five pounds the pea is under that thimble,”—pointing to it. “It is not,” said Mr. T., “I saw him throw the pea away.” “You never could see in your life,” replied the hero of the thimble; “you can’t see the pea when you look at it: besides, I’ll bet you five pounds you an’t got a shilling in your pocket; and if you have, you borrowed it. Why you know, ould chap, you only got your togs down the spout last night”—(a loud laugh from his confederates)—“This poor ould fellow is superannivated, he does not

know what he says." "Don't I, you insolent fellow," answered Mr. T. angrily; "do you think I can't believe my own eyes?" "No, my old covey," replied the man, "and I'll bet you a sovereign the ball is under that thimble." "Well," said Mrs. Twankey, "you shall bet him a sovereign for his impudence; you are sure to win, that the sovereign is not under the thimble." Mr. T. put down the sovereign in a rage—when the bubble soon burst—the old grocer lost his money, amidst loud shouts of laughter from the thimble-man and his confederates. The latter fellows now taunted Mr. T. to have "another shy, as he might be more lucky next time." This language produced a sort of pushing of several of them against the grocer and his family, who with great difficulty extricated himself and his from their clutches. "I am very glad, my dear," said Mrs. T. "we have got safe from those fellows; never mind the sovereign." "The Course now looks interesting indeed; every part of it seems filled with company," exclaimed Miss Pen., "and they all appear so happy, taking their dinners and wine. I think we had better get to our coach as fast as possible, and take some refreshment; it will not be long before the horses start, I suppose. Papa, be kind enough to tell me how the time goes?" Mr. Twankey, on putting his hand to his fob, almost ready to faint, said, "It is gone! O the rascals!" "What is gone, Mr. T.?" asked his wife. "My gold watch, chain, and seals—all are gone! by those cursed conveyancers that Mr. Smithers talked about." On recovering himself a little, he made his loss known to a police-officer, while the family made all haste to their carriage, not in the best humor.

During the time they were lunching, and lamenting their losses, a dispute occurred between the coachman of a duke and a costard-monger, by the latter fellow insisting upon standing behind the carriage in spite of the coachman and footman attempting to displace him. "What does I care for a duke," said he, "any more than a dustman! The king, God bless him! I knows would let me stand behind his vehicle if I axed him. I supposes as how I am made of the same flesh and blood as any of them there dukes who hold their heads so high—why I know'd the duke when he wanted a shirt." "You lying scoundrel!" replied the coachman, "how dare you abuse my master?" "It is no abuse," answered the costard-monger; "and I'll bet you a kavarten of Seager's brilliant, that it is a bit of a good truth. Why, you stupid fool, he was born like other men—without a shirt. Well, he wanted one then, didn't he, spooney?"

In England, it is this sort of saucy independence which distinguishes its mob. Deny them not their pleasures—let them have their *say*, and beard the great folks if it suits their whim—grumble at any thing they do not understand or like—and contentment is the result. The names of oppression and power bring forth thousands in an instant to oppose them. This sort of championship against, or perhaps in reality jealousy of, power of all kinds, even in the lowest ranks, peculiarly marks the national character.

When the foregoing battle of words had subsided, Mrs. Twankey missed her reticule. While she was listening to the fracas, some person had got up behind the carriage, and carried it off with its valuable contents. "This is all through coming to the races!" exclaimed Mrs. T. in a tone of agony, "I shall go distracted—I am mad already—robbed in this manner and no redress to be had, it is abominable!" "Compose yourself, my dear mamma," said Miss P.; "I see Mr. Smithers coming towards us—he will tell you and papa the proper means to get the watch and reticule back again." The plausible manner of Mr. S. went a great way towards the consolation of the Twankeys. "I will," said he, "as soon as I get back to town, speak to my friends the magistrates about your loss, and I have no doubt but it will be rectified. I will set all the thief-takers in London after the rascals—so a truce to melancholy now, my dear Mrs. and Mr. Twankey. Depend upon it, I will be as good as my word."—This soothed the unhappy couple for a time.

"I never saw so much beauty and fashion," said Miss Pen., looking up at the Stand, "in my life!" "There are some pretty women, I admit," replied Mr. Smithers, "and also a sprinkling of beauty and fashion; but for the rest," (shrugging up his shoulders,) "they come under the denomination of well-dressed folks—nothing more, persons wholly indebted to the tailor and dress-maker for their appearance." "You are too severe," answered Miss Pen.:—"but pray who is that fashionably-dressed female, who seems in such high spirits, and to whom all the gentlemen are paying so much attention?" "O, I perceive," said Mr. S., "the person you allude to is a lady newly come to a title; but I hate scandal, 'pon my honor I do—yet they do say she had at least five keepers before." "Poor dear lady! out of her mind!" answered Mrs. Twankey; "what a pity to be so afflicted!" "O no, my dear madam," said Mr. S., suppressing a laugh, "before she could get any one in the mind to be her partner for life—" (whispering in her ear). "Indeed! you surprise me, Mr. S.," replied Mrs. Twankey. "Nothing new for fashionable people to marry so—an every-day sort of thing—a mere bagatelle!" answered Mr. S.—"Who is that sallow-complexioned smirking-looking gentleman near her?" asked Mrs. Twankey. "He is a great lawyer when on the bench—Mr. Justice —," said Mr. S., laughing; "but having left his wig behind him, he has not a particle of either law or justice now attached to his person." "O fie!" observed Miss Pen., "you really are too severe: but who is that gentleman appearing to be rather lame, whom the crowd are gazing upon—is he not some public character?" "Yes, my dear Miss Penelope," answered Mr. S., "he is a very public character; but, strange to say, he is always 'at home!'" "How very odd!" said Miss Pen. "Not at all, Miss Pen.; I should have said, that his talents are of such a superior description he is 'at home every where.'" "I am very troublesome," observed Miss Pen., "but I should like to know, if you can tell me, who is that young gentleman, in conversation with the dashing young lady near the corner of the Stand?" Mr. S. replied with a smile, "He is one of our celebrated singers, and a good fellow into the bargain; but however his notes may prove attractive elsewhere, they will not pass current here, without they are indorsed with the cash account for the sport. 'That's the time of day' to the jockies and trainers; the pleasing sounds to them are 'Post the poney—down with the dust—P. P.' but you must excuse me, my dear Miss Penelope, 'every thing in its place, and when we are at Rome you know, we must do as Rome does.'"

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sist as much as you please, but who cares for it?—You are only one of God A'mighty's customers; and if the chovies had'n't come down so fast, and drove you into this here house, ve shou'dn't have had you at all: but I can tell you, Ma'am, for your comfort, the cream is all gone—no milk is to be had; and if you stop here until midnight you will not get any thing: we are drained quite dry with every thing in the liquor vay."

The Twankeys found it useless to complain, and bore all their misfortunes with a kind of stoic consolation—that their troubles would soon be over; but, after repeated exertions made by Theophilus at the bar, with persuasions and almost threats, some refreshments were obtained for his almost exhausted mother and sister. The post-boys had attended to their horses, and the Twankeys being in a little better humor, made another start for London.

The streets of the metropolis were duly gained; the gas-lights seemed to send forth more brilliant rays than ever to the anxious eyes of Mrs. Twankey. The old grocer began to chuckle to himself that, like his predecessor, Johnny Gilpin, he had gone farther than he intended, but got safe home at last. The horses, like hack horses in general, upon feeling the stones under their feet, trotted along merrily without the whip; even the post-boys were glad their tiresome journey was at an end. Miss Penelope Twankey, quite disappointed, fatigued, and out of temper, that neither her 'dear self' and her great fortune had made any conquest; and Theophilus, the best informed of the family of the Twankeys, equally disgusted that the day had turned out a bore instead of a record of pleasure. The name of Twankey on the shining brass plate was never viewed before with half such pleasure by the family. The knocker's rattling peal, occasioned the door to open in a twinkling, and the family were at length seated by their own fireside. The joy of Mrs. Twankey was so great that she could not disguise it, and began humming the well known air:

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Still, be it ever so humble, there's no PLACE like HOME.

It is true, that Mrs. T. did not sing the above pathetic ballad exactly after the penetrating strains of Miss M. Tree, neither did it resemble the harmonious notes of Mrs. Waylett; but, nevertheless, it came from the heart. "Thank God," said she, upon seating herself in her elbow chair, "I am once more at home: the watch and reticule we shall have again, I hope, through Mr. Smithers, if not I am at home and no matter; if ever they catch me again at the races, why then my friends shall tell me that my name is not Twankey, and I am not satisfied with my home."

"Yes, my dear," echoed Mr. T., "and I will allow those blackguard little boys again to insult me with the prevailing, foolish, unmeaning phrase of 'What a shocking bad hat you have got!' if ever they lay hold of me more. No more races for me. No more thimbles for me: I shall hate the sight of a thimble till the last hour of my life."

"La! Pa," exclaimed Miss Penelope, do not be so angry about the loss of a sovereign."

"Well, I wont; I will bear in mind, with cheerfulness," said old Twankey, "one of my copies which I used to write when I was a school-boy—'all's well that ends well!'"

O.

THE PACHA OF MANY TALES.—No. II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S OWN."

THE camel-driver quitted the divan, prostrating himself before the Pacha, and overjoyed at the fortunate termination of what had threatened so much danger. The Pacha was silent for a little while, during which he puffed his pipe—when he observed:—

"Allah Kebar, God is most powerful! That man has suffered much—and what has he to show for it?—a green turban—He is a Hadjy; I never thought that we should have heard so good a story about a 'crust of bread.' His description of the Simoom parched up my entrails. What think you Mustapha, cannot a true believer go to heaven, without a visit to the tomb of the Prophet?"

"The Holy Koran does not say otherwise, your Highness, it inculcates that all who can, should do so, as the path will be rendered easier. Min Allah! God forbid! Has your Highness ever had the time to go to Mecca, and is not your Highness to go to Heaven?"

"Very true, Mustapha, I never had time. In my youth I was busy shaving heads, after that, Wallah! I had enough to do, splitting them; and now am not I fully occupied in taking them off? Is it not so, Mustapha; are not these the words of truth?"

"Your Highness is all wisdom. There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet; and when the latter said, that a visit to the holy shrine would be a passport to heaven, it was intended to employ those who were idle, not to embarrass true believers who work hard in the name of the Most High."

"Min Allah! God forbid! the case is clear," replied the Pacha, "why, if every body were to go to Mecca, what then Mustapha?"

"Your Highness—it is the opinion of your slave, if such were to take place, that all the fools would have left the country."

"Very true, Mustapha; but my mouth is parched up with the sand of that Simoom—Sherbet, I cannot drink, Rakee I must not, the Hakkim has forbid it; what must it be then, Mustapha?"

"Hath the Holy Prophet forbidden wine to true believers in case of sickness; is not your Highness sick; was the wine of Shiraz given by Allah to be thrown away? Allah Karim! God is most merciful; and the wine was sent that true believers might in this world have a foretaste of the pleasures awaiting them in the next."

"Mustapha," replied the Pacha, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "by the beard of the Holy Prophet, your words are those of wisdom. Is a Pacha to be fed on water-melons? Staffir Allah! do we believe the less, because we drink the wine? Slave, bring the pitcher. There is but one God and Mahomet is his prophet."

"The words of the Prophet, your Highness, are plain: he says, 'True believers drink no wine,' which means, that his followers are not to go about the streets, drunken like the Giaours of Franguistan, who come here in their ships. Why is wine forbidden? because it makes men drunk. If then we are not drunk, we keep within the law. Why was the law made? Laws cannot be made for all; they must therefore be made for the control of the majority—Is it not so? Who

are the majority? Why the poor. If laws were made for the rich and powerful, such laws would not suit the community at large. Mashallah! there are no laws for Pachas, who have only to believe that there is one God and Mahomet is his prophet. Does your slave say well?"

"Excellently well, Mustapha," replied the Pacha, lifting the pitcher to his mouth for a minute, and then passing it to Mustapha. "Allah Karim! God is most merciful! your slave must drink; Is it not the pleasure of your Highness? As the wine poured down the throat of your Highness, pervades through your whole frame to the extremities, so does your slave participate in your bounty. Do I not sit in your sublime presence? Can the sun shine without throwing out heat; therefore if your Highness drink, must not I drink? Allah Acbar! who shall presume not to follow the steps of the Pacha?" So saying, Mustapha lifted up the pitcher, and for a minute, it was glued unto his lips.

"I think that story should be written down," observed the Pacha, after a pause of a few moments.

"I have already given directions, your Highness, and the Greek slave is now employed about it, improving the language to render it more pleasing to the ears of your sublime Highness, should it be your pleasure to have it read to you on some future day."

"That is right, Mustapha, if I recollect well, the Caliph Haroun used to command them to be written in letters of gold, and be deposited in the archives: we must do the same."

"The art no longer exists, your Highness."

"Then we must be content with Indian-ink," replied the Pacha, lifting the pitcher to his mouth, and emptying it. "The sun will soon be down, Mustapha, and we must set off."

The Pacha called for coffee, and in a few minutes, accompanied, as before, by Mustapha and the armed slaves, was prowling through the city in search of a story-teller. He was again fortunate, as after a walk of half an hour, he overheard two men loudly disputing at the door of a small wine-shop, frequented by the Greeks and Franks, living in the city, and into which many a slave might be observed to glide, returning with a full pitcher for the evening's amusement of his Turkish master, who as well as his betters, clandestinely violated the precepts of the Koran.

As usual he stopped to listen, when one of the disputants exclaimed—"I tell thee, Anselmo, it is the vilest composition that was ever drunk; and I think I ought to know, after having distilled the essence of an Ethiopian, a Jew, and a Turk."

"I care nothing for your distillations, Charis," replied the other, "I consider that I am a better judge than you: I was not a monk of the Dominican order for fifteen years, without having ascertained the merit of every description of wine."

"I should like to know what that fellow means by *distilling people*," observed the Pacha, "and also why a Dominican monk should know wine better than others. Mustapha, I must see those two men."

The next morning the men were in attendance, and introduced; when the Pacha requested an explanation from the first who had

spoken. The man threw himself down before the Pacha, with his head on the floor of the divan, and said,—“ First promise me, your Highness, by the sword of the Prophet, that no harm shall result to me from complying with your request ; and then I shall obey you with pleasure.”

“ Mashallah ! what is the Kafir afraid of ? What crimes hath he committed, that he would have his pardon granted before he tells his story ?” said the Pacha to Mustapha.

“ No crime toward your state, your sublime Highness ; but when in another country, I was unfortunate,” continued the man—“ I cannot tell my story, unless your Highness will condescend to give your promise.”

“ May it please your Highness,” observed Mustapha, “ he asserts his crime to have been committed in another state. It may be heavy, and I suspect ’tis murder ;—but although we watch the flowers which ornament our gardens, and would punish those who cull them, yet we care not who intrudes and robs our neighbour—and thus, it appears to me, your Highness, that it is with states, and sufficient for the ruler of each to watch over the lives of his own subjects.”

“ Very true, Mustapha,” rejoined the Pacha ; “ besides, we might lose the story. Kafir, you have our promise, and may proceed.”

The Greek slave (for such he was) then rose up, and narrated his story in the following words :—

I am a Greek by birth ; my parents were poor people residing at Smyrna. I was an only son, and brought up to my father’s profession,—that of a cooper. When I was twenty years old, I had buried both my parents, and was left to shift for myself. I had been for some time in the employ of a Jewish wine-merchant, and I continued there for three years after my father’s death, when a circumstance occurred which led to my subsequent prosperity and present degradation.

At the time that I am speaking of, I had, by strict diligence and sobriety, so pleased my employer, that I had risen to be his foreman ; and although I still superintended and occasionally worked at the cooperage, I was intrusted with the drawing off and fining of the wines, to prepare them for the market. There was an Ethiopian slave, who worked under my orders, a powerful, broad-shouldered, and most malignant wretch, whom my master found it almost impossible to manage ; the bastinado, or any other punishment, he derided, and after the application only became more sullen and discontented than before. The fire that flashed from his eyes, upon any fault being found by me on account of his negligence, was so threatening, that I every day expected I should be murdered. I repeatedly requested my master to part with him ; but the Ethiopian being a very powerful man, and able, when he chose, to move a pipe of wine without assistance, the avarice of the Jew would not permit him to accede to my repeated solicitations.

One morning I entered the cooperage, and found the Ethiopian fast asleep by the side of a cask which I had been wanting for some time, and expected to have been ready. Afraid to punish him myself, I brought my master to witness his conduct. The Jew, enraged at his idleness, struck him on the head with one of the staves. The Ethiopian sprung up in a rage, but on seeing his master with the stave in his hand, contented himself with muttering, “ That he would not remain to be beaten in that manner,”—and reapplied himself to his labor. As soon as my master had left the cooperage, the Ethiopian vented his anger upon me for hav-

ing informed against him, and seizing the stave, flew at me with the intention of beating out my brains. I stepped behind the cask; he followed me, and just as I had seized an adze to defend myself, he fell over the stool which lay in his way—he was springing up to renew the attack, when I struck him a blow with the adze which entered his skull, and laid him dead at my feet.

I was very much alarmed at what had occurred; for although I felt myself justified in self-defence, I was aware that my master would be very much annoyed at the loss of the slave, and as there were no witnesses, it would go hard with me when brought before the *cadi*. After some reflection I determined, as the slave had said “He would not remain to be beaten,” that I would leave my master to suppose he had run away, and in the mean time conceal the body. But to effect this was difficult, as I could not take it out of the cooperage without being perceived. After some cogitation, I decided upon putting it into the cask, and heading it up. It required all my strength to lift the body in, but at last I succeeded. Having put in the head of the pipe, I hammered down the hoops and rolled it into the store, where I had been waiting to fill it with wine for the next year’s demand. As soon as it was in its place, I pumped off the wine from the vat, and having filled up the cask and put in the bung, I felt as if a heavy load had been removed from my mind, as there was no chance of immediate discovery.

I had but just completed my task, and was sitting down on one of the settles, when my master came in, and inquired for the slave. I replied that he had left the cooperage, swearing that he would work no more. Afraid of losing him, the Jew hastened to give notice to the authorities, that he might be apprehended; but after some time, as nothing could be heard of the supposed runaway, it was imagined that he had drowned himself in a fit of sullenness, and no more was thought about him. In the mean while I continued to work there as before, and as I had the charge of every thing I had no doubt but that, some day or another, I should find means of quietly disposing of my incumbrance.

The next spring, I was busy pumping off from one cask into the other, according to our custom, when the *aga* of the janissaries came in. He was a great wine-bibber, and one of our best customers. As his dependants were all well known, it was not his custom to send them for wine, but to come himself to the store and select a pipe. This was carried away in a litter by eight strong slaves, with the curtains drawn close, as if it had been a new purchase which he had added to his harem. My master showed him the pipes of wine prepared for that year’s market, which were arranged in two rows; and I hardly need observe that the one containing the Ethiopian was not in the foremost. After tasting one or two which did not seem to please him, the *aga* observed, “Friend Issachar, thy tribe will always put off the worst goods first, if possible. Now I have an idea that there is better wine in the second tier, than in the one thou hast recommended. Let thy Greek put a spile into that cask,” continued he, pointing to the very one in which I had headed up the black slave. As I made sure that as soon as he had tasted the contents he would spit them out, I did not hesitate to bore the cask and draw off the wine, which I handed to him. He tasted it and held it to the light—tasted it again and smacked his lips—then turning to my master, exclaimed, “Thou dog of a Jew! wouldst thou have palmed off upon me vile trash, when thou hadst in thy possession wine which might be sipped with the Houris in Paradise?”

The Jew appealed to me if the pipes of wine were not all of the same quality; and I confirmed his assertion.

“Taste it, then,” replied the *aga*, “and then taste the first which you recommended to me.”

My master did so, and was evidently astonished. “It certainly has

more body," replied he; "yet how that can be, I know not. Taste it, Charis."—I held the glass to my lips, but nothing could induce me to taste the contents. I contented myself with agreeing with my master, (as I most conscientiously could,) "that it certainly had more *body* in it than the rest."

The aga was so pleased with the wine, that he tasted two or three more pipes of the back tier, hoping to find others of the same quality, probably intending to have laid in a large stock; but finding no other of the same flavor, he ordered his slaves to roll the one containing the body of the slave into the litter, and carried it to his own house.

"Stop a moment, thou lying Kafir!" said the Pacha, "dost thou really mean to say that the wine was better than the rest?"

"Why should I tell a lie to your sublime Highness—am I not a worm that you may crush? As I informed you, I did not taste it, your Highness; but after the aga had departed, my master expressed his surprise at the excellence of the wine, which he affirmed to be superior to any thing that he had ever tasted—and his sorrow that the aga had taken away the cask, which prevented him from ascertaining the cause. But one day I was narrating the circumstance to a Frank in this country, who expressed no surprise at the wine being improved. He had been a wine-merchant in England, and he informed me that it was the custom there to throw large pieces of raw beef into the wine to feed it; and that some particular wines were very much improved thereby."

"Allah Kebir! God is great!" cried the Pacha—"Then it must be so—I have heard that the English are very fond of beef. Now go on with thy story."

Your Highness cannot imagine the alarm which I felt when the cask was taken away by the aga's slaves. I gave myself up for a lost man, and resolved upon immediate flight from Smyrna. I calculated the time that it would take for the aga to drink the wine, and made my arrangements accordingly. I told my master that it was my intention to leave him, as I had an offer to go into business with a relation at Zante. My master, who could not well do without me, intreated me to stay; but I was positive. He then offered me a share of the business if I would remain, but I was not to be persuaded. Every rap at the door, I thought that the aga and his janissaries were coming for me; and I hastened my departure, which was fixed for the following day,—when in the evening my master came into the store with a paper in his hand.

"Charis," said he, "perhaps you have supposed that I only offered to make you a partner in my business to induce you to remain, and then to deceive you. To prove the contrary, here is a deed drawn up by which you are a partner, and entitled to one-third of the future profits. Look at it, you will find that it has been executed in due form before the *cadi*."

He had put the paper into my hand, and I was about to return it with a refusal, when a loud knocking at the door startled us both. It was a party of janissaries dispatched by the aga, to bring us to him immediately. I knew well enough what it must be about, and I cursed my folly in having delayed so long; but the fact was, the wine proved so agreeable to the aga's palate that he had drank it much faster than usual; besides which, the body of the slave took up at least a third of the cask, and diminished the contents in the same proportion. There was no appeal, and no escape. My master, who was ignorant of the cause, did not seem at all alarmed, but willingly accompanied the soldiers. I, on the contrary, was nearly dead from fear.

When we arrived, the aga burst out in the most violent exclamations against my master—"Thou rascal of a Jew!" said he, "dost thou think that thou art to impose upon a true believer, and sell him a pipe of wine which is not more than two-thirds full,—filling it up with trash of some sort or another. Tell me, what it is that is so heavy in the cask now that it is empty?"

The Jew protested his ignorance, and appealed to me: I, of course, pretended the same. "Well, then," replied the aga, "we will soon see. Let thy Greek send for his tools, and the cask shall be opened in our presence; then perhaps thou wilt recognise thine own knavery."

Two of the janissaries were dispatched for the tools, and when they arrived I was directed to take the head out of the cask. I now considered my death as certain—nothing buoyed me up but my observing that the resentment of the aga was levelled more against my master than against me; but still I thought that, when the cask was opened, the recognition of the black slave must immediately take place, and the evidence of my master would fix the murder upon me.

It was with a trembling hand that I obeyed the orders of the aga—the head of the pipe was taken out, and, to the horror of all present, the body was exposed; but instead of being black, it had turned *white*, from the time which it had been immersed. I rallied a little at this circumstance, as, so far, suspicion would be removed.

"Holy Abraham!" exclaimed my master, "what is that which I see!—A dead body, so help me God!—but I know nothing about it—do you, Charis?" I vowed that I did not, and called the Patriarch to witness the truth of my assertion. But while we were thus exclaiming, the aga's eyes were fixed upon my master with an indignant and deadly stare which spoke volumes; while the remainder of the people who were present, although they said nothing, seemed as if they were ready to tear him into pieces.

"Cursed unbeliever!" at last uttered the Turk, "is it thus that thou preparest the wine for the disciples of the Prophet?"

"Holy father Abraham!—I know no more than you do, aga, how that body came there; but I will change the cask with pleasure, and will send you another."

"Be it so," replied the aga; "my slaves shall fetch it now." He gave directions accordingly, and the litter soon reappeared with another pipe of wine.

"It will be a heavy loss to a poor Jew—one pipe of good wine," observed my master, as it was rolled out of the litter; and he took up his hat with the intention to depart.

"Stay," cried the aga, "I do not mean to rob you of your wine."

"Oh, then, you will pay me for it," replied my master; "aga, you are a considerate man."

"Thou shalt see," retorted the aga, who gave directions to his slaves to draw off the wine in vessels. As soon as the pipe was empty, he desired me to take the head out; and when I had obeyed him, he ordered his janissaries to put my master in. In a minute he was gagged and bound, and tossed into the pipe; and I was directed to put in the head as before. I was very unwilling to comply; for I had no reason to complain of my master, and knew that he was punished for the fault of which I had been guilty. But it was a case of life or death,—and the days of self-devotion have long passed away in our country. Besides which, I had the deed in my pocket by which I was a partner in the business, and my master had no heirs,—so that I stood a chance to come into the whole of his property. Moreover—

"Never mind your reasons," observed the Pacha, "you headed him up in the cask—go on."

"I did so, your Highness; but although I dared not disobey, I assure you that it was with a sorrowful heart—the more so, as I did not know the fate which might be reserved for myself."

As soon as the head was in, and the hoops driven on, the aga desired his slaves to fill the cask up again with the wine; and thus did my poor master perish.

"Put in the bung, Greek," said the aga, in a stern voice.

I did so, and stood trembling before him.

"Well! what knowest thou of this transaction?"

I thought, as the aga had taken away the life of my master, that it would not hurt him if I took away a little from his character. I answered that I really knew nothing, but that, the other day, a black slave had disappeared in a very suspicious manner—that my master made very little inquiry after him—and I now strongly suspected that he must have suffered the same fate. I added, that my master had expressed himself very sorry that his highness had taken away the pipe of wine, as he would have reserved it.

"Cursed Jew!" replied the aga; "I don't doubt but that he has murdered a dozen in the same manner."

"I am afraid so, Sir," replied I, "and suspect that I was to have been his next victim; for when I talked of going away, he persuaded me to stay, and gave me this paper, by which I was to become his partner with one-third of the profits. I presume that I should not have enjoyed them long."

"Well, Greek," observed the aga, "this is fortunate for you; as, upon certain conditions, you may enter upon the whole property. One is, that you keep this pipe of wine with the rascally Jew in it, that I may have the pleasure occasionally to look at my revenge. You will also keep the pipe with the other body in it, that it may keep my anger alive. The last is, that you will supply me with what wine I may require, of the very best quality, without making any charge. Do you consent to these terms, or am I to consider you as a party to this infamous transaction?"

I hardly need observe that the terms were gladly accepted. Your Highness must be aware that nobody thinks much about a Jew. When I was questioned as to his disappearance, I shrugged up my shoulders and told the inquirers, confidentially, that the aga of the janissaries had put him *in prison*, and that I was carrying on the business until his release.

In compliance with the wishes of the aga, the two casks containing the Jew and the Ethiopian slave, were placed together on settles higher than the rest, in the centre of the store. He would come in the evening, and rail at the cask containing my late master for hours at a time; during which he drank so much wine, that it was a very common circumstance for him to remain in the house until the next morning.

You must not suppose, your Highness, that I neglected to avail myself (unknown to the aga) of the peculiar properties of the wine which those casks contained. I had them spiled underneath, and, constantly running off the wine from them, filled them up afresh. In a short time there was not a gallon in my possession which had not a *dash* in it of either the Ethiopian or the Jew; and my wine was so improved, that it had a most rapid sale, and I became rich.

All went on prosperously for three years; when the aga, who during that time had been my constant guest, and at least three times a-week had been intoxicated in my house, was ordered with his troops to join the Sultan's army. By keeping company with him, I had insensibly imbibed a taste for wine, although I never had been inebriated. The day that his troops marched, he stopped at my door, and dismounting from his Arabian, came in to take a farewell glass, desiring his men to go on and that he would ride after them. One glass brought on another, and the time

flew rapidly away. The evening closed in, and the aga was, as usual, in a state of intoxication ;—he insisted upon going down to the store, to rail once more at the cask containing the body of the Jew. We had long been on the most friendly terms, and having this night drank more than usual, I was incautious enough to say—“ Prithee, aga, do not abuse my poor master any more, for he has been the making of my fortune. I will tell you a secret now that you are going away—there is not a drop of wine in my store that has not been flavored either by him, or by the slave in the other cask. That is the reason why it is so much better than other people’s.”

“ How !” exclaimed the aga, who was now almost incapable of speech. —“ Very well, rascal Greek ! die you shall, like your master. Holy Prophet ! what a state for a Mussulman to go to Paradise—impregnated with the essence of a cursed Jew !—Wretch ! you shall die—you shall die.”

He made a grasp at me, and missing his foot, fell on the ground in such a state of drunkenness as not to be able to get up again. I knew that when he became sober, he would not forget what had taken place, and that I should be sacrificed to his vengeance. The fear of death, and the wine which I had drunk, decided me how to act. I dragged him into an empty pipe, put the head in, hooped it up, and rolling it into the tier, filled it with wine. Thus did I revenge my poor master, and relieved myself from any further molestation on the part of the aga.

“ What !” cried the Pacha, in a rage, “ you drowned a true believer—an aga of janissaries ! Thou dog of a Kafir—thou son of the Shitan—And dare avow it ! Call in the executioner.”

“ Mercy ! your sublime Highness, mercy !” cried the Greek—“ Have I not your promise by the sword of the Prophet ? Besides, he was no true believer, or he would not have disobeyed the law. A good Mussulman will never touch a drop of wine.”

“ I promised to forgive, and did forgive, the murder of the black slave ; but an aga of janissaries !—Is not that quite another thing ?” appealed the Pacha to Mustapha.

“ Your Highness is just in your indignation—the Kafir deserves to be impaled. Yet there are two considerations which your slave ventures to submit to your sublime wisdom. The first is, that your Highness gave an unconditional promise, and swore by the sword of the prophet.”

“ Staffir Allah ! what care I for that ! Had I sworn to a true believer, it were something.”

“ The other is, that the slave has not yet finished his story, which appears to be interesting.”

“ Wallah ! that is true. Let him finish his story.”

But the Greek slave remained with his face on the ground ; and it was not until a renewal of the promise, sworn upon the holy standard made out of the nether garments of the Prophet, by the Pacha, who had recovered his temper and was anxious for the conclusion of the story, that he could be induced to proceed, which he did as follows :—

As soon as I had bunged up the cask, I went down to the yard where the aga had left his horse, and having severely wounded the poor beast with his sword, I let it loose that it might gallop home. The noise of the horse’s hoofs in the middle of the night, aroused his family, and when they discovered that it was wounded and without its rider, they imagined that the aga had been attacked and murdered by banditti when he had

followed his troop. They sent to me to ask at what time he had left my house ; I replied, an hour after dark—that he was very much intoxicated at the time—and had left his sabre, which I returned. They had no suspicions of the real facts, and it was believed that he had perished on the road.

I was now rid of my dangerous acquaintance, and although he certainly had drank a great quantity of my wine, yet I recovered the value of it with interest, from the flavor which I obtained from his body and imparted to what I had left. I raised him up alongside of the two other casks ; and my trade was more profitable and my wines in greater repute than ever.

But one day the *cadi*, who had heard my wine extolled, came privately to my house ; I bowed to the ground at the honor conferred, for I had long wished to have him as a customer. I drew some of my best—“ This, honorable Sir,” said I, presenting the glass, “ is what I call my *aga* wine: the late *aga* was so fond of it, he used to order a whole cask at once to his house, and had it taken there in a litter.”

“ A good plan,” replied the *cadi*, “ much better than sending a slave with a pitcher, which gives occasion for remarks: I will do the same ; but, first, let me taste all you have.”

He tasted several casks but none pleased him so much as the first which I had recommended. At last he cast his eyes upon the three casks raised above the others.

“ And what are those ?” inquired he.

“ Empty casks, Sir,” replied I ; but he had his stick in his hand and he struck one.

“ Greek, thou tellest me these casks are empty, but they do not sound so ; I suspect that thou hast better wine than I have tasted: draw me off from these immediately.”

I was obliged to comply—he tasted them—vowed that the wine was exquisite, and that he would purchase the whole. I stated to him that the wine in those casks was used for flavoring the rest ; and that the price was enormous, hoping that he would not pay it. He inquired how much—I asked him four times the price of the other wines.

“ Agreed,” said the *cadi* ; “ it is dear—but one cannot have good wine without paying for it:—it is a bargain.”

I was very much alarmed ; and stated that I could not part with those casks, as I should not be able to carry on my business with reputation, if I lost the means of flavoring my wines, but all in vain ; he said that I had asked a price and he had agreed to give it. Ordering his slaves to bring a litter, he would not leave the store until the whole of the casks were carried away, and thus did I lose my Ethiopian, my Jew, and my *aga*.

As I knew that the secret would soon be discovered, the very next day I prepared for my departure. I received my money from the *cadi*, to whom I stated my intention to leave, as he had obliged me to sell him those wines, and I had no longer hopes of carrying on my business with success. I again begged him to allow me to have them back, offering him three pipes of wine as a present if he would consent, but it was no use. I chartered a vessel, which I loaded with the rest of my stock ; and, taking all my money with me, made sail for Corfu, before any discovery had taken place. But we encountered a heavy gale of wind, which, after a fortnight, (during which we attempted in vain to make head against it) forced us back into Smyrna. When the weather moderated, I directed the captain to take the vessel into the outer roadstead that I might sail as soon as possible. We had not dropped anchor again more than five minutes when I perceived a boat pulling off from the shore in which was the *cadi* and the officers of justice.

Convinced that I was discovered, I was at a loss how to proceed, when

the idea occurred to me that I might conceal my own body in a cask, as I had before so well concealed those of others.

I called the captain down into the cabin, and telling him that I had reason to suspect that the *cadi* would take my life, offered him a large part of the cargo if he would assist me.

The captain who, unfortunately for me, was a Greek consented. We went down into the hold, started the wine out of one of the pipes, and having taken out the head, I crawled in, and was hooped up.

The *cadi* came on board immediately afterwards and enquired for me. The captain stated that I had fallen overboard in the gale, and that he had in consequence returned, the vessel not being consigned to any house at Corfu.

"Has then the accursed villain escaped my vengeance!" exclaimed the *cadi*; the murderer, that fines his wines with the bodies of his fellow-creatures: but you may deceive me, Greek, we will examine the vessel.

The officers who accompanied the *cadi* proceeded carefully to search every part of the ship. Not being able to discover me, the Greek captain was believed; and, after a thousand imprecations upon my soul, the *cadi* and his people departed.

I now breathed freer, notwithstanding I was nearly intoxicated with the lees of the wine which impregnated the wood of the cask, and I was anxious to be set at liberty; but the treacherous captain had no such intention, and never came near me. At night he cut his cable and made sail, and I overheard a conversation between two of the men, which made known to me his intentions: these were to throw me overboard on his passage, and take possession of my property. I cried out to them from the bung-hole: I screamed for mercy, but in vain. One of them answered, that, as I had murdered others, and put them into casks, I should now be treated in the same manner.

I could not but mentally acknowledge the justice of my punishment, and resigned myself to my fate; all that I wished was to be thrown over at once and released from my misery. The momentary anticipation of death appeared to be so much worse than the reality. But it was ordered otherwise: a gale of wind blew up with such force that the captain and crew had enough to do to look after the vessel, and, either I was forgotten or my doom was postponed until a more seasonable opportunity.

On the third day I heard the sailors observe that, with such a wretch as I was remaining on board, the vessel must inevitably be lost. The hatches were then opened: I was hoisted up and cast into the raging sea. The bung of the cask was out, but by stuffing my handkerchief in, when the hole was under water, I prevented the cask from filling; and when it was uppermost, I removed it for a moment to obtain fresh air. I was dreadfully bruised by the constant rolling in a heavy sea, and completely worn out with fatigue and pain; I had made up my mind to let the water in and be rid of my life, when I was tossed over and over with such dreadful rapidity as prevented my taking the precaution of keeping out the water. After three successive rolls of the same kind, I found that the cask, which had been in the surf, had struck on the beach. In a moment after I heard voices, and people came up to the cask and rolled me along. I would not speak, lest they should be frightened and allow me to remain on the beach, where I might again be tossed about by the waves; but as soon as they stopped, I called in a faint voice from the bung-hole, begging them for mercy's sake to let me out.

At first they appeared alarmed; but, on my repeating my request, and stating that I was the owner of the ship which was off the land, and that the captain and crew had mutinied and tossed me overboard, they brought some tools and set me at liberty.

The first sight that met my eyes after I was released, was my vessel lying a wreck ; each wave that hurled her further on the beach, breaking her more and more to pieces. She was already divided amid-ships, and the white foaming surf was covered with pipes of wine, which, as fast as they were cast on shore, were rolled up by the same people who had released me. I was so worn out, that I fainted where I lay. When I came to, I found myself in a cave upon a bundle of capotes, and perceived a party of forty or fifty men, who were sitting by a large fire, and emptying with great rapidity one of my pipes of wine.

As soon as they observed that I was coming to my senses, they poured some wine down my throat, which restored me. I was then desired by one of them, who seemed to be the chief, to approach.

"The men who have been saved from the wreck," said he, "have told me strange stories of your enormous crimes—now, sit down, and tell me the truth—if I believe you, you shall have justice—I am *cadi* here—if you wish to know where you are, it is upon the island of Ischia—if you wish to know in what company, it is in the society of those who by illiberal people are called pirates : now tell the truth."

I thought that with pirates my story would be received better than with other people, and I therefore narrated my history to them, in the same words that I now have to your Highness. When I had finished, the captain of the gang observed :—

"Well, then, as you acknowledge to have killed a slave, to have assisted at the death of a Jew, and to have drowned an *aga*, you certainly deserve death ; but, on consideration of the excellence of the wine, and the secret which you have imparted to us, I shall commute your sentence. As for the captain and the remainder of the crew, they have been guilty of treachery and piracy on the high seas—a most heinous offence, which deserves instant death : but as it is by their means that we have been put in possession of the wine, I shall be lenient. I therefore sentence you all to hard labor for life. You shall be sold as slaves in Cairo, and we will pocket the money and drink your wine."

The pirates loudly applauded the justice of a decision by which they benefited, and all appeal on our parts was useless. When the weather became more settled, we were put on board one of their small *xebèques*, and on our arrival at this port were exposed for sale and purchased.

Such, Pacha, is the history which induced me to make use of the expressions which you wished to be explained ; and I hope you will allow that I have been more unfortunate than guilty, as, on every occasion in which I took away the life of another, I had only to choose between that and my own.

"Well, it is rather a curious story," observed the Pacha, "but still, if it were not for my promise, I certainly would have your head off for drowning the *aga*—I consider it excessively impertinent in an unbelieving Greek to suppose that his life is of the same value as that of an *aga* of janissaries, and follower of the Prophet ; but, however, my promise was given, and you may depart."

"The wisdom of your Highness is brighter than the stars of the Heaven," observed Mustapha. "Shall the slave be honored with your bounty ?"

"*Mashallah !* Bounty ! I've given him his life, and, as he considers it of more value than an *aga's*, I think 'tis a very handsome present. Drown an *aga*, indeed !" continued the Pacha, rising, but it certainly was a very curious story. Let it be written down, Mustapha. We'll hear the other man to-morrow.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH AND REFORM.

MR. EDITOR,

I have always had such a veneration for Christopher North, that I have taken his dictum almost without considering or waiting to consider, whether his arguments were right or wrong, because I always supposed him right ere I began to read and never had the audacity to doubt him.

But his Parliamentary Article, in the June Number, has opened my eyes a little bit—I see him like others full of error, full of prejudice—full of aristocratic and Tory notions, that have well nigh cracked his brain. Because the Duke of Wellington and Lord Liverpool said “there was no part of the world so well conditioned as Scotland,” friend North thinks it must be so; and seems to imagine she has no right to be better—or because her children (excepting North and the Lord Provost) are happy and contented, thinks they have no right to say a word, but move on a jog trot and never fash themselves about the happiness of the mass of the people of Great Britain; nor seek to make that wealth which Sir Christopher would hint they have amongst them, more under their own control and less subject to the grasp of the tax-gatherer. Suppose Scotland does contribute as much as Ireland draws from the treasury of Great Britain—is that enough that she should continue to accept and Ireland to draw, and remain silent because the Duke of Wellington thought her the happiest part of the world? Are her people to have no voice to resist this drawing and paying system, but tacitly to bear the yoke which has been placed upon their shoulders? It is not intended here to occupy much of your time in commenting upon all Sir Christopher has put forth in this article; for to the moral and religious education of the people, and an almost godlike awe for those who have more money in their pockets than the gross of the people themselves, do we look for an answer to two or three of the first columns of the article in question. The illumination, breaking of windows, &c., we have had discussed before, and for the present we notice not the Lord Provost and his force, for whom doubtless, this article of North’s was written. But just begin at the last column of page 921. Read and reflect, and if you do not say that Sir Christopher has made a lamentable mistake, I shall declare you know nothing of Scotch elections. The representation of Scotland has not been the subject of ignorant invective. If the country has made rapid strides in wealth, comfort and intelligence, it is not by the aid of the aristocracy—it *has arisen from the labor of the industrious classes*; and friend North need not pride himself upon the share which he has had in raising them, above “the curse of innovation,” when he is trying now to deprive them of thought and reflection and the right of judging for themselves. The representation in counties is not in the hands of the landed proprietors; I could name those in dozens, who have land to the amount of 1000*l.* valued rent and have no vote; “the practical result” is that the holders of the soil in dozens have no voice in returning a member. “Is it not a gross fallacy” that the parch-

ment voters return the member as they do in many cases without having an acre?—this is well known to every Scotchman who will have courage to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Let any one look at Cobin in Elginshire, where there is *neither house nor cultivation*, but a ridge of blowing sand, or an arm of the sea to be seen. This precious estate has its parchment, which has been sold and resold for 1500*l.*, 2000*l.*, and 2500*l.* at different times; while the landed proprietors around whose estates are worth thousands, have not a say on the subject. Sir Christopher knows that there is neither East Retford nor West Retford, nor any other Retford, half so corrupt as the elections in Scotland for counties and boroughs. Now suppose for a moment that these superiorities, that is the parchment privilege, were split, or given to younger branches of a family, and by this means separated from the land, or *if not then*, when these youngsters needed a few hundreds they were to be sold, would any honest man call this representing the landed interest? Would any one, however “unacquainted fear to hazard” his opinion upon this system, or fear to say that the landed proprietors have no influence in the elections except where they have retained the superiority in their own hands? Is this sale of votes honest, spoken of by Sir Christopher? If none but the actual proprietor of the land could vote, would not this be a more honest and fair plan? If the proprietor do take the field at the head of his parchment voters, is it a fair way of electioneering? Every tenant in England is not obliged to go and vote as his landlord dictates; he may go, but he has the power of staying away if he likes.

But if the body of the people as Sir Christopher says, have just as little to say the one way as the other, is this a reason why they should not be vested with the power of saying? Is there no difference between Lord Fitzwilliam appearing at the head of a thousand tenants when each can speak and act for himself, and the Duke of Buccleugh with his fifty tenants, who all must bend one way as the great man looks round?

The whole of page 922 is one tissue of error—abounding with the grossest mistakes, and crammed with the most ridiculous stuff that ever appeared in a magazine pretending to speak truth, or act honestly. The borough elections are, if any thing can be, even more corrupt. The influence of the borough elections is entirely in the hands of the party in power—the provost and baillies, who elect themselves annually. North says, “that in Edinburgh the Town-Council is composed of thirty-three members, of whom fourteen are elected annually by the whole of the corporate trades.” Were this the case, who would not see the preponderance here of the Borough influence; and were the Edinburgh elections as judicious as Blackwood’s Magazine, does this argue against the incorruptibility of the system? No; the way is in every borough in Scotland:—I elect you, and you elect me. If the assembly, for change’ sake, vote one provost *this* three years, a broomstick is put up the next three, and the provost of the preceding three years comes in at the third three again, and so on with the Town-Council:—it is Ramo Samee with the balls — out of the right hand into the left, turn about. It is no proof of the purity of the elections in Scotland, that Lanark,

Ayr, and Anstruther, "have actually returned reforming members." If they have done their duty this time honestly by their country, it is not owing to the purity of the system, but to the intelligence Sir Christopher has spoken of. It is the duty and for the interest of every landed proprietor to use his influence to get the Reform Bill passed into a law, and get the parchments burned that rob him of his right of voting for his real property. Sir Christopher says, the boroughs in Scotland are divided between the aristocratic and democratic interest. "The reverse is well known to every man in Scotland; and such an assertion would never have been hazarded but by a person at a distance unacquainted with the real state of affairs."—See *Blackwood's Mag.* June 1831, p. 921. The reformers want nothing more nor less than that each respectable man may have a voice in the country of which he is a free-born man, and the government of which he desires to see exercised for the good of the whole of the people; not confined to the narrow circle in which the goaders of corruption occupy the middle. This writer in *Blackwood* calls such a patriotic wish revolution. Does any man with an atom of sense, a grain of honesty, or a mite of courage, dare denominate the doctrines held forth in the article alluded to, other than a gross libel upon the industrious class in Scotland, and a truckling to the powers that be? Scotchmen when they move from the bottom to the top of the dunghill, crow, and try to keep all others groping at the *grun*; they no sooner creep out of the ranks of plebeian life, than they become aristocratic, and despise their kind.

Such an one is the writer of the article alluded to in *Blackwood*; he talks about the elective franchise being fixed at 100*l.*—here is reason! I hereby declare that there are not ten 100*l.* voters in all the boroughs in Scotland put together. A 5*l.* elector in Scotland is a more respectable man than a 30*l.* voter in London, and not half so liable to be influenced by bribery. He is right, there would not be much fear if the voters were rated at 100*l.*, but there the Tory or absolute interest would prevail. Of course we know that many who have the right of property, if they could, would keep the honest and intelligent classes out, and hold themselves up as the godlike band to whom you must douse your bonnet, and walk with it under your arm so long as their honors are pleased to speak: rank slavery!—but they are not all this way.

The faculty of advocates, writers to signets, &c. are men who have mostly sprung from the lower classes; they live by other people's miseries; and, when there is an assimilation of interests in Scotland, part of their trade will be gone:—they ought to oppose popularity of election. Why has an honest owner or feuar of a 10*l.* house not as good a right to vote as the Duke of Buccleugh with his 150,000*l.* a year? They are fully as capable of thinking and of judging what is for the benefit of themselves and their country as his Grace, and have as good a right to use that influence. This is a sage constitution, and sage doctrines are now used to uphold it. Learn, friend North, that by a recent enactment, peers are restrained from voting for a member of the lower House; and if they were not, is it justice to vest one man with all the power because he has got nearly all the property of a parish? This article has drawn the remarks intended

to be made, considerably too long, therefore I shall add very little more. In column 1, page 929, Sir Christopher admits the bribery of the Town Council, and is willing to own that it will stalk forth from that august body into every alley and nook: such an example is surely worthy to be followed—the Town Council, the pure immaculate Town Council! In the proposed disfranchisement the writer says, “it is very evident at whom the blow of political influence is aimed—namely, the Duke of Montrose, the Marquis of Bute, and the Duke of Buccleugh; three men, than whom there are neither three more respectable, unostentatious, or willing to sacrifice personal influence for the sake of their country, in Scotland!” It is ridiculous nonsense further to talk of the multiplicity of cases decided in the Sheriff’s and other Courts in Scotland; there are ten times the number decided in the Courts of Requests in England; and if the litigious passions of the lower orders should increase to the addition of 100,000, so much the better for the Scotch capital, which is little other than a law nursery. Nor is it wonderful to find, upon the writer’s calculation, that a majority of members hostile to parliamentary reform should be returned, for wherever power and corruption are to be found, and they are generally allied, it will be found that Scotchmen will be concerned; their love of power, taking them in the bulk, is greater than the love of power among the larger mass of all the people of Great Britain. The arguments this writer advances are “a striking proof how different a thing it is to censure others and act ourselves; how perilous are the experiments of speculative men on human institutions; and how wide is the distinction between elegant critique and a profound acquaintance with the springs of public felicity.” Blackwood for June 1831, page 933. Yours &c. C. D.

REFORMATION.

“How wonderful the present age,”
 Cries Clara, pretty Miss,—
 “For now Reform is all the rage;
 Who’d e’er have thought of this!—
 My bishop’s sleeves I now shall lose,
 Economy’s the go,
 And I shall wear prunella shoes,
 Whether I will or no.
 “I heard Mamma, the other day,
 Say all will mend their steps;
 That lords will now give over play,
 And marrying demireps;
 Ladies will mend their manners too,
 Changing their present fashion,
 Give up mazurka, opera, loo,
 And rubbings *à la Cashin*.
 “Papa declares the House of Lords
 Will first begin the thing,
 Reforming wasteful idle words
 And useless bickering;
 That Londonderry will reform
 His temper with his years,
 Eat less cayenne, nor wax so warm,
 With nurses and with peers.

“ That Farnham will reform his tongue
 From Catholic abuse,—
 That Ellenborough, late and long,
 Will govern his in use ;
 For 'tis a member little worth,
 Till wisdom's prompting move it,
 Though Eldon weep its merits forth,
 Or Cumberland approve it :

“ The Lower House will follow next,
 And then our corporations ;
 Then lawyers, clergy, book and text,
 And people of all stations.
 It would be paradise on earth,
 If such a thing could be,
 The prisons changed to halls of mirth—
 All would be blest but me :

“ For Captain Cary of the third
 Seduced my heart away,—
 In speeches soft his suit preferr'd,
 Yet never named the day ;
 He left me—could such baseness be ?—
 With protestations warm,
 And never more return'd—ah me !—
 Who knows but he'll reform !”

DIALOGUES OF THE DECK, No. I.—“ JACK THE GIANT.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF “ TALES OF THE TAR.”

“ Some mollification for your giant.”—*Twelfth Day.*

(*Scene—the Galley of a Frigate.*)

“ WHAT !—your *Trafflygar* tar ?—*That* breed's gone by, my bo—few are now seen in the sarvis — Your present race are another set o' men altogether — as different, aye, as different as beer and bilgewater—They're all for *larning* now ; and yet there's not one in a thousand as larns his trade — and, what's worse nor all, they're all a-larning from the sogers to rig as lubberly as lobsters — Why, I was aboard of a crack craft t'other day, a *stationer* too, three years in commission, as came to be paid-off at Portsmouth, — and I'm bless'd if ev'ry fellow fore-and-aft at divisions, ('twas Sunday, you know, and the ship's company were rigged in their best mustering togs),—well, may I never see light if ev'ry chap as toed a line on her deck, from stem to stern, had'nt his body braced-up with a pair o' *braces* crossing his shoulders for all the world like a galloot on guard.

“ Now I speaks as I knows, and knows what I speaks—for you see I was a *Trafflygar* chap myself — Did you ever hear of the *Le-Bellisle* ?—Did you ever of *Billy-go-tight*, her skipper ?—Did you ever hear of her losing her sticks under an infarnal fire, and *Billy go-tight* singing out like a soger — ‘ No, I *won't* strike—not *I*—no never, not *I* !’—and Billy being then brought-up with a round turn by the captain o' the foremost quarter-deck gun, turning round and saying to the skipper—‘ There's no one a'*axing* you, Sir !’—Well, I've seed that—I've seed myself surrounded with sharks, when 'twas almost a mortal

unpossibility to escape the jaws of *Port-royal Tom*;¹ yet, I say, I'd sooner see all them there things over and over again, nor it ever should be said Bill Thompson was seen with *braces*—or, more properly speaking, *toppin-lifts*, *topping-up* his trowsers—I'm blow'd if I wouldn't rather take three dozen with the thief's-cat. Then, again, your peace-trained tars are all such chaps for holding on the dibs—In my time, when rousing-out his rhino, a fellow never looked to see if he pulled from his pocket a shilling or guinea. Paying for a pint o' pearl, a glass o' grog, or a coachee or guard a travelling—a fellow stood just as good chance of gettin' the one as the t'other."

"But then you see, Bill," said one of his auditors—"then, you see, men are beginning to get more sperience, to larn more the vally o' things, and to consider themselves as much a 'Part o' the people' as now other people do in the world."

"*People!*" returned Thompson indignantly, "I like to see the fellow as dare call me a 'part o' the people' — *I'd* people him!—That's your shore-going gammon—your infarnal larning as capsizes your brain till it boils over like a pitch-kettle and sets fire to all afloat. Is it because you can prate in a pot-house, you're to call yourself 'Part o' the people,' and think yourself as big as Burdett or a Bishop?—no, no, larn your trade—larn to keep your trowsers taut in the *seat*, to curse a steamer, and puddin' an anchor,—and then, instead of callin' yourself 'part o' the people,' perhaps you may pass for a bit of a tar."

"Well, but Bill, d'ye mean to say that the present race o' seamen are not just as *good* men as before Trafilygar?"

"I does—I means to say they havn't the mind as they had—they doesn't think the same way—(*that is they thinks too much,*—) and more—they're not by one half as active aloft as we were in the war—chaps now reefin' taup-sails crawl-out by the foot-ropes, and you now never see a weather-earin'-man fling himself out by the to'-gallant-studdin'-sail haliards."

"Yes, but Bill, perhaps in your day the men were smaller and lighter-built."

"Smaller!—not a bit of it—I've seen men at a weather-earin' as big as a bullock—No, no, my bo, they were big enough—they'd both blood and bone in 'em, but not so much beef in their heels as the topmen you now see afloat."

"Well, for my part, I likes a light hand aloft."—

"Mind ye, I doesn't say," continued Thompson, "that your small men aboard are not mostly the best—They're certainly more active aloft, stow better below, and have far better chance in action than a fellow as taunt as a topmast:—And yet, a double-fisted fellow tells well rousing aboard a tack or hauling aft a sheet—and what's better nor all, they're less conceited, and oftner far better tempered nor chaps not half their height."

"Well; I dun know, Bill—I'm not a small man myself—" said one of the assembled group—"I'm not a small man, nor yet what you calls a large-un—for at the back o' the Pint, they says I'm just what ye calls the reg'lar size—but some how or other, your undersis'd fellows always do best in the world—for go where you

1 A well-known shark in Jamaica.

will, you'll always find a little fellow making up to a lass double his length to give him a lift in life."

"We'd a chap in the old *Andrew-Mack*¹—not four feet five at furthest, and I'm bless'd if he wasn't spliced to a craft as long as a sky-sail-pole—he was, what they calls, a reg'lar-built dwarf, but he was as broad on the beam as the biggest aboard—He was captain o' the mizen-top, and well they knew it, the boys abaft,—for he'd an infarnal tyrannical temper—His wife was quite the reverse,—a better-hearted cretur never slept under a gun—See them at North-corner or Mutton-cove on liberty together, and you see what care she'd take of her Tom—her 'Tom-tit,' as he was christened aboard. Tom liked his drop, but the fellow was so short 'twould get to his noddle a hour sooner nor a common-sized man—There he'd drop as drunk as a lord—lay in the mud and mire, till his rib (long Kate as we called her) would coil him clean up in her apron, bundle the little beast on her back, and take him aboard in a waterman's boat—and yet, for the care she took of her Tom, the short-bodied bandy-legged beggar would hide poor Kate by the hour."

"D—n your dwarfs!" interrupted Thompson—"were you ever in a ship with a giant aboard—one o' the ship's company, you know,—a fellow reg'larly borne on the books?—'cause, you see, I sarved in a ship with a giant aboard."

"What! a reg'lar-built giant?"

"Aye,—a reg'lar-built giant—a fellow as stood six feet ten in his stockin'-feet—nor a better-built man was never seed for his size—No deck ever seed his equal—Poor Bill!—Bill Murdock—for he kept his name from first to last,—knowing 'twas never no use fixin' on a purser's,—for go where he would, his bulk wou'd *blow* him—Bill was a Scotchman—a Glasgow-man bred and born—and a better seaman or truer tar never commanded craft—for once Bill had the charge of one of his own—But Bill was something like myself, seldom backed by luck, and was more oftner down nor up in the world—We sarved together in the *F*—frigate—That was the craft for cap'ring kites—Let's see, we used to set ring-tails—water-sails—studden-sails without studden-sails—sky-scrapers—moon-rakers—star-gazers, and heaven-disturbers—Never ship could carry such a cloud of canvass—And, as for the skipper, 'twas hard to say on which he'd carry longest,—his sail or his sarmon—for sure as Sunday came, there was strike-out for a sarmin *three* times a-day—and as sartin as Monday wou'd follow, there was crack-on the kites from day-light till dark—Yet, the skipper was a plucky chap, and a man as know'd well his work—and, I'll say that for him, he never was a man as spared himself—Report a strange sail in sight, and he was the *first* at the mast-head, glass in hand—and, what's more, blow high, blow low, there he'd stick, till he made her clearly and cleverly out—I've seen his glass fixed to his eye, resting on the cross-trees—for more, aye more nor six hours on a stretch—What d'ye think o' that!—a skipper of a frigate acting look-out-man aloft under a six-hours' sun!—As sure as a hauline-line came down for the captain's grub—(for his dinner went reg'larly aloft in a hand-basket)—so sure you'd hear a hubbub below—The 'twix-decks had it in a crack—'A prize! my bose,'

¹ *Andrew-Mack*—*Andromache* frigate.

you'd hear fore-and-aft—' the skipper's grub's gone aloft :—but he wasn't a man as liked his lickor—six-water-grog was strong, to what we used to call his ' look-out-aloft swizzle '—But take him, on one tack as well as the t'other, and he was a smart little man—Bill and he, to be sure, had sometimes a bit of a breeze—though when we laid at Cork, and company comed to the skipper, Bill was the man as amused the ladies—Whenever Bill seed a boat-full o' muslin pulling-off to the ship—and the whip¹ getting ready for the ladies—down he'd dive,—off with his muzzle-lashing, and on deck in a crack in his best mustering rig ;—for as sure as dinner was done in the cabin, the skipper would send for Bill—and make some sham-abraham excuse about the water bein' bad—or the likes o' that, just for the purpose of givin' the ladies a treat in showing 'em a giant.

“ But though Bill was a scholard, he wasn't a man as took to the trash of tracts as was sent aboard by some o' the skipper's *she*-methody-parsons—Nor could Bill always bring his bible to book whenever we went to divisions—for, you know, at three-bells² every forenoon, there was beat to divisions and muster prayer-books and bibles—As for myself, in the bible-bisness, I managed the matter very well—and moreover, with the skipper I was a bit of a fancy-man—for, you see my bible (as captain o' the mess) was always kivered in baize—nor never was opened, you know, nor pawed by tarry paw—There wasn't, no, not as much as the sign of a soil to be seen inside or out—The skipper reg'larly overhauled the books himself—and one morn, going round at divisions, I says to myself—' Come this is too bad, by Joe !—Here's my bible's been bag'd in baize for three years and upwards, and the skipper's never once *noticed* the kelter she's in—so here's try him on a wind,' says I to myself—' Here she is, Sir,' says I, pulling out the book from my green-baize bag just as he comes to my elbow—' here she is, Sir, just as *clean*, you see, as if she'd comed bran-new out o' the mint'—' That's a *good* man,' says the skipper, givin' me a friendly tap on the shoulder—' that's a *good* man—come down to *my* cabin,' says he, ' as soon as divisions are over.'—Well, as soon as the drum beats retreat, you may well suppose I wasn't long divin' down to get my drop ; but when I enters the cabin, there wasn't, no, not the sign of a glass to be seen—There was the skipper alone at the table, fumbling a Newland³ in his fist, and seemin' as shy o' me as I was of him—' Come here, my man,' says he—' come here, Thompson—you're a very *good* man,' says he—' take this,' says he, shoving a five-pound Newland into my fist—' take this, and recollect,' says he, ' I give it for presarving so well the Word o' God.'—Well, you may be sure after this, the bible sees less daylight nor ever ;—and there wasn't a fellow fore-and-aft,—even Murdock himself,—as didn't bag his book in baize.

“ Howsomever—to try back to Bill—Poor Murdock !—I think I now sees him on his beam-ends trying to take a caulk⁴ in the bay below—I think I sees him lying at full length, looking, for all the world, like a South-Sea whale sleeping on the sarfis—Poor Bill !—I think I never seed his like—He did his duty as captain-o'-the-hold—for 'twould never 'ave done to've let a two-ton fellow like Bill aloft

¹ Chair-tackle for hoisting ladies on board. ² Half-past nine, A.M.

³ A Bank-note.

⁴ Caulk a nap on the deck.

—Moreover, he was a capital hand in the hold—Why, he'd take a butt o' water on his knees, and sup out o' the bung-hole easier, aye, by far, easier nor I could out of a breaker—But poor Bill had a crack in his head—a wound in his pate, as got him in many a scrape—It made him reg'larly mad whenever he drank—but keep him from lickor, and there wasn't his fellow afloat—A nicer mannered man never Sally-port seed—and a prettier spoken chap never entered a tap—Though big and bulky as a bullock, his voice was as mild as milk, and no foot afloat trod lighter the deck, big as he was—Keep him from drink, and he'd sing a stave as 'ould win, aye, the first lady in the land—Sober, the skipper himself wasn't better behaved—he hadn't the heart to hurt a fly—He'd take off his hat to the smallest reefer aboard—and, as for the young gemmen, they'd a-gone to h-ll for Bill—I'm blest if he didn't live more in the midshipmen's berth nor ever he did in his own—Bill could amuse both man and boy—he was as much a child as any child in the ship—and sartinly, more of a *man* nor any ten together—He could converse with the best aboard—but, though a monster in a mob, I never heard that he called himself '*part-o'-the-people*'—But he was a scholard—he know'd figurs well—the rule-o'-three better—could hail a foreigner (and that too when the skipper couldn't) in any tongue—no matter, Dutch, or Algebra, or even Maltese—he could make himself understood in any lingo—that is, he could ax 'em 'where they were from?' and 'where bound?' and the likes o' that—He could spin, too, a capital yarn—He was shipwreck'd twice—once as mate, and once as master,—and *such* a chap at *cheequers* I never seed in my day—In short, Bill was a man in a million—But with all that, Bill was the devil in drink—one glass more nor his allowance and stand clear fore-and-aft—'Twasn't the *frigate*, nor yet any *three-deck'd* ship in the sarvis as could hold him, once poor Bill had his beer aboard—I've seen him, aye, I may say, more than twenty times clear the lower, main-deck, and folksel—There you'd see midshipmen, marines,—every blue-jacket below tumbling up the hatchways, and flying from Bill, as if, for all the world, a thund'ring Senegal tiger had been reg'larly turned adrift on the deck—A topmaul had better fall on your pate than his fist;—and once catch a fellow in his flipper, and he'd fling him from side to side, or stem to stern, making no more of a middle-sized man nor a middle-sized man wou'd make of a cat.—The sing-out of '*Murdock adrift!*' was worse afloat nor the cry of '*Murder!*' ashore—The sick, and lame, and chaps as couldn't bend their backs with the bago, would fling themselves out o' their hammocks, and fly upon deck, clear of his clutches—You'd sometimes see the bowsprit reg'larly lined with men and the riggin' swarming wi' fellows scuddin' from Murdock's grip—The officers never, *never* could quiet him—'Twas worth more nor the best o' their commissions was worth to make the trial—for they know'd to a man they might as well try to capsize St. Paul's as try to level Bill in his beer—In these here fits a frightfuller sight never was seed—He'd foam and froth at the mouth, tear his hair, and knash his teeth in a terrible way—and yet, poor Bill!—how *soon* I've seed him *calmed* by a *cap*—The sight of a petticoat would *tame* him in the turn of a quid—The weakest girl aboard had nothing to do but face him full in front—and down like lightning, on all fours, poor Bill would drop—clinging to the lass's petticoats, and

licking her feet for all the world like a lady's lap-dog—though, I'm blest but he looked a precious sight more like a dancing elephant."

"What! d'ye mean to say," interrogated the last interlocutor—"that a lass like Bet Bowles could manage a monster like Murdock?"

"Yes, I does—a child (providing she was a *she*-child) could manage him easier, aye, nor a party o' marines under ball and bagnet—Once caught by the *cap* and all was calm in a crack—the fire in his eye and froth of his mouth (as soon as the girl swabbed with her apron the foam from his bows) was lost in the sudden lull—and in less than a minute there wasn't, no,—no, not as much as a *ripple* o' rage to be seen on his phiz."

"Well, after the lull o' the lickor, there wasn't to be seen a more down-i'-the-mouth man for a month—Why, the old *Royal Billy*¹ herself—the *Billy* buffetin' about the Bay² in a breeze, wou'dn't a-felt more shook and shattered—more pulled to pieces nor poor Bill 'oud be after comin' out of one of his heavy Nor-westers—Not a limb could he lift for a week—He'd shake like a leaf; and the sight of an officer would set him a tremblin' worse, aye worse nor a fellow in a-Flushing' fit—D—n that infarnal agey—D—n the Dutch and their dirty dikes—I'll never be the man as I was—But, mind ye, it wasn't the dread o' the cat as made Big Bill afeard of an officer—for I'm sartin and sure, the skipper would sooner a-seized-up himself, nor ever 'ave brought poor Bill to the gratin'—No, no, 'twasn't the thought o' the gratin' as gauled him—but 'twas the thought of offending mortal in lickor—you'd sometimes see him backin and filling and boxing about a bit of a boy—a reefer³ not twelve years old, afore he'd go up to the child, to 'hope and hope he didn't offend him in his fit—I wou'dn't,' he'd say,—'I wou'dn't young gemman offend you, no, not for a butt o' beer, much more hurt a hair o' your head'—and then he'd take and tug the few locks as was left on his pate, and curse th' unfortnet crack on his sconce, as made him, he'd say, 'made him worse and wickeder nor a baited bull'—He'd write to the skipper,—to the first-leaftennant,—to the mate-o'-the-grog-tub, and to all the gemmen as had weight in the ship—to 'Mollify'—yes that was the word—to 'Mollify,' as he called it, 'the mischief his madness made'—He'd lay down the law as natral as life—argufy the matter in a manner as would soften the heart of a hangman—and mind ye, there was never nothing like snivelling—no double allowance of *larning*—no sayin' a-one thing as unsaid the t'other, and usin' words as went for nothing—For ten—let's see—was it ten?—no,—for six—for six days he took his reg'lar bob on the book never to touch the taste of lickor—not as much as the dew of a drop lit on his lip—yes—for six days he suffered that tortur—One time at Port-royal on a Patrick day, he goes reg'larly aft, and axes permission to be clapt in the bilboes—'Please, Sir,' says he, turning as red as a soger's coat as he faces the first-leaftennant—'Please Sir,' says he, 'I axes your pardon—I hope no offence—but if so be,' says Bill, 'its all the same to you, Sir, I'll be glad if you'll clap me for four-and-twenty hours in

¹ Royal William—said to be one hundred years old when broken up.

² Bay of Biscay.

³ Reefer—Midshipman.

irons'—'In irons! what for?' says the first-leaftennant—'What for?' says *Sprinkle-and-swab*, for that was his name with Bobby below—'What for?' says Bill, heavin' a bashful glance at the first-leaftennant—for, you see Bill was ashamed to say for *why*. 'Yes, what for?' again says *Sprinkle-and-swab*—'Well,' says Big Bill,—“if you must—*must*, Sir, know for *why*—to be moored out of mischief's way—for, you know Sir,' says Bill, 'I darn't,—darn't trust the drop’”—Well, seein' Bill was bent on the bilboes, in course, *Sprinkle-and-swab* sends for the master-tarms, and orders poor Bill both legs in limbo.

“But Bill was the boy for a brush in the boats—one time we'd a cuttin'out job in the Bay—'Twas'nt in the F—frigate—for Bill and me, and the first twenty-five on her books were drafted together into the *Saucy-go-where-she-will*—the lee L—she was the ship for the boat.—Crappo's craft was a brig—an armed brig anchored off the Isle of Jew¹ (tho' I never afore heerd of a Jew had been found in France). Well, she was lying all a taunto, royal yards across, and moored head and starn close under a six-gun battery. As soon as the fun was fixed, and the word '*volunteer*' gets wind below, in course Big Bill must make his way aft to clap down his name for the fray. To see Bill comin' aft, scratching his pate, with a smile on his mug as seemed to say 'here I am—more nor a barge's-crew in myself,'—was better, aye, better by half nor a reg'lar-built play. At first he dodges about the bitts afore he takes courage to face the leaftennant—one Smith was first-leaftennant,—a very good man in his way, but he hadn't the manners o' Bill. He'd a shore-going, sneering manner of callin' a man as Bill could never abide.—'Well, *Mister Murdock!*' says Smith, 'What do *you* want?' says Smith—Well, this *mistring* the man was near the capsizing of Bill—it fairly floored him—and no wonder—for where's the tar in togs as likes to be *mistered*—why, 'tisn't worse to be called '*Part o' the people!*' 'Well,' says Smith, in a mockin' manner,—'so you *Mister Murdock*, *you* must come aft to give in your name.' Well this *youing* the man was worse to poor Bill nor callin' him *Mister*—'I hopes Sir,' says Bill, 'I only comes aft like a man.' 'A man!' says the first leaftennant—'a precious sight more like a monster!—Besides, Mr. Murdock,' says Smith, 'you're *nothing*, you know, when sober; and drunk, your courage is *Dutch!*' Big as he was, a child would 'ave floored him—Poor Bill!—To touch his pluck was more nor the man could stand—his mouth as was playful and cheerful afore, fell taut and stiff, and his lips were glued together—his eyes seemed fairly to fill, but he disdained to drop a drop—he knew well he was a man, and knew well he was *more* nor a man—he looked like a fellow as felt 'twas better to feel within nor to show what he felt without—so Bill bolted it all till the skipper comes up to look at the list—'I axes your pardon,' says Bill, as soon as the skipper looks over the list, 'I hopes no offence, Sir,' says Bill, brightning up at the sight of the skipper, and a ring of good-humour again breakin' round his mouth, for you soon could see what Bill was bent on, 'I axes your pardon,' says he to the skipper, 'I'm sorry to say, Sir—sorry to say, Mr. Smith, won't let

¹ Isle Dieu.

me go—he thinks me too *sober*, and says, ‘I’m nothing unless I’ve my beer aboard.’ ‘Well, no more you *are*, Sir,’ says Smith, snapping at Bill, ‘no more you are—and you *know* it.’ ‘Very well, Sir,’ says Bill, ‘if that be the case, just give me an *extra* allowance, and I’m blow’d,’ says Bill, thumping his fist on the capstan, ‘if *another* soul in the ship need be sent!’ ‘No, no,’ says the skipper, trying to smother a smile, ‘no—no, my man,’ (for a man *was* a man with the skipper, and *he* never, no never, *mistered* a man,) ‘no—no,’ says he, ‘we want you for better work—your day’s to come as well as my own—Go below, my man—go below,’ says the skipper, trying to comfort Bill.—Well, Bill goes below—but seed he was not, the whole day long—he kept oversight in the hold—refused his dinner—refused his supper, and, as we all atwixt-decks a-thought, took the thing too much to heart—entirely too much.

“Well, the time drew nigh—The boats were manned and armed—each man with a white stripe on his left flipper to mark him from Crappo’s crew—All was ready; the thing was managed in a manner of silence never afore seed or since—Hands were shook to be sure, but more was said by a squeeze, more *felt* by a fist nor ever was said or *felt* by any of your palavring Parliment-chaps—Well, the word ‘Shove off!’ was given—The oars all muffled, and away slipt the boats out o’ sight, like craft as were sliding in slush—The jolly was the last that left—for she was the hospital-boat, and the doctor’s mate, one Mullins, an Irish chap, was the only officer in her—The doctor was ordered to keep out of fire, and to do no more nor dress the wounded and patch their pates—Well, when the jolly shoved-off, there wasn’t a breath to be heerd aboard—nor as much, no, not as much as the glimmer of light to be seen in the ship—a churchyard at night was never so still—never so dumb and dark.

“’Twas exactly one bell after twelve when the jolly shoves off—the bell didn’t strike in course, but the glass was turned—Yes, ’twas exactly one bell, for I had it from old Jack Martin, the quarter-master o’ the watch at the time—exactly one bell, when they hears a thund’ring of a row in the jolly—She’d hardly gone twice her own length when they hears the bowman singing-out like a fellow as was fairly mazed—‘Holloa! holloa! what the hell have we *here*?—a thund’ring grampus by G—!—my wig, the boat’s capsized!’—‘Silence, silence,’ says the skipper, not more in the dark nor they in the boat—‘Oh, for shame! for shame! Mr. Mullins,’ says the skipper, singing-out to the doctor’s mate—‘for shame! Sir, making such a shockin’ noise at a moment like *this*!’—for Martin said often, the skipper was in a terrible takin’—‘Pull away! Sir, pull away!—By heaven!’ says the skipper, for he never swore by never nothing but heaven—‘if you’re in sight another second, I’ll try you by a court-martial for cowardly conduct!’—Jack Martin often and often repeated the skipper’s identical words—Well, you know this here court-martial threat was quite enough to put Pat Mullins on his mettle—not that he disliked a fray—for the fellow liked fun as well as the best—So the jolly was off from the ship in a crack.

“Well, no sooner we in the barge, pinnace, and cutter pulls up alongside the brig, nor we gets, one and all, a dose as sends us all staggering astarn—Empty bottles was heaved at our heads, cold shot

thrown into the boats—and the fire of musketry Crappo kept up was the most infarnalist fire as ever was seed — We made three attempts—twice on the starboard side, and once on the larboard—each time the boats were beat back—Well, just as we intended to try a fourth, we hears Mr. Smith sing out, ‘What boat’s *that*?’—and the answer we hears was, ‘*Dutch*—Courage! my bo—I’ll show you the way.’—‘Big *Bill*! Big Bill, by the Lord!’ was the cry in the boats—‘Hurrah! hurrah! Big Bill aboard and she’s ours!’—And soon Big Bill was aboard—and if he didn’t soon clear her decks there’s never no snakes in Virginny—‘Jabble, Jabble,’ you’d hear Crappo cry—‘Jabble,’ you know, means devil in English—and a-course the French thought the *devil* himself was adrift—She soon was ours, and no sooner she was, nor Bill comes aft to the first leaftennant and says, ‘Mr. Smith,’ says he, ‘I think for a *sober* man I’ve not done amiss.’”

“Well, but Bill, how did he get in the boat?” interrupted one of Thompson’s auditors, impatient to come at the sequel.

“How did he get in the boat?—why you may depend he hadn’t side-ropes goin’ over the side—nor he wasn’t whipped in by the lady’s chair—No, no—he did this tho’—lowered himself over the bows of the ship, and swam quietly off to the jolly—It was then as they thought in the jolly they’d grappled a grampus—Come, spell oh!—the watch is out.”

STATE OF PARTIES IN DUBLIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE METROPOLITAN.

The recent changes—Mr. Purcel O’Gorman—Messrs. Moore, Shaw, Harty, the Lord Mayor—Mr. Perrin—the election, and defeat of the Corporation.

Dublin, May 25, 1831.

SIR,

THE appearance of the first number of the “Metropolitan” reminded me that, in former days, I was one of your correspondents for Irish affairs. When you look at the present hand-writing, you may remember that, some long years since, I took the liberty of occasionally submitting to the editor of the “New Monthly Magazine” my humble, though, as then considered, rather sinful speculations on the state of parties in Dublin. The recollections came fully upon myself at least, as on the morning of the 5th of this month I turned over the pages of your new publication. My business on that day led me to the courts; and, on the way, by a train of associations too obvious to require to be analysed, my mind involuntarily reverted to the past, and took note of the vicissitudes which the interval had produced. But it was only when I found myself in that emporium of law and politics and gossip—the hall of the Four Courts, that I felt in all their force the variety and extent of those mutations. The scene and the majority of the actors were still the same, and the general resemblance at the first view appeared unimpaired; but, upon a nearer scrutiny, how striking and singular had been the changes! Of these actors, for instance, one of the first that attracted my attention was Mr. William Bellew, a Roman Catholic barrister of great

personal respectability, and of just repute in certain departments of his profession. In his general aspect there was little perceptible alteration. Time, as if from a kindly feeling towards an old acquaintance, seemed to have spared him more than younger men. I found the same spire-like altitude of frame—the same solemn, spectral stride—the same grave, and somewhat querulous, but not undignified cast of feature. “In his own proper person,” in face and form, Mr. Bellew was such as I had seen him in his penal days—but what a transfiguration had been accomplished in his gown! How omnipotent must have been that act of parliament which had substituted his present rustling silk attire for the dingy, tattered fustian, in which I had so often seen him haunting the precincts of the Court of Chancery, and which he had vowed to wear while a rag of it remained, as an ensign of reproach to the presiding bigot of the court. But Lord Manners and his tenets had passed away, and Mr. Bellew’s epitaph may state, that he too, in his generation, was one of His Majesty’s counsel-at-law. My eye turning from Mr. Bellew soon rested upon several other barristers of his creed, who, like him, had been taking the benefit of the statute. Among them, and apparently the youngest of the group, was Mr. O’Loughlen, upon whom emancipation had fortunately come just at a period of his career when promotion, being possible, was inevitable. He is already one of the three serjeants, and if the orisons of the public can confer length of days, the highest judicial office is his certain destination. But the most singular of those metamorphoses, which, when I last addressed you, it would have been maniacal to have predicted, was exhibited in the personal identity and present official attributes of the worthy ex-secretary of the ex-Catholic association, Mr. Nicholas Purcel O’Gorman. This excellent and best-tempered of organised beings, who, during a life devoted to the angry politics of Ireland, has made as many friends as another would have created enemies—who was ever frank and fearless in the expression of his opinions, even though one of those opinions was and is, that “St. Paul was a decided Orangeman”—now stood before me, transformed into nothing less than a public functionary, by title Cursitor, of that very court in which Mr. Saurin had pleaded, and Lord Manners had presided. The selection, I am bound to add, has been pronounced by the public, from whose discernment in such matters there is no appeal, to have been worthy of the exalted person to whom, fortunately for Ireland, higher functions than the extension of mere acts of considerateness towards meritorious individuals have been again committed. I approached the group, to whom Mr. O’Gorman, who had been recently sworn in, was detailing with humorous exaggeration the weighty responsibilities that had descended upon his rather Atlantean shoulders. The Cursitor’s office, I collected from him, was one of the great fountain-heads of justice, whence litigation flowed in streams or torrents through the land. It was emphatically the *officina brevium*, the inner temple of original writs, and the Cursitor the high-priest, without whose signature, now written with majestic brevity “O’Gorman,” those sacred documents would want their legal potency. I was gratified, however, to hear Mr. O’Gorman add, which he did with a glance of no doubtful meaning at one of his auditors, who had been an unsuccessful expectant under the old regime, that his hierarchal cares were in some mea-

sure soothed by sundry daily, and not unwelcome, offerings from the devotees at the shrine, over which he had been appointed to preside. It was an office of trust coupled with emolument, a coincidence which Mr. O'Gorman, though a staunch reformer, very justly pronounced to be not incongruous.

These are single instances of the changes which the surface presented, but I could multiply them without number; wherever I looked around, I found abundant evidences, had I otherwise been unaware of the fact, that the genius of Mr. Gregory no longer presided in the government of Ireland. Religious peace, and never was a peace more just and necessary, had been proclaimed; and, after it, had followed in due course the gradual decline of as hateful a faction as had ever desolated and insulted a devoted country. There was, however, no want of excitement. It had changed its character, but was as active in its way as in those dreary times when Mr. Lefroy's theology and Master Ellis's statesmanship found favor at the castle. The groups of animated bustlers in the hall were no longer discussing the divided allegiance of the Catholics, or holding a drum-head inquiry over Mr. Shiel's last speech at the Association, but much was said of schedule A—of its multiform abominations by the smaller and more hopeless politicians—of its wisdom and necessity by others, and among them not a few who conceived it to be both wise and necessary to declare their opinions in favor of reform. But I soon discovered that the buzz around me turned upon a matter of a still more immediate interest; an active canvass was going forward. The Dublin election was fixed for the following day, and the popular party, in perfect accordance upon this occasion with the wishes of the government, had determined upon attempting a decisive blow; committees had been sitting—subscription-lists opened—Mr. William Murphy sent for—an earnest but amicable conflict of opinion had ensued—Mr. Murphy, with the caution of long experience, was strenuous in his advice that they should run no risks, but, by concentrating their forces, secure the return of one member. “*Delenda est Carthago*” was the cry of Serjeant O'Loughlen and Mr. Blake, and the bolder counsel had prevailed—two reform candidates had been started against the corporation of Dublin.

The competitors upon this stirring occasion were the late members, Messrs. Moore and Shaw, who rested their pretensions on their love of corporations, and their hatred of reform. Mr., now Sir Robert, Harty, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and Mr. Louis Perrin, an eminent member of the Irish bar. The two latter announced themselves as sturdy reformers.

Of Mr. George Moore I cannot tell you much, for I only know of him what the public knows. He is, I should suppose, between fifty and sixty years of age. There is nothing remarkable in his face or person. He is a man of mild manners and violent opinions; can make a long speech on most subjects either in or out of parliament—is the proprietor of an ample sinecure in one of our courts—and much regarded by his personal acquaintances. The only singular events in the history of his life that I have heard recorded, were his first return for the city of Dublin and an incident connected with it. The day preceding that fixed for the election had closed, and the corporation, still in search of a fit and proper nominee, continued their deliberations

through the night. Mr. Moore, as yet unthought of, retired at his accustomed hour to repose. At midnight, as the story goes, he was suddenly awakened, and saw at his bedside the portly form of Master Ellis, deputed from the still-sitting committee, to know if he would consent to be returned to parliament for his native city. Mr. Moore rubbed his eyes, pressed the Master's hand more closely to ascertain that it was a hand of flesh and blood—saw visions of parliamentary renown start up before him, and thinking that *now* he surely could not be dreaming—gave his assent. The next day he was the member for Dublin—the “*Mirror of Parliament*” tells the rest.

Mr. Frederick Shaw is a much younger man than Mr. Moore; he was called to the bar in the year 1822, and for the first five years gave no signs of his subsequent prosperity. He was assiduous, but in no way distinguished. The first occasion upon which the courts became familiar with his name was in 1827, upon the arrival of Sir Anthony Hart as the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Sir William MacMahon, the Master of the Rolls, conceived that in him was vested the power of appointing a particular officer of his own court. Former Chancellors, however, had claimed and exercised the right of appointment, and Sir Anthony Hart announced that he would follow their example. The Master of the Rolls, desirous that the question should undergo a solemn discussion and adjudication, nominated his relative, Mr. Shaw, to the office in dispute. Mr. Shaw presented a petition to the Lord Chancellor, praying to be admitted to the performance of the duties, and the perception of the profits, and Mr. Saurin appeared as the leading counsel in support of the claim. The matter, in itself, was one of no sort of public interest: it was a mere question of patronage between two judicial dignitaries; yet wondrous was the interest, or at least the curiosity, with which the proceedings were watched and the result conjectured. It had the novelty of being the first case in any way peculiar, and that one relating to himself individually, upon which the newly-imported Chancellor was to be called upon to decide. It was expected by sundry shrewd solicitors that litigation, even between two such high contending parties, would produce the usual feelings of personal estrangement, and, as a profitable result, that appeals from the Rolls to the Chancellor would not fail to be multiplied; while others, who had been often made to smart under Sir William's inexorable rules and orders, were delighted to find that his Honor for once had a prospect of feeling in his own purse what it was to have the prayer of a petition refused with costs. These were the effusions of the mere idle gossip of the hall, and excited nothing but amusement; but pending the discussion, an incident occurred, which sent a profounder feeling through the courts and the country. In the course of his argument, Mr. Saurin, for the moment oblivious of the recent change of Chancellors, implored of the court to recollect the seditious spirit that was abroad, and the factious disposition daily manifested to bring even the highest public functionaries into contempt; a disposition which “the continuance of the present litigation would not fail to foster and gratify.” This was a topic to which Lord Manners would have listened with all the nervous attention of a weak mind overawed by the horrors of a phantom-story. The healthier intellect of Sir Anthony saw in it

nothing but its inappropriateness. He interposed, saying—"If there be any spirit abroad which would lead persons to degrade the higher authorities of the country, my opinion is, that that spirit can only be met and counteracted by those who hold such high situations having their motives and their actions exposed to the fullest public scrutiny. When these motives and that conduct are properly placed before the world, they may be satisfied that both will be rightly appreciated by the public;—and so much, Mr. Saurin, for that topic." The effect of these few simple words in the Irish Court of Chancery was electrical. Mr. Saurin was disconcerted—his Brunswick friends beside him panic-struck—Sergeant Lefroy looked first up to heaven, and then full in the face of his valued friend Mr. Henchy—Mr. Henchy responded with a look at once historical and prophetic—a buzz of perturbation passed along the benches of the outer bar—while Mr. Eccles Cuthbert (almost the sole surviving Whig of the olden time) rushed forth from the court towards the hall, and, standing at the top of the Chancery-steps, proclaimed to a group that he beckoned round him, the joyful tidings "that if he, Mr. Cuthbert, could interpret the signs of the times—and he thought he could—the influence of Saurin and his party was gone for ever."

But, to return to Mr. Shaw—the decision of the Chancellor was against him, but he was quickly consoled for the disappointment. The Recordership of Dublin becoming vacant, he had the good fortune to be elected to the office. The public were at first dissatisfied with the selection—chiefly, however, because it had fallen upon so juvenile a person; but it is only justice to Mr. Shaw to state, that he has proved himself perfectly competent to the discharge of the judicial functions that were thus rather prematurely cast upon him. As the Recorder of Dublin, he is an assiduous and excellent public officer. I would farther say, that this is the very office for which he is peculiarly adapted. He performs the substantial duties efficiently, and wants not the leading ornamental requisites for those matters of municipal ceremony in which he is called upon, *virtute officii*, to bear a prominent part. His aspect may still be over-youthful; in fact, when he appears at a civic festival attired in his legal costume, his smooth and pallid face, and rather feminine features, present a strong similitude to Portia in the scene where she holds a brief against Shylock; but ample compensation for this deficiency (if it be one) is made in the proportions of his frame, which possess all the necessary corporate massiveness and rotundity for the scenic business of a lord-mayor's day. I have seen him perform on such occasions with much effect, and with the bearing of an actor that liked his part. As the Recorder of an ancient and loyal corporation, Mr. Frederick Shaw is just where he ought to be. He has no unseemly contempt for pageantry; and, for city purposes, is a most discreet and emphatic orator. He can descant, with suitable amplitude of phrase, upon the sanctity of chartered rights, and can deliver the prescriptive lecture to an in-coming lord-mayor, upon his civic responsibilities, in terms of the most stately and appropriate common-place. To such duties he is equal, and not above them.—I pass on to the other candidates.

Sir Robert Harty is a citizen of Dublin, who has risen by his industry to considerable affluence. In the corporation, of which he

has long been one of the most influential members, he has been noted for his attachment to liberal principles. He is the brother-in-law of Alderman M'Kenny, who in his year of mayoralty (1819) had the courage to convene a general meeting of the Protestants of Dublin, to petition in favor of Catholic emancipation. Sir Robert Harty's civic career has been marked by an official act—less conspicuous, it is true, but of similar boldness. When the Roman Catholic delegates were prosecuted by the government in 1812, he was one of the sheriffs of Dublin, and empannelled an impartial jury for their trial. This gave great offence—and both in and out of the corporation the honest sheriff had much to endure for having done his duty; but he has fortunately lived to find that sentence of condemnation in those times now forms one of his most valid titles to public confidence. So great was the imagined strength of the corporation of Dublin, that for some days Sir Robert Harty was the solitary candidate upon reform principles. More than one of the commercial body of Dublin, though strongly urged by the popular party to become his colleague, had declined. The bar was then resorted to. A union of the most important qualifications was found in Mr. Perrin, who, after repeated solicitations, consented to give the public the use of his name and character for the advancement of the great imperial measure.

Mr. Perrin was called to the bar in 1806. There was nothing sudden or brilliant in his ascent to professional distinction; he was patient, and persevering; and in his deportment, whether in or out of court, simple and inobtrusive. Even after the extension of his character for learning and ability had brought him into full practice, there was so little of forensic display in his manner—what he said upon each occasion was always so much to the purpose, and consequently so short and direct, that a stranger to his professional repute would have principally inferred, from the frequency of his appearances in court, that he was already high among the most eminent counsel of his day. Mr. Perrin is, I believe, universally admitted to be the very best common-law lawyer of the Irish bar. It is probably to be attributed in some degree to early accidents that his studies and practice should have been exclusively confined to this department; but I apprehend that an original peculiarity of his mind had also much to do in keeping him out of the Courts of Equity. I have heard it related of him that, from the commencement of his legal studies, he felt a deep and unconquerable distaste to equity-pleading—to that system under which, as a matter of ordinary routine, fifty false charges may be made against a miserable defendant on the chance of eliciting a single truth, and under which the same defendant, if knavishly disposed, and aided by a dexterous pleader, may resort to as many devices to evade a direct and intelligible reply. I can easily conceive that a mind like Mr. Perrin's, always seeking accuracy of thought and brevity of expression, should have turned with disgust from the farrago of long-winded fictions, and endless repetitions, and wordy superfluities, which form the staple of Chancery pleadings; but whatever the motive, he has, almost from the outset of his career, confined himself to the common-law courts; among them the King's Bench has been the principal theatre of his exertions. Assiduous application and long experience have rendered him familiar with all the great branches of the law that are brought into discussion before

that tribunal ; and to an intimate knowledge of his subject, he unites logical powers of the highest order. His diction, though clear and vigorous, is not always fluent ; but the occasional tardiness of phrase to which I allude, and which detracts little from the force or effect of his reasonings, appears to be very much the result of acquired habits of mastery over the most important operations of his mind. If he sometimes pauses for a moment it is not that he is in want of matter or of words, but that he is determined and able to retain and exercise a control over both ; it is that, even while his mind is hurrying along a rapid chain of reasoning, he still preserves the power of arresting a thought in its progress from conception to expression, and of ascertaining its fitness for his purpose before he allows it irrevocably to pass his lips ; and the result of the enforcement of this inward discipline is that, though his language may be rendered less continuous, his argument is sure of being better for the delay. If Mr. Perrin could consent to be a less cautious and accurate reasoner, he would, I am satisfied, become at once a more fluent speaker ; but he reasons every thing, abhorring all flashy declamation, and guided by a special instinct against the use of words for talking-sake.

Having thus shortly referred to Mr. Perrin's professional qualifications, I need hardly add that he has for many years commanded the leading business of the Court of King's Bench. Among the cases constantly occurring on the criminal side of that court, there is one class in which he appears to have established a sort of personal property (for he is never omitted)—I allude to appeals from convictions by magistrates under penal statutes, particularly those relating to the Customs and Excise. In such cases the offending party has usually a twofold chance of escape—in the blunders of the legislator, and in those of the convicting magistrates. The leaning of the court is always to uphold such convictions ; but Mr. Perrin, with his sagacity, and pertinacious logic, and adroit application of authorities that bear, or appear to bear, upon the point, seldom fails to demonstrate to the full satisfaction of every mind in court (except perhaps his own) that something, in substance or in form, has been wanting to legalise the proceedings from which his clients have appealed. The subject-matter of such discussions is in general devoid of popular interest, but they sometimes acquire from incidental circumstances no small degree of scenic effect.—I remember, for instance, to have seen some years since one of the side galleries of the Court of King's Bench occupied by an entire ship's crew of Dutch smugglers, brought up, under writs of Habeas Corpus, from one of the prisons on the southern coast of Ireland ; and while Mr. Perrin, as their counsel, was moving that they should be discharged from illegal custody, and pressing the court with arguments and cases, it was curious to observe his weather-beaten clients, with their bluff figures and contraband visages, how intently they looked on as their fate was debated in, to them, an unknown tongue, and with what a singular promptness they appeared to discover from mere external signs, from the looks and gestures of the judges or the auditors, that their counsel was making way with the court. Their deliverance, I recollect, was effected ; and if they and the hundreds of others of their trade and country whom Mr. Perrin has similarly rescued from an Irish prison, have any gratitude, his must be a well-known and popular name in the Dutch ports.

Mr. Perrin's professional eminence was not his sole ground of claim to the honor of representing the city of Dublin in Parliament; he had a further and stronger recommendation to the public confidence in the vigor and integrity of his personal character. The political principles which he avows, have now, in the circle of events, become the reigning doctrine of the day, and the merit may be small of professing such principles at the present moment. Mr. Perrin's praise is, that what he now is, he has always been—that under circumstances the most adverse to professional advancement he entered into no compromise between his interests and opinions, but in every stage of his progress asserted himself and the dignity of his profession by an erect and independent bearing; he did so in a temper and spirit the most remote from faction, but he met with little mercy. He had incurred the virtue of public spirit, and was marked for discouragement—even the poor distinction of a silk gown was delayed until Lord Manners's last general levee of King's Counsel; and even then it was understood that Mr. Perrin would have been designedly omitted, had not the Lord Chief Justice, to whose better spirit what is just and manly is always familiar, peremptorily interposed his authority as the head of the common-law bar against an act of such unworthy partisanship.

I fear that I am trespassing on the ground of the Sketches of the Irish Bar; but as I have gone so far, let me say a word of Mr. Perrin's personal appearance. It is not so remarkable as to attract examination; but when you examine it, you find its unostentatious simplicity to be strikingly accordant with his mind and character. His figure is about the middle size, and slightly approaching to corpulence. He has black hair, a dark complexion, and regular Roman features. Though no one has a quicker perception of mirth, or enjoys it more heartily, the habitual expression of his countenance is graveness, even perhaps to a touch of sadness; the latter, however, I apprehend to be nothing more than the mere trace of the laborious occupations in which his life has been passed. On the whole I would say of his exterior, including face and form and apparel, that it was individualised by a certain republican homeliness, intimating a natural careless manliness of taste, and not without its peculiar dignity.

I intended, when I sat down, to have entered upon some of the details of the Dublin Election and its sequel; but the subject, I find, would carry me too far: let me therefore for the present merely say that after an obstinate struggle, the corporation, that cumbrous excrescence upon our institutions, was fairly prostrated, and the popular candidates returned. The triumph was celebrated with all due rites and solemnities. I witnessed the chairing from a window in Grafton Street. The sun shone brightly on the procession as it passed—but not more brightly than the countenance of our venerable and patriotic veteran, Mr. Peter Burroughs, who had taken his station at an opposite balcony, and looked down (as his friend Louis Perrin was wafted along) with a smile of joyous and ineffable thanksgiving, that he had been spared to see that day.

REFORM—ITS OPPONENTS.

THE opposition to reform made by the Tory party generally is much slackened, since the result of the elections is such as to leave them without hope in the lower House. This party consists of two bodies of men, the ultra and moderate Tories. The former are, for the most part, unflinching political bigots. Neither time, nor experience, nor policy, nor reason, makes any impression upon their indomitable obtuseness of intellect. They were best distinguished by their conduct on the Duke of Wellington's emancipation bill. No consideration of benefit to the community at large—no principle of justice or right, moved their invincible obstinacy. In hope to obtain the direction of affairs themselves, they abandoned the Duke; and, calculating from their own perverseness that the Whigs would not support the measure because the Duke was a Tory, they made sure of his downfall and their own elevation. The emancipation bill was carried in their teeth by the honest conduct of the Whigs. The Duke's administration having sustained itself despite of their separation from it, the slightest exertion of common sense must have shown them, purblind though they are, that for themselves there was no hope but in supporting that very administration; that if the Duke were out of office, they, the ultra-Tories, could not form a ministry of their own. They were too contemptible in numbers, in talent, in influence, in consideration before the country. As well might half a dozen dowagers club themselves successfully into a ministry, and conduct the affairs of the nation at such a moment! Yet they still obstinately opposed and thwarted the Duke, up to the time when there was no longer a power of vitality in his cabinet. They looked coldly on, nor dreamed that while they felt gratified at his defeat, they had sealed for ever their own ruin as a party. They could not comprehend their own insignificance, nor credit that, out of the shadow of another's wing, they must sink into utter insignificance in the eyes of the people. But the elements of oblivion are in their very nature. No men who have ever been before the public as they have been, will be sooner forgotten by the country; for they owe them little on every score. It may be justly wondered by some, how such men ever attained the influence in the state which they once possessed. This is a problem by no means difficult to solve. Parliamentary influence, personal servility to the sovereign, and the reins of power strongly grasped, with the means of corruption they possessed,—and idiotcy itself, under the same concatenation of circumstances, might have kept place. Thank heaven! this party has found its level beneath the very lowest—in the superlative of the nation's scorn—in the last corner of public contempt. After displaying the grossest arrogance, ignorance, and self-inflation, when bigotry had no more fuel to feed its fires, and hope was buried in despair, this party merged itself in that body which a short time before it betrayed, and then, in imagination, supplanted. It is now following in the train of the moderate Tories who carried the emancipation bill, and who, while they find the accession of numerical strength welcome, feel how little worthy of confidence the ultras are, and how necessary it is for them, while availing themselves of their auxiliary aid, to guard against treachery.

The moderate Tories themselves head the Opposition at the present moment. They do not dispute the necessity of some limited reform, but they never condescend to let the people of England know to what they are willing to pledge themselves. Reform is a question to which, in the most limited sense in which the word can be understood, they always, in past time, contrived to offer some plausible objection, or put aside by underhand manœuvre. They had the game in their own hands; but secure in their short-lived authority, relying on the old juggle of Parliamentary influence, they never could be forced into one honest demonstration in favor of the mildest plan of reform. East Retford spoke volumes in proof of their unwillingness to concede one iota to the demands of the people of England—the insulted and vilified people. They might have averted the present conjuncture of affairs by getting rid of a venal borough now and then, and transferring the franchise to some populous town. They might have prolonged their political existence for a considerable term, and the country might have had the benefit of the practical men of the party—for all that amounts to. But no; any thing bordering upon reform was so unpalatable to their most influential partisans, that they neglected the opportunity, which will never return to them, of preventing a thorough change. If they come into office again, they must enter upon its duties with a reformed Parliament, and tread a path to which they have hitherto been strangers. They must not court votes through place, pension, or adroit management, but must obtain them by the soundness of their measures and their harmony with public opinion.

There are many in this party who will probably secede from opposition when they find that it is fruitless. There are already rumors abroad in the world to this effect; and we have little doubt that they will be realised, though to what extent it is impossible to conjecture. Many a modern Tory is a renegade Whig, and has great ductility of principle. Should it be found that the present ministry hold office for a considerable time, there will doubtless be many miraculous conversions to the Treasury interest. A century ago, a genuine Tory, when a man of integrity, was bound to his party by a creed, which in these degenerate days it will not do to proclaim at the corners of the streets, for fear of raising a laugh at his expense: even *he* has changed somewhat with the times, and will no longer pin his confession of faith upon the “divine right,” nor declare the “royal touch a cure for the evil,” which was formerly as much his belief as that the sun is the fountain of light. He dares no longer proclaim openly that the people are the “breath of the King’s nostrils,” nor that the will of the prince is the law of heaven. He has, nevertheless, a good deal of the old leaven remaining, which even a “Russell’s purge,” to use the delicate phraseology of Sir Charles Wetherell, would not remove. His present doctrine is, that all old abuses are better than modern remedies, and that the sanction of old usages is equivalent to the soundest deductions of reason. Hence arises his opposition to all change. A fusty old bachelor who has sat in the same chair, in the same corner of the room, before the same table, and dined off the same cloth, however worn and ragged, for the space of fifty years, presents a living image of your modern Tory. Is the floor of the room rotten, the window-frame shattered,

or is there any dilapidation of the chamber in which he sits, it must not be altered, or set in order; for he cannot endure change even in appearances. His principle is conservation, or keeping things as they are, at least for his time; and the repair would in his eyes be a species of sacrilege. So argues the modern Tory. The ragged remnant of antiquity, the rust and abuse of years, and the hallowed law of custom, are things never to be trenched upon. "What was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us," is his exclamation. Now let this doctrine be applied to human affairs, and no one can hesitate in calling such a creed a most preposterous one.

We have said, we believe, that many of the party will come round by-and-by. We are the more inclined to believe this will be the case, because Toryism itself is on its last legs. Its doctrines are getting obsolete, and the moderate men of that side the question differ very little from the moderate men among their opponents on political topics. We shall by-and-by see that there will be no invincible obstacle to the services of the best men of each party being in union for the common weal. With the fathers of Toryism it is different—the hoary-headed sinners who were the champions of anti-emancipation in Ireland. They proclaimed inevitable ruin to England from emancipation; and they have some of them, or rather some of their partisans, the impudence to assert still, that calming the religious feuds of Ireland has done no good—that the present troubles there, originating in other causes, are all the effects of emancipation, foreseen and foretold by them. No plain matter of fact, no defect in their portentous prophecies, no plain truth subversive of their assertions, ever daunts them. Proud of error, unconquerable in prejudice, proof against conviction in the teeth of noon-day verity, the true Tory goes doggedly on in the path of his fallacies, and thanks heaven that he believes them—that he trusts to them for salvation—that they have made him wiser and better than any other created bipeds. Of all animals he most resembles the pig—wrong-headed, obstinate, self-willed, he can neither be led nor coaxed; he must be driven by main violence, and then he will grunt forth his prophecies and jeremiads every inch of the way he is forced to travel.

The House of Commons' opposition is, it appears, given up; or at least any chance of success by opposition there is deemed out of the question. It is in the House of Lords that the last stand of ultraism, antiquity, bigotry, and their *notion* of the constitution, is to be made. There is concentrated the essence of Tory resistance; and if we are to believe the statements of the Tories, there the certainty of victory is to be found. We place no dependence on this bravado. The House of Lords is by no means the violent opposer of public liberty which some people would have it believed. There are Lords enough there of all conscience, if they amount only to a dozen, enemies to all liberty civil or religious; but there are peers in that House who understand the question of reform, backed as it is by the great body of the people of England, as too serious a matter to be opposed on light and factious grounds. There are Lords there too, or we are much mistaken, with intellects as shallow as their opinions, who will carp at every thing ministers say or do that they can find a hitch upon, who will niggle at trifles to embarrass him and impede his

measures. It will be well if such reflect that the eyes of the country are upon them. We do hope that ministers will show a bold and determined front to such opponents; that they will show by a decision and confidence that they hold their hostility as lightly as the country estimates it, and that whether they bluster or threaten, or whine, the members of the cabinet will not yield an inch to their assaults. Suppose with a majority of a hundred and fifty in the Commons the Bill goes up to the Lords, and is thrown out by a majority of one or two, what step is to be adopted? We reply, that of which the Tories have set the example heretofore to baffle the sense of the country may now be had recourse to, when the sense of the country—when all but a few of the Lords were united upon the thing—Let the king exert his prerogative in the creation of peers: no Tory will object to one of Mr. Pitt's favorite measures; he cannot for shame do so. Thus the question may be set at rest. We repeat it, ministers must show a bold front, needless of threats or blusterings. The country will support them; and a new creation of peers may be honestly resorted to, if the Lords unhappily set themselves at variance with the King, Commons, and People. But it is to us a very doubtful thing indeed, whether there will be a majority against the bill in the Lords. The hopes of the Opposition are at all events premature. They have no ground to go upon that the ministerial party may not avail themselves of to come at the truth, before the battle is fought. The public feeling is legitimately ascertained, and it will have no light influence in the upper House. We look therefore upon this statement, as the forlorn hope of the opposers of the bill—as the expiring gasp of the party, and that it will not be realised. It is proper, therefore, that at the last hour of political existence, as respects the practical exercise of their principles and tenets, they should be viewed with pity and indulgence. The Newgate criminal is indulged with his glass of wine on his way to the drop.

In place of threatening, as was the case with the leaders of the party when they had the reins in their hands a few years ago, the ultra-Tory leaders now protest. Lord Eldon, at a city feast, lately exemplified this observation. He deprecated "modern innovation," and said he had rather lay down his life (no great sacrifice at his years) than be a party to any measure that would alter the existing state of things. He gave out a vast deal of inuendo about revolutionary opinions, and all that sort of stuff. Now the people of this country have long formed *their* opinion of this old man. They have given him the full credit of his experience in law chicanery and Chancery practice, in skill at "drawing a brief," and adroitness at excusing legal procrastination to the utmost limit of a suitor's suffering, and to the maximum disgrace of our law system. They have for years and years had their patience tried by his inflexible perseverance in political error—by asseverations of the perfection of the corruptions in church and state, with sundry displays of affected pathos, which have made him, most deservedly, a proverb in the annals of parliamentary sensibility—a professor of the mock-heroic in political sorrow beyond all rivalry. These things have been conceded to the noble peer, and he has the consolation—a consolation as great as that on which he is said most to pride himself, namely,

that he did his utmost to get the members of the Corresponding Society drawn and quartered—of knowing that he bears his honors by universal acclamation in his down-hill of existence—bears them without the envy of a solitary human being. We look upon what his Lordship said at that dinner without surprise, and with a perfect conviction of its harmlessness beyond the festive scene at which it took place, and there a few broken glasses may have been the limit of its mischief. Not so with the acknowledgment of the Lord Chief Justice. We have seen, indeed, repeated instances of the ignorance of the latter nobleman in very simple things out of the pale of law, but we only now learned that the political lessons of Scott are the beacon of Abbott, and we are sorry for it, especially as they resemble each other so little in the administration of justice; the one dealing it forth to the people with due dispatch and showing unwearied zeal in amending legal errors, the other remaining a by-word for the law's delay and the champion of every existing political and legal abuse.

But not the least amusing thing is to behold the heartfelt joy, the undisguised congratulations poured forth by the Tory party when a solitary opportunity occurs for giving vent to them at some corporation dinner or successful election treat. The main points of their speeches are always the same. We will defy the most acute head to discover a new thought or argument in all that is uttered at these political love-feasts. To preserve the representation such as they held it in its present perfection as most congenial to their interests, is the sum of all their iteration. It were, indeed, a merciless thing to grudge them the full enjoyment of their harangues—to prevent them from telling one another for the millionth time, that they alone are judges of what is best for the public weal—that they alone are the profoundly wise and the politically learned in the empire—that they alone ought to be the ruling faction—and that if they are opposed in their opinions, or that which is not good in their eyes is adopted by any ministry, their country is ruined for ever. What self-conceit—what egotism is there in these vain and inflated assertions of their own wisdom and consequence! Men who are really great—who are intrinsically strong, never lose their moral influence upon mankind. What is the valuation at which most of these boasters are held out of office?—Why that they do not reach the mediocre standard of intellect—that they are forgotten as completely when the doors of office close upon them as if they had never existed. To go out of office is secondary to entering their graves; they may therefore well have an abhorrence of yielding up the political ghost. In society they shrink into their native nothingness, though a sort of revival does take place now and then at some dinner, got up for the purpose of declaring that Mr. Pitt advocated monstrosities of which he never dreamed.

We have few fears for the Reform Bill as the decisive time approaches. We rely entirely on the solid intellect of the country. We think that the sense of the king, (of whom a relative is said to have remarked that he carried away the common sense of the family,) and the sense of the country, in and out of Parliament, are worth all the invocations of venerable institutions, all the crocodile

tears of Lord Eldon, all the froth of Sir Charles Wetherell, the bigotry of Sir R. Vivyan, the stultifying rage of the Marquis of Londonderry, the shrewdness of Lord Bathurst, or the solemn Sancho Panza-like outpourings of Mr. Sadler. We believe that the men in power are not inferior in political understanding and constitutional knowledge to their predecessors, while in the estimation of the community, in rank, probity, and property, no one will contend they are not their equals. The people of England of every grade (with the exception of a portion of clergy, amounting perhaps to three-fifths of that body,) range in a large majority on their side. This is quite enough for us. It meets every objection that holds on no other ground than the cant of venerable abuses, including borough influence, and the art of making the public administer to the private interests of the aristocratic portion of the body-politic to the injury of the majority of the people. We are content to trust to the reasoning powers of men rather than to usage, or expediency, or what has grown out of the visions and credulity of our fathers in the darker ages. We wish to see no standing still in the government while the people are marching onwards, lest the latter be led from detecting the ignorance of their rulers to despise all rule, and rush into licentiousness;—the principles of the opposers of reform are in this country at least, those which will indeed lead to anarchy and revolution if persevered in, for men now know their rights and duties, and dare maintain them regardless of consequences. But we must conclude—The Park-guns are announcing His Majesty's progress to the House of Lords at a moment which will be memorable in English history. The session is begun, and the world is now to witness a contest between the selfishness of the Tory part of our Aristocracy, and the declared will of the King and people of England. We anticipate much sore feeling and narrow spleen on the part of the Opposition, even on moving the Address. It will evaporate, however, and not affect the great question. As to that question, they have labored every way to defeat it in vain. They used the king's name as unfavorable to the measure, while they virulently deprecated any use of it by ministers. They forced the dissolution of parliament on the presumptuous calculation that ministers would not dare do their duty and dissolve it. The dozen or two of feeble creatures, who met at each other's houses weekly to settle how they and their dependents should give their votes on parliamentary questions, thus exhibited again what was their calibre. They had destroyed the Duke of Wellington's ministry by a vote, without dreaming of such a consequence. They attacked the reform bill prematurely, and they refused the supplies, never dreaming that the minister had energy enough to appeal to the country, or dreaming that the king would not support his ministers—here they were foiled. Then in the elections, they have everywhere been beaten hollow. They fell into the pit they had dug for others, proving how little credit for political foresight and knowledge they were entitled to. The nation responded to this truth. Shouts and rejoicing echoed from town to town and from county to county at the defeat of the junta-shouts of "Babylon the Great is fallen—the mother of harlots!"

POLAND !¹

IN our Number for May, we concluded a rapid sketch of the events that have recently occurred in Poland, and which terminated in the elevation of the present Generalissimo, Skrzynecki, to his distinguished post. At present it will be necessary to revert to some anterior transactions, in order that the progress of a contest, which is daily becoming more arduous and important, may be clearly understood.

We have already detailed a few of the acts of private oppression which had kindled individual as well as general animosity to Russia; in addition to these, other exciting causes existed, which, co-operating with those already described, have powerfully conduced to the resistance now enthusiastically made, not only in the kingdom of Poland, but in the Polish provinces incorporated with Russia itself.

The population of the whole of Poland may be divided into five classes:—the clergy, the nobility, the middling orders inhabiting towns, the peasantry, and the Jews. By the exercise of a most remarkable want of sagacity, the Russian government has contrived not merely to alienate, but to place the whole of these classes in direct and acrimonious hostility to their authority. To understand how this has been effected, it will be necessary to enter somewhat into detail.

It is well known that Christianity has been established from a very early period in Poland; and that, by the marriage of Hedwige (the daughter of Casimir the Great, the last of the much-honored race of Piast,) with Jagellon the Grand Duke of Lithuania, the conversion of his nation from Pagan superstition was effected. Poland, therefore, boasts of being the cradle of true religion, and of consequent civilisation in the north. At an early period of the Reformation, Protestantism had become very popular; but the controversies into which it plunged the principal people rendered it distasteful; and, as it also was naturally associated with the pretensions of Prussia, the majority of the large body professing the reformed religion, gradually reverted to the faith which was deemed more strictly national. While this revolution was silently operating, the pretensions of Russia became associated with the Greek ritual; and, imperceptibly, the patriotism of the Pole identified itself with his creed. These prepossessions have been naturally enough confirmed by all the acts of aggression on the part of Prussia and Russia, terminating in the infamous partitions of 1772 and 1793.

It is a subject of peculiar exultation among this enthusiastic people, that their clergy have generally been learned and enlightened; never persecuting, but uniformly tolerant; and that at a time when science was everywhere enveloped in the mists of prejudice and ignorance, their cloisters contained a virtuous and daring observer of nature, whose genius, superior to the trammels of the age, developed the true system of the world, which was afterwards established upon sure grounds by the immortal Newton. Poland, with justice, boasts of her Copernicus, as well as the tolerant spirit of her church, which fostered so daring a mind.

¹ Continued from page 72.

These circumstances have very naturally endeared Catholicism to this chivalrous and enthusiastic people; it is regarded, with filial piety, as the living spring of peace and good will upon earth, and of happiness hereafter. We should imagine that ordinary reflection would have induced even the most rash of those who had acquired possession of Poland by means that cannot be vindicated, to have propitiated so influential a body as the priesthood: such, however, was not the course pursued by the Russian government, which acted as if moral influences were as nought in opposition to the knout. In pursuance of this extraordinary error—of this unpardonable ignorance of the springs of human action, the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion was only permitted to the nobility in the incorporated provinces; the peasantry were called upon, on peril of personal chastisement, to conform to the Greek ritual. These, naturally devout and especially attached to their spiritual pastors, deprived of the means of performing their own religious rites, did not conform with those that their conquerors vainly attempted to impose upon them, and were thus left without religion. Every act of the authorities relative to religion also pressed sorely on the wounded priesthood, increased their alienation, and, as a necessary consequence, wherever their influence reached, it was directly opposed to Russian power. Among other proceedings of the authorities, one is recorded which is strongly characteristic of the short-sighted policy by which the Imperial councils were directed. It is well known to every person at all acquainted with the dogmas of the Catholic Church, that, at certain periods, jubilees are declared by the Pope, and, during these jubilees, the performance of certain duties imposed by the clergy is fondly imagined to atone for certain sins, which are thereby expiated. It is not our business, in this place, to discuss the accuracy or inaccuracy of this doctrine, but, such as it is, it obtains credit in Poland; and it is further believed, that certain spiritual penalties are attached to the non-observance of the rules of the church. One of these jubilees occurred during one of the persecutions to which we have formerly alluded; some of the individuals were desirous of receiving the consolations of religion from their clergy. This was refused even to priests; and, as the refusal was supposed to arise from the desire of insuring the eternal damnation of men already weighed down by earthly sufferings, a deeper feeling of detestation was roused, even than that which had formerly existed; and the very means used by the oppressor to rivet the chains, were most powerful in breaking them asunder. At the period of the revolution, the clergy were to a man opposed to Russian domination, and have since employed their prodigious influence in promoting its subversion.

While these and similar causes were acting on the religious feelings of the community, others equally powerful were producing a separate and distinct influence on the different ranks of society—and all tended to one common end.

The nobility of Poland has some characteristics which distinguish them from that of any other part of Europe. In the early stages of the Republic there were but two great distinctive classes, the nobles and the serfs. The former were composed of those whose rank was

lost in the obscurity of ages, and of others who had progressively acquired similar privileges. Every man who distinguished himself in the service of his country, all the clergy, all public functionaries and their families, obtained, at first by usage, and latterly by law, the privileges of nobility and grants of land; and the extent of the grant did not affect the extent of privilege, for, according to a Polish stanza,

Szlachcie na zagrodzie

Rowny Woyewodzie.

or in English — “A gentleman with an acre is equal to a palatine.” Once admitted within the pale of nobility, every honor of the state, even the kingly office, was open, there being a perfect equality of civil rights, which were uniformly respected until within a few years, when the Russians, throughout the incorporated provinces, called upon all the nobility to verify their titles, or, in other words, to produce their patents. It is possible that this was done to humble a proud and unbending nobility; but, if such were the object, it was abortive. To comply with such a requisition was obviously impracticable, as many of the documents were lost in the obscurity of time; and the only titles that could be presented were those of uninterrupted possession for centuries. All, however, who could not furnish the required testimonials, had their names inscribed in the book of the peasantry, that is, to be more precise, they were declared to be peasants, which, in the Russian provinces, was equivalent to being slaves; and a slave in Russia is the most abject of created beings, being liable to be sold, to blows, and to every violence that caprice, unrestrained by law, can inflict. Two hundred thousand families in these provinces were thus reduced to slavery. Such a proceeding not merely roused the indignation of the actual sufferers, but was regarded as a direct insult to every nobleman in the country.

Among the feudal duties that devolved on the nobility in the time of independence, the most conspicuous was the defence of the country, and they formed the national cavalry (*Kawalerya Narodowa*), consisting of several adult males from each family. Although their services have been long in disuse, still they are prepared to act as in the days of their pride and glory; and to revenge their wrongs, they have risen wherever they have been enabled to do so, and the remainder are only waiting for the requisite support that they may take the field. A force consisting of such men would, under ordinary circumstances, be formidable; but, when it is remembered, that their general character is undeniably chivalrous; that all pride themselves that the best pledge in the world is the “word of a noble,” and that they rank among their patriot bands such individuals as Radziwill and Czartoryski, they must be irresistible. To aid the heroes of the “father-land” the women come with devoted enthusiasm, preferring country above all things. No woman of rank or respectability can be induced to marry a Russian.

The merchants, manufacturers, shopkeepers, and other inhabitants of towns, do not form classes so distinct from the nobility as in other feudal countries. The facility of being raised from the first to rank among the latter, has tended to this effect; while the

honorable exertion of industry is not degraded so as to exclude the nobility from engaging in it. If there be any marked line of distinction between the commercial classes, it only exists between natives and foreigners; the latter, being less known, do not hold the same rank in public estimation as their native rivals. Hence, though intermarriages among the nobility and the opulent commercial families are common, they rarely take place between foreign traders and females of rank. The same keen sense of oppression that prevails amongst the highest classes of the Poles, is paramount among their commercial countrymen, and displays itself in the most active exertions. The students, who so especially distinguished themselves in the late revolution, principally belong to this class, and their patriotic enthusiasm may be considered a fair specimen of the prevalent feeling. Connected with this subject, it is a curious fact that, from abhorrence of the Russians, the whole of the manufactures of Poland are to the south of the Vistula. It may be here stated, as we have mentioned the students, that their moderation, even during the first burst of the insurrection in November, is without parallel. They protected such of their misguided countrymen as had fought against liberty; they suppressed clubs, to prevent the imputation of any imitation of Jacobin France; and one of their number having published a very exaggerated appeal to the passions of the people, his name was erased from the list of their body, and it was announced in an order of the day. So admirable, indeed, was the conduct of these youths, that, during the most eventful period, they were entrusted with the police duty of maintaining order.

We commonly look upon the peasantry of Poland as slaves, such as they were a century ago. This is one of the innumerable errors into which we are betrayed by our ignorance of this interesting and chivalrous people. Progressive ameliorations, during the time of national existence, had taken place until, by the proclamation of the 3rd of May, 1792, they were declared to be free. This, in the kingdom of Poland, has been fully acted upon since its re-establishment in 1814: but this is not the case in the incorporated provinces. With this exception, the condition of the peasantry, and their general character, may be considered to be identical throughout the whole of the ancient dominions of Poland, whether belonging to Russia, Austria, or Prussia. The peasants are fine, well-built men, bearing in their exterior strong marks of their independence of character; industrious, attached to their native places, and to their lords, with all the ardor that formerly characterised our Highlanders; hardy and dexterous in the use of the hatchet and scythe, they readily become formidable soldiers. The women are handsome, religious, and scrupulously virtuous. The personal honesty of both sexes is very remarkable, so much so that robbery is unheard of. Even when, during the recent struggles, the military chest of the Russian army was captured by a party of them, they immediately gave it up, on being told that it was public property. The patriotism of these untaught men is, perhaps, unrivalled in the history of the world; they actually offered to pay their taxes generally throughout the kingdom in advance, that the public service might be unimpeded. Their splendid valor is beyond all praise, and is immortalised

in characters of blood before Praga, at Zamosc, and lately in the glorious struggles of Ostrolenka.

The chivalrous spirit of a body of peasants cut off from the rest of the world is difficult to be appreciated, or understood among mere matter-of-fact persons; its existence, however, is undoubted, and is ascribed by those who know them well to a warm poetical temperament which, creating a world for itself, enjoys an existence of a higher order than that of those groveling beings who are influenced only by the gratifications of mere animal life. In such beings a devoted patriotism is as natural as effeminate apathy is among those inhabitants of glowing climes where its charms are eloquently sung but its influence is never felt. In confirmation of the extent of this feeling in many places, such as Cracow, where the oppression of a Russian garrison had never been known, the peasantry volunteered to join the insurrectionary forces, and were restrained with the utmost difficulty by the prudential councils of the Dictator Chlopicki.

Although not immediately connected with the main subject of this notice, we may here advert to a few facts connected with the condition of the agricultural peasantry, which may thus indirectly be not an unapt illustration of their general condition.

The cottages throughout the country are built of wood, and consist of two rooms and a store-room; the furniture is humble, and almost uniformly there is a very good farm-yard attached to each, containing an excellent barn. The air of comfort is considerable amongst the industrious, who are, fortunately, numerous and thriving. The system of agriculture is so good, that it has been adopted, with trifling alterations, by the numerous Scotch farmers who have emigrated to Poland, with very different objects from the Dalgettys, and such adventurers as formerly resorted to it. Among others, several years ago, three brothers of the name of Broomfield went from the neighborhood of Haddington, and took a large farm on the usual conditions of the country, from General Pac, for a term of ten years, paying rent as in England. At the expiration of that period, their savings were such as to enable them to take three separate farms nearer to Warsaw, at higher rents; the proximity to the capital affording a good market for all produce, but especially that of the dairy—such as cheese, which is said to be equal to Cheshire. The brothers were thriving as much as their industry merited, when the inroads of Marshal Diebitsch's army nearly ruined them.

The system of paying laborers in Poland is peculiar. Each landlord allows to every peasant employed on his estate, thirteen *morgen*, (the acre of Culm,) for which they do not pay rent, but labor three days in the week for the proprietor, having the remainder of the week sacred to their own purposes. During the hay and the reaping seasons, they give extra labor, for which wages are paid. The usual produce of the country is the cerealia, potatoes, vegetables, and very fine fruit, particularly plums, which, dried, form prunes. So happy and contented are the peasantry, that, although perfectly at liberty to change their abodes, they generally remained through successive generations, on the same spot, as firmly fixed as if they were attached to the soil.

The Prince Czartoryski, whose patriotism and desire of improving

the condition of his countrymen entitle him to the high rank he holds in their estimate, some time ago introduced on his estates at Pulawy, a system of rent instead of service among the peasantry; and, as an encouragement, fixed the rate for thirteen acres of arable meadowland at eighty florins, or about 2*l.* a-year, he in return paying in money for all labor performed on his own farm. He found his experiment eminently successful; and it was adopted with equal advantage by an English gentleman, who had a farming establishment on the banks of the Vistula.

The last of the classes into which we have divided the Polish nation is the Jews, who, more numerous in Poland than in any other European country, multiply so rapidly as to form a very important part of the population. They are described by an acute and accomplished writer in the following terms:—"Sober, economical, and industrious, they would have all the qualities essential in mercantile traffic, were their character free from the tarnish of craftiness, a want of good faith, and the trickery they employ in their transactions."—Among such a race, devoted patriotism would scarcely be expected; but even among them, Russian oppression has created, if not the reality, at least a counterfeit, admirably concurring in the common object. The rich are either neutral, or zealous in the cause of their country. The needy were formerly much addicted to Russia from interested motives; but that bias has been much changed since the ukase published by Nicholas, obliging Jewish male children above ten years of age to be entered as sailors. Fear influences the neutral party—the dread of Russian success might endanger their treasures; and it is even said that some large capitalists of the Hebrew race, who deal largely in Russian stock, have checked any approach to a generous devotion to the cause of freedom among the tribes of Israel. Yet still the recollections of Russian tyranny are very vivid, and do produce a very decided effect. It is recollected with disgust, which must be associated with a strong feeling of the ludicrous, in the mind of every one but the actual sufferer, that ridiculous casuistry was often used to justify the grossest acts of injustice. Thus, near Hrubieszow, a Jew met a Cossack in the forest; the latter robbed him of his horse. On returning to the town, he lodged a complaint with the major in command, who was (with what truth we shall see) reputed to be a most rigorous disciplinarian. The Cossacks were paraded, the robber was pointed out, when with the utmost effrontery he declared that he had found the horse. "How!" replied the Jew, "I was on his back." "Yes," retorted the Cossack, "I found you too; but having no use for a Jew, I did not keep you." The excuse was deemed sufficient, and the Jew lost his steed.

Such military justice might be expected from a wild Cossack, but better things might have been anticipated from the tribunals. Not so, however; as will be shown by the following instance, which is perfectly correct in all the details. During the Turkish war, under Alexander, an unfortunate Jew undertook to transport artillery to the army. Formal contracts were made, and legally executed; and in the completion of the Jew's share of it, the cannon were duly delivered. On their arrival, the general reported them to be unfit for the service for that *corps d'armée*. The payment was accordingly stopped. The Jew

appealed to the tribunals, (it would be a gross satire to call them courts of justice,) and he was defeated by ministerial influence in the whole of them. Such consequences resulted from regular proceedings. There were, in addition, some irregular operations, not more satisfactory to the individuals enduring them. An example being more valuable than a host of general allegations, we shall give one of such notoriety as to set contradiction at defiance. Whenever a Russian general in command of any ill-fated town lost largely in gambling, which was not of unfrequent occurrence, an order most certainly followed to shut up all the shops of the Jews, and thus to stop their trade. The only relief was obtained by raising and paying an adequate sum to the losing gamester !

Under all the circumstances of grievous oppression which have been stated, if there had been even an entire absence of that generous devotion to country which so decidedly characterises the majority of the Polish nation, resistance to the oppressor would have been as inevitable, as it would have been an imperative duty on every man capable of resenting wrong, and of protecting himself from being degraded to the level of the beast of the field. Accordingly, the burst of indignation was unanimous ; and that indignant burst was loudly re-echoed by a Diet elected under Russian influence, who thus eagerly profited by the opportunity afforded of expressing their real sentiments of hatred and detestation to those who had long striven to rivet their fetters. The day of triumphant vengeance had arrived ; nor did they hesitate to avow their desire to participate in vindicating that national honor, which had lost its brilliancy while the world believed it to be in their custody.

In such a state of general preparation for redressing the innumerable wrongs of Poland, it may be readily imagined that there were many individuals of pre-eminent merit prepared to direct the storm ; and accordingly, although the revolution of the 29th November was, as we have already stated, in direct opposition to the assertions of French vanity, wholly unexpected by the patriots, men of distinguished character were ready to take the helm of state on the emergency. In evidence of this we find that, so soon as the necessity for self-devotion became evident, the several members of the existing national government did not hesitate to involve themselves in all the awful responsibility of presiding over a contest uncertain in its issue, and exposed to all the misrepresentation of interested partisans, who would willingly confound the generous sacrifices of an insulted and deeply-injured people with the frivolous ebullitions of morbid versatility. A few brief notices of the most eminent personages that these astounding events have brought into action, will be now offered to our readers, in the conviction that they will be useful in conveying more accurate ideas than are at this moment prevalent among our countrymen.

Foremost in the band stands Prince Adam George Czartoryski—the representative of an illustrious line descended from the royal house of Jagellon, the ancient sovereigns of Lithuania. His father, bearing the same name with himself, was one of the most remarkable men of his day for accomplishment, political talent, and his knowledge of languages. Eminent as he was for his intellectual accom-

plishment, he was even more distinguished for his influence among his countrymen. Recommended by the Diet to the imperious Catherine as their fittest sovereign, he was only disappointed by the intrigues of the emissary employed—the pleasing, though profligate Poniatowsky. It was perfectly natural that, on the annihilation of Polish independence, a man occupying so high a rank in public estimation should incur the vengeance of the imperial despot; and accordingly, after numerous vexations, the Prince and his Princess were threatened with the confiscation of the whole of their property, unless they would consent to send their two sons, the Princes Adam and Constantine, to St. Petersburg, where it was hoped that the blandishments and favor of the imperial family might win both from their allegiance to Poland. Every art was tried, but without success. The distinguished talents, acquirements, and integrity of Prince Adam Czartoryski rendered him the personal friend of the Emperor Alexander; and under that sovereign he served as the first minister for foreign affairs, and remained attached to the court, even when Napoleon waged war professedly for Poland. Yet notwithstanding his fidelity to his friend, such was the estimate in which his sterling integrity was held by common consent, that he was never once suspected of indifference to the permanent interests of Poland. His acquirements are very varied, but he ranks most highly as a publicist, having devoted much attention to the subject of international law. His exterior is cold and chilling to a stranger, but a more intimate knowledge establishes the strongest attachment. Notwithstanding his lofty descent, his modesty and want of pretension are most remarkable; and the only ambition in his breast is that of doing good.

After having returned to reside in Poland, he was appointed by the Emperor Alexander, curator of the universities; but he was eventually replaced by Count Novoziltzoff, a man to whose brutality allusion has been already made. In the beautiful retreat of Pulawy, the Prince, after his retirement from public life, spent the principal part of his time, occupied with domestic endearments, the improvement of the country, and the promotion of literature. His mother, a venerable lady of ninety-two years of age—his sister, the Princess of Wirtemberg—his wife, of the illustrious house of Sapieha—and two fine children (boys), form his family. He was drawn from his peaceful retirement by the despotic proceedings of the Emperor Nicholas against the members of the Patriotic Association. He then declared openly against the court, and placed himself at the head of the opposition. Since the late revolution, all eyes are directed to him as the future sovereign. His immense properties are now chiefly in the hands of the Russians; but the privations to which he is thus exposed, produce no alteration in the “even tenor of his way.”

Lelewel, the accomplished historian of Poland, formerly a professor in the universities of Wilna and Warsaw, is another member of the national government, as well as the minister of public instruction. Deeply versed in the history of the world, but most especially in that of his native country, he has applied his experience to passing

events; and thus shows that profound literary research is perfectly compatible with practical political wisdom. He is the author of many historical works, particularly of an admirable epitome of Polish history designed for the use of children; but the work to which is attached political importance, was his critique on the fabulous history of Karamsin. On the report of the censor, the author became the subject of persecution, both under Alexander and Nicholas. In consequence, he resigned his chair. He is much esteemed and trusted by the people, and has thus been enabled to give a favorable bias to the revolution.

Vincent Niemoyewski, who has been already mentioned as a victim of Russian tyranny, is the third member of the government. In the vigor of life, he possesses a powerful eloquence, which formerly rendered him a formidable opponent of the government. He was honored by the particular hatred of the Grand Duke Constantine, who endeavoured to undervalue him by describing him as a servile copyist of the late Benjamin Constant. His whole life rebuts the imputation of being a copyist; and his knowledge of his country and her resources is scarcely equalled. During his involuntary residence under the protection of the Cossacks, he composed an admirable essay on constitutional government. He was named minister of the interior by the Dictator, previous to his being called to his present exalted station.

Bonaventura Niemoyewski, the younger brother of the preceding individual, appeared in public life at a later period. His knowledge is considerable, his oratory vigorous and chaste. His principles and talents resemble those of his brother, whose pardon he sought to obtain from Nicholas, but it was refused with aggravated insult. He now holds the portfolio of justice.

Theophilus Morawski, another member of the national government, is also remarkable for his patriotism. Cool, resolute, and faithful to his engagements, he commands respect in every situation in which he is placed. He is the brother of Theodore Morawski, who, as we have already mentioned, having escaped to England to avoid the persecutions of the Grand Duke, was followed by His Imperial Highness, chief of the Secret Police, General Fanshaw.

Barzykowski, the last member of the government, was, during several sessions of the Diet, a deputy; and was distinguished for his activity, eloquence, and knowledge.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the illustrious men who preside over the civil administration of Poland; it yet remains for us to say a few words respecting the three successive commanders-in-chief before we can enter upon the military operations that have secured the admiration of the world. With these we purpose to begin our next Article.

THE "SPIRIT OF THE MOVEMENT."

WHAT has been dreaded by some, and hoped for by more, the last few months have at length brought to pass—the Movement has taken place. Europe—we may say the world—has become revolutionary; and, as if by common consent, men of almost all climes have come forward together to assert the privileges of the people. This singular coincidence in international opinion forms a remarkable epoch in the history of civilization. Any strong resemblance between the objects of the popular will in separate states is, so far, an indication that the mind of society has made considerable advances, for ignorance does not admit of harmony; but when this analogy is manifested so strikingly and so practically, as in the present instance it has been, then may we mark down a distinct era in the progress of enlightenment. Men differ in ideas not from any capability of real variance in the subject of their controversy, but because knowledge being incomplete, passion has placed it in two lights.¹ Were truth fully divulged, the different shades of opinion would merge into one luminous certainty, and all individuals would think alike. The prejudices or the nationality, as it is sometimes called, of states, are the passions of men in tribes, and are governed by the same laws as those of mankind when considered more distributively. They spring from ignorance, they lead to conflict, and, betimes vanishing as the light shines stronger, give place to that unity of sentiment which full information shows had been illusively varied and multiplied. The European movement is a splendid illustration of this mighty concord. The sturdy Englishman in his counting-house, the volatile Frenchman in his fauxbourgs, the irascible Fleming in his corn-fields, the lion-hearted Pole on the Vistula, all—all are looking in one direction, seeking in one way or another one object, the rights and privileges of the people.

The manifestations of public opinion which have been made throughout the world during these last twelve months, have naturally engrossed the minds of men and absorbed almost all other considerations; but so rapidly and in such magnitude have they been supplied, that we have scarcely had time to do more than act the part of simple recipients, whilst the process of reflection was left to calmer moments. The movement has taken place, but "the manner of it," "whence it comes," and "whither it goeth," have scarcely as yet been inquired into. Marvellous, however, as it may at first sight appear, we believe it requires no very searching analysis to discover its origin and nature. That whilst knowledge was in progress and institutions stationary, there should in the course of time exist an incongruity between them, is merely stating the simple case of a necessary consequence. The best formula of a constitution at any time adopted is, at most, commensurate with the wisdom of the age; it is in fact its product. A new epoch of augmented intelligence finds present establishments below its level, and demands

¹ Locke's Essays.

a new product. It sweeps in a fresh set of elements, from which, in connexion with those already obtained, the great political induction of good government is to be made; and thus must the science of rule keep pace, like every other, with the advance of truth. When this necessary operation is procrastinated, the disparity between the demands of the age and the scope of established systems is increased so considerably, that reform, when it does come, comes with the violence of revolution, and either the old materials are wholly rejected, or they bear a very small proportion to the new. The world, in 1830, felt that these operations had been procrastinated; they perceived that they had far out-grown the maxims of polity held a century before: the world therefore repudiated those maxims. Formerly the interests of the many were held to subserve the interests of the few; later doctrine has reversed the proposition—and hence the movement. Simple as the enunciation of this proposition may appear, it is not in practice universally applied towards the solution of late occurrences. There is a tribe among political speculators with whom chance is a deity, and any convulsion in society a *lusus naturæ*. Again, there are those who recognise a law in the sequence of events, but who never look beyond a proximate cause. The overthrow of the Wellington administration is, in the opinion of these speculators, the origin of the present reform-movement in England. The schism against Villèle and the instalment of Martignac's ministry—the balanced number of Belgians and Dutch in the Flemish Chamber, and the intrigues of the Catholics—the incapacity and barbarity of Constantine—and the bad example of other states, are respectively set down, according to the same system of analytics, as the causes of the French, the Belgian, and the Polish revolutions. As far as they go, possibly these politicians may draw just conclusions; but had the Duke sustained no defeat in the British House of Commons—had Villèle struck down schism—had the members of the Chambers of the Netherlands been all Dutch—had Constantine, instead of being an idiot and barbarian, been a sage—still would the movement have taken place, though perhaps at a later period and in deeper and bloodier tracks.

There are others again, who, in looking out for the genesis of these great events, go as far back as we would ourselves. There is this difference however between us, that they, regarding as a curse what we recognise as a blessing, attribute to propagandism what we ascribe to knowledge. The criterion which we would select as the best to decide between two such opposite conclusions, namely, the effect produced, is thus in itself a subject of controversy. We may however suggest, that it appears scarcely more credible that propagandism, by which they mean the diffusion of error, should prevail over true knowledge, than that pure barbarism could. It can only in the end appeal to what the barbarian appeals, namely, brute force; and if the latter cannot turn this instrument to any account, neither could the former: error is not less unskilful than ignorance, and both must equally yield to the superior control of wisdom. We can suppose a case such as that of the first French revolution, where the genius of anarchy might for a time prevail; but this is scarcely an example of error contending with truth. France, rotten to its core, afforded but a comparatively small portion of intelligence to stand between the

living and the dead and to stay the plague. By withholding for centuries popular rights, by debasing instead of enlightening, by superinducing ignorance, not by diffusing knowledge, the bulk of the nation was rendered barbarous; whilst those in power, besotted by fruition, became imbecile. Here then brute force, opposed to folly, was for the season victorious. We do not assert that error, from whatever source it arose, might not prevail if it contended with error; but we maintain that against knowledge it is impotent, and not more to be apprehended than the powers of pure barbarism. The conservative party, if their principles be those of truth, will always count among their supporters the men of honesty, of intelligence, and of property. These are the sinews of war. The propagandists against them may bring a numerous, but at the same time it will be an undisciplined and an unarmed force. Our fears that the latter might have a triumph, would only imply that we had doubts of the wisdom, and consequently the strength, of the conservative party to which we belonged—would only imply that we were conscious we were procrastinating too long that necessary reform in our institutions, which would replenish us with means all-powerful to crush the efforts of anarchy. The conclusion we then come to is, that the legitimate and only effectual means of checking the diffusion of error is by opposing to it the diffusion of truth—that these two principles will never conspire—that they are essentially antagonist—that the powers of light must prevail over the powers of darkness—and that consistently with this doctrine, which we conceive is just and rational, the universal success of the liberals throughout Europe against their rulers is strong presumptive evidence that the movement is not to be ascribed to the effects of propagandism, but to the diffusion of true knowledge.

The natural pace at which intelligence generally advances has been materially accelerated during the fifteen years of universal tranquillity preceding the last. This has antedated the movement. War and military transactions distract public attention from internal concerns and serve to direct national jealousy against foreign objects. Amidst this spurious emulation, the higher powers of the mind are kept in abeyance, and the pamphleteer assumes the chair of the philosopher. When peace is universal, nations, instead of vying in physical exertion, co-operate in mental: intellect is clubbed and their separate stores of knowledge amassed together in one common repository: genius and ingenuity are applied to their proper objects: trade in information becomes free—the sciences of useful products are the subjects of study, and discoveries are the consequence, which, whilst they minister to the wants of mankind, serve also to enlighten them. It is now the absurdities and defects of internal polity become apparent: they stand in full sunshine and are manifest. The public perceive the cause of former and present sufferings, and they call for tribunes of the people.

Such is a general account of the origin of the late events which have agitated all Europe. An investigation of their characteristics naturally follows. The spirit of the movement is peculiarly a democratic one. This it is which distinguishes the revolutionary world for the last fifty years from all other stages of public commotion—not that the latter were wholly destitute of the popular principle, or that the

former is devoid of the aristocratic, but in each case respectively these two elements are vastly disproportioned. Heretofore the magnate was the leader, the people the follower—now the former abets what the latter propounds, whilst the corresponding transactions are respectively coloured by the views of each as they predominated. The English revolution of 1641, however democratic its complexion might for a time have appeared to be, was virtually a struggle between the Crown and the House of Commons on grounds of their own prerogatives. The popular rights evolved in the conflict, however valuable, were not so much a cession to demands originally expressed by the great body of the people, as a salutary consequence derived to them from the circumstance of Parliament's determination to assert its privileges. It was not so much as representatives of the people, but as a co-ordinate estate with the Crown and to illustrate the powers with which such a condition invested them, that the Commons originated democratic measures: not that we would detract from the merit of the Pym and the Hampdens; it is no small praise that they should have directed the public mind, and have exhibited a coincidence between their own interests as a body and the general welfare. The fact, however, remains, that Parliament led the nation, not the nation the Parliament. Aristocracy gave the impulse to democracy, and the ultimate endeavours of the former to perpetuate its influence and secure its interests independent of the latter, whilst they are amply and notoriously illustrated by the transactions of the Long Parliament, clearly show the large portion of aristocratic spirit with which the whole movement was impregnated. As to the revolution of 1688 it was manifestly an aristocratic manœuvre, in which the majority of the nation concurred, and the Bill of Rights grew out of the same circumstances (namely, the independent spirit of the House of Commons,) as the Petition of Right half a century before.

In Holland, the revolution under Philip the Second, though comprising somewhat of the popular element, was still a movement concerted by Dutch nobility, headed by a Prince of Orange, and arising as much from an affront received by the Counts Egmont and Horn, as from the wrongs which had been suffered by the people—its character therefore corresponded with its origin. It is unnecessary to quote any more cases: we have selected those revolutionary manifestations in which the voice of the people was most audible: yet, comparing them with transactions of the same nature within these last fifty years, we are sensibly struck by the vast augmentation which the democratic element has undergone, and the consequent decrease of the aristocratic. In fact, we now find that the former bears the same proportion to the entire compound of the two principles, which the latter had held before. Here the people lead and the privileged orders follow.

The revolution which severed the United States from this country was necessarily a democratic one—there existed no distinct class to give it the other complexion. Owing to this circumstance, therefore, it is perhaps the purest case which could be adduced of a popular movement. The French Revolution which succeeded evolved the democratic principle in excess. Its inevitable consequence, the revolution of 1830, has not been less national or less pro-

ductive of the legitimate and substantial rights of the people than its bloody precursor; whilst a larger fund of intelligence gained by the community at large, in the interval, has served to keep it pure from those enormities with which a mob, brutalized by long misrule, had stained the first. Here are to be found few tracks of aristocratic principles.

The privileged orders in France are now virtually extinct; and the abolition of the hereditary peerage, which the present Chamber is pledged to effect, will also extinguish the name. The subdivision of property has crumbled into particles, the influence of what was once the great landed proprietary; and mercantile wealth, subjected to the same process, is unable, by its mere temporary accumulations, to engender amongst its possessors that unity of action and *esprit de corps*, which is always to be found in a corporation of hereditary magnates. Here then the democratical nature of the revolution of July, supposing we did not refer to national manifestations as criteria, is plainly to be inferred *à priori* from the fact, that in France an aristocracy, comparatively speaking, does not exist. One of the most perfect indications, however, of the spirit of the movement is the share which the press had in contributing to it. This is a democratic feature, which is not discernible in the series of revolutions which took place before the eighteenth century; and there could subsist no very pervading sentiment of a popular nature, where this sole but mighty engine of inter-communion was wanting. The very circumstance which constitutes the physical power of the people, namely their numbers, renders feeble their deliberative, except where such an organ is established. By means of it millions can meet in council and the national mind be marshalled to act with unity. The French press, in the recent transactions, amply fulfilled its functions, and illustrated by its influence the power of the people. Another strong indication of the spirit of the movement was the political eminence which the National Guard, that is the middle classes, the trades-people, the shopkeepers, of which this popular force is composed, held amidst the convulsion. The destinies of France were and are plainly in their hands. The system of government to be adopted was and is manifestly at their arbitration, that is at the arbitration of the people. It is unnecessary to go more into detail to prove that the characteristics of the revolution of July, as contrasted with those which took place before the eighteenth century, were highly democratic.

The remarks we have made with respect to the case of France, apply with little modification to that of Belgium. There also the popular manifestations have predominated, and the acts of the Provisional government have been conceived in the spirit of freedom. The press and the Burgher Guard, in other words the people, have in Belgium conducted and confirmed the revolution after the same manner that the press and the National Guard effected the same end in France; and here again the spirit of the movement is democratic.

With respect to the valiant and high-minded nation which is still struggling on the Vistula for its liberties, we can only speak in terms of sympathy and hope. Their magnanimity and courage in the field are good earnest of their final success, whilst the national scope of their councils, the manumission of serfs, and the abolition of all aris-

tocratic exactions, give ample promise that the spirit of their movement will not be an illiberal one; but will, on the contrary, be comprehensive and free. It already forms a striking contrast with the last revolution in that country, when Kosciusko, unfortunately for his perfect fame, was placed at the head of a junta, instead of in the front of the nation.

Last of all, England—the peculiar region of the earth, which boasts itself the birth-place of liberty—England has marched with the intelligence of the age, and has commenced the work of regeneration on the most enlarged and popular principles. That even in spite of a boroughmongering system, the nation by one tremendous effort could return a large majority of representatives pledged to reform, is, in itself, a signal indication of the spirit which actuates the British movement. Here is no aristocratic influence. Peers, particularly among the older nobility, and great proprietors have, it is true, to the credit of their honesty and judgment, coalesced with the nation, and joined the cause of reform. Some have followed; some have marched abreast with it; some have headed it; but it was not they who gave it its first impulse—the public mind originated the measure. The press, as in France, first expressed the national determination, and hence the Bill. Thus in England also the spirit of the movement is democratic.

This slight comparative analysis of the principal revolutions which have taken place within the last fifty years, and those previous to that period, brief and cursory as it is, is yet sufficient to show how considerably the popular principle predominates in the former. There are many, however, who, whilst they accede to the truth of this proposition, still conceive that the democratic spirit of the age has not been given full scope by the revolutionary governments of France and Belgium, to speak of no other; and that the doctrines of the party which is now emphatically denominated the party of the movement, are more in accordance with what the intelligence of the times requires. We confess we hold the same opinions; and we think that they who stigmatize those members of the French and Belgian Chambers, who have been in opposition to their respective cabinets, as promoters of anarchy, do so most wilfully and most unjustly.

With respect to the former class, the recent elections have afforded them a signal justification, and have demonstrated that their views were national, not anarchical. A large majority of the new Chamber is pledged to the abolition of the hereditary peerage, and to an interposition in favour of the Poles—the two principal requisites of the movement party. It appears, therefore, that the great proportion of the French constituency—a body more imposing by its intelligence and wealth than its numbers, even on its enlarged basis, (characteristics highly favourable to the cause of order,) hold the same opinions as this denounced set of men do. Now the presumption is, that the electors, that is, the choice intellect of the nation, judge soundly; and hence the vindication of the movement party. But indeed we need scarcely quote an argument from authority, and cite the wisdom of the French constituency in order to determine on the policy of the two measures above-mentioned, and thereby to pronounce our verdict on those who originated them. We can conceive no system more preposterous than

that pursued by several continental states, in spurious imitation of the British constitution, according to which they have set about manufacturing a legislative chamber, the members of which are the monarchs' nominees. This may be an ingenious method of saving the executive the irksome task of putting a veto on the measures of the people's representatives, but its political necessity we are in no wise able to discover. That a perfect constitution should require the interposition of a body of men possessed, as are the English nobility, of large and independent properties, we do not take upon ourselves to controvert. Here even, supposing the representation of the people to be pure, the possibility at least will exist of the House of Lords coinciding with the House of Commons. Such assistance, it is true, in the case of a national Chamber of Representatives—a Chamber we mean cleansed of the "perilous stuff" of boroughmongers, would be somewhat superfluous, whilst the intrigues of the peerage with the executive might, on the other hand, prove troublesome. Still, even supposing a British House of Peers a matter of supererogation, or a casual impediment, we can yet evidently discover its advantage over a chamber of dignitaries, constituted avowedly to echo the will of the sovereign.

With respect to the other measure of the movement party, namely, an interposition in favour of the Poles, we think it also speaks for itself, and justifies by its merits the political views of the party which originated it. We confess we are amongst those who would wish to see the movement realized on a continental rather than a provincial scale. In this age Europe ought to be looked on as one people, and patriotism should not be contracted within districts. The cause of the Pole is the cause of the Briton, the Frenchman, and the Belgian. Policy, as well as sympathy, should teach us this. Two principles are at work, the constitutional and the despotic. Free states must guard against the contagion of the latter, and make it perform eternal quarantine. As long as it is confined within its own snows it is harmless, but once transferred to Poland and the heart of Europe, though it never could eventually triumph, it might for a season prevail. The folly of a crusade for freedom may be made as apparent as perhaps a similar expedition for less attainable objects; but the righteous and merciful protection of an injured people, bruised, mangled, and trampled on by an oppressor, is surely an act not inconsistent with the policy, or superior to the might, of the great fraternity of free nations.

We conceive, then, that the movement party in advocating these two measures, the abolition of the hereditary peerage and an interposition in favour of the Poles, act the part of enlightened French citizens. The other demands, namely, a reduction of the civil list, the abolition of monopolies, and the freedom of education, are also, we conceive, framed in the same spirit of patriotism and wisdom. Our limits do not allow us to enter into a particular investigation of them.

The movement party in Belgium has perhaps exhibited more heat and less discretion than the same class of politicians in France, still we think there is much honesty and sound sense in their views. The surrender of Luxemburg, Limburg, and the other provinces and towns which made common cause with Belgium, to the wrath of a disappointed monarch and the uncertain arbitration of other states,

bears on the face of it strong marks of bad faith, if it is not to be regarded as an impolitic sacrifice of territory. The cabinet, however, and M. Lebeau, waiving the question of abstract policy and justice, advance the principle of expediency, and we own it is under certain circumstances a strong one.

These are our views with respect to the doctrines and transactions of this calumniated portion of society, but, in coinciding with them, we by no means take up the cause of the clubs, the associations, and the mobs, though we are aware that even amongst these much truth is mingled with a considerable quantity of extravagance. The great error of the violent and unreflecting revolutionist is that he looks at once for perfection instead of substantial improvement, whilst the timid and self-interested statesman halts on the first step of reform—we take neither extreme. We hold that amendment should be accomplished on a liberal scale, whilst at the same time we admit the necessary qualifications of compromise and expediency. We thus differ from the violent democrat in admitting these elements, and from the narrow reformer in the proportions in which we would use them. It requires more sagacity than falls to the share of the uneducated to discriminate between an object to be approximated to and that which we may immediately appropriate. That the speculations of the most enthusiastic liberal may still be verified, we take not upon ourselves to controvert. Consistently with our own principle of the unremitting progress of knowledge and the corresponding advance of civilization, we look forward, though remotely, to a state of things being realized, which in the eyes of the worshippers of "the things that be" may appear sufficiently ultra-montane and extravagant. All we contend for is, that these objects are to be obtained by approximation, and not immediately. The political space which lies between perfection and our approaches to it, must necessarily be filled up by the elements of compromise and expediency. Our business is to take care that we have not unnecessarily enlarged that space. We would withhold a popular privilege if, by granting it, it would serve as a vantage-ground from which another and a much more important one might thereby in the end be demolished, but on no other condition would we exercise the conservative principle. Nay, there may be occasions where the magnitude of the right demanded is such that we would be justified rather in running the hazard of a popular convulsion, than in holding back what was ultimately bound up with the people's welfare.

Consistently with these opinions, whilst we are aware that the governments of France and Belgium are called upon as the responsible trustees of national tranquillity to act in the spirit of conservation, we are also convinced that it is equally their duty to act in the spirit of liberality.

Louis Philippe and his cabinet must immediately do so—Leopold and his cabinet must in the end do so—and William the Fourth and his honest administration are determined to do so. The spirit of the movement has already exhibited striking indications of free tendencies. The year 1832 will, we confidently trust, give them complete developement.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

AT the close of each assembly the time is fixed at which its successor is to be held. This is called, in the peculiar phraseology of the North, "indicting" an assembly. The time selected is generally about the middle of May, and the meeting continues for the space of ten days. It is regarded by the people of Edinburgh as a sort of festival, and the institution is certainly an object of very great historical and religious interest. A stranger from the South is struck with it, as having nothing parallel in the English establishment since the days of the Convocation. And, indeed, it could never be said that the two bodies had much akin, except in so far as each was held for the regulation of the spiritual affairs of the realm. He is further struck by the absence of all monarchical or hereditary authority about it. The House of Commons in England, to which, in popularity of constitution, it bears the nearest resemblance, is so inseparably connected with the monarchy, that it cannot well be termed republican in the ordinary sense of that term. All the acts of the Commons are conceived in the form of supplications to his Majesty: and the assemblage is held solely in virtue of the King's writ, by which at any time it may be prorogued or dissolved. The Assemblies of "this national church," as they are always styled, are held by virtue of its own authority; not in the name of any earthly sovereign, but in that of the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom it is anxiously repeated in many of their testimonials, that he is the sole head and founder. The King is permitted to be present by his representative; as indeed he often was personally in the earlier times of the church; but his presence is that of a party to watch over his own interest, not to control or interfere with the deliberations of this ecclesiastical senate. He has no *veto* on any proceeding, and if his interests are anywise affected, these must be asserted somewhere else. The power, if not the existence of this body, was derived from the frequent struggles betwixt the Crown and the clergy, rather than the church, about the period of the Reformation. The reformers were wont to convene in all manner of synods, to take care *ne quid detrimenti Ecclesia caperet*, from the designs of the Popish party—or of the Crown itself, which was never very friendly to Presbytery till the accession of the House of Orange. The reign of James the Sixth exhibits a perpetual conflict betwixt the King and the ministers. The former, besides his lurking attachment to the party of his mother, was jealous of the unbounded sway which the clergy exercised over the great mass of the community. The clergy were as jealous of the disposition of his Majesty to establish Episcopacy, whether Catholic or reformed—for it is certain that, down to the period of his accession to the English throne, James was not a great way off from Catholicism, and placed no small part of his hopes of securing the English Crown, on the powerful party which it was the object of Elizabeth "that bright occidental star" to repress. The scenes which were enacted in the assemblies of these times, are some of the most striking in the history of this country. Though the King was a despot, and the courts of law were his willing instruments—and the records of their pro-

ceedings are teeming with the bloodiest sentences for offences against the prerogative ; yet the ministers stood forth in their assemblies with a degree of valour which put all consequences at defiance. James was often contradicted and impeached to his face. The ministers were wont to demand audience of the King to accuse him directly of whatever might be laid to his charge. The history of Andrew Melville, one of the great fathers of the Scottish Church, and, next to Knox, the greatest defender of the Reformation in Scotland, furnishes many instances of this boldness. Considering the very frequent and most unseemly collision betwixt the King and the assemblies, it is not easy to see how the dignity of the former was maintained. The King attended the meetings from day to day, and took part in the discussions, in which he was frequently outvoted. He was ambitious of obtaining theological renown, and there are instances of his being appointed a member of committees on matters of doctrine. It is even recorded that he was greatly mortified at being excluded from a committee on the revision of the psalmody—for which he conceived that his poetical pursuits pre-eminently qualified him. These times have long gone by—and while the assembly still retains the forms and observances which were then in use, its contentions are not graced by the presence of a monarch, nor controlled by his interference. The constitution of the Scottish Church is now securely established, and the Crown has no cause to dread the counsels of its members.

There are about one thousand parishes in Scotland, and each parish is furnished with a distinct ecclesiastical establishment, consisting of a minister and kirk-session. The former is a member and the head of the latter, which, besides the clergymen, consists of an indefinite number of elders corresponding to the size of the parish and the extent of the congregation. These elders must either be resident in the parish, or possessed of some property in it. Anciently this was a very important judicatory, as its jurisdiction extended to every species of offence, and its powers were exercised with unceasing vigilance. The sins of fornication and adultery, together with all such levities of conduct as might in any way conduce to these offences, were pursued with the utmost rigour. If a man was seen at an unseasonable hour in the company of a female, he was instantly called before the session to answer for what he might be suspected of. If he had a good-looking servant-maid, he was straightway called before the censors, and enjoined to be extremely circumspect in his carriage ; and an instance is now before me of a “ God-fearing bachelor,” as he is styled, being directed to abstain from stinging meats, or strong suppers, lest from the frailty of sinful flesh, “ he suld fall into folly with the said Jean Falkland, quhilk has been shewn into us ane comely lass, servitrix to the said Mr. Thomas, and for as meikle as all dalliance and sinful looks are a snare, the said Mr. Thomas is hereby inhibited from the same, and Robert Balleanquhal is appointed to visit the said Mr. Thomas and report the carriage of his household from time to time. Jean sall attend sermon regular, and learn her buik.” The domiciliary visits of the session were frequent ; and in their anxiety to discharge their duty, the members made diligent inquisition into any species of error. As

soon as any *fama* arose, a session was summoned, and the supposed delinquent put on trial. The powers exercised were often of a very serious nature. "The Buik of the kirk of the Canongait" contains many examples of their rigour.

A poor girl had confessed her weakness, and that she had been pregnant, whereupon the session "ordanes hir for to depart forth of the gait within 48 hours hereafter, under the pain of scourging and burning on the cheek," a punishment which was frequently applied in cases of uncleanness. At some future time we may submit extracts from this singular record of the manners and the delinquencies of the Scots, when the powers of the kirk-session were in more virid observance. Happily these powers are now greatly in abeyance. The perpetual *surveillance* which the session exercised kept up all kinds of divisions and heart-burnings. But the session is now a very quiet peace-making body, occupied chiefly with the affairs of the poor, and rarely exercising judicial functions. As a part of the existing establishment it is perhaps the oldest extant; for sessions were common in the days of the hierarchy, and it was not uncommon to find the archbishops members of different sessions; in this respect, exhibiting a considerable difference from the establishment in England, in which what is known by the name of a session in Scotland formed no part. In country parishes the session generally embraces two or three of the most pious of the congregation, who are accustomed to visit the sick, as assistants to the clergyman, and also of some of the more considerable gentlemen, who do not undertake active duty, but wish to promote union amongst all orders in the parish. The session forms the lowest part in the ecclesiastical body. It sends the minister and one of the elders to the Presbytery, which again comprehends a number of parishes in a particular district. The general assembly is constituted by a deputation from each Presbytery, partly clerical and partly lay. The Church recognises no degrees of rank in the assembly. Every member is invested with the same authority. The vote of the layman is of the same weight as that of the best beneficed amongst the clergy.

The nature of the subjects discussed in the assembly, and the talent of the speakers who take the principal part in the debates, make this convocation the chief lion in Edinburgh for the time. It is true, that for a great while the subjects have ceased to be of that deep national concern which characterised the controversies in the less settled periods of the church history, and when the country was struggling for freedom in matters of religion; but still the debates often relate to questions of public interest, and the meetings of the assembly bring together many of the more celebrated of the laity and clergy from distant quarters. A day or two before it commences, you encounter clergymen uttering all the dialects of Scotland, more numerous and less kindred than those of ancient Greece. Mr. Douglas of Ellon comes up to you with great warmth of manner, being a hearty, jolly, good-humoured parson, having more the look of Master Boniface than a rigid Presbyterian; and drawing his breath freely, which has been somewhat exhausted by the steep pulls of the Edinburgh streets, inquires in richest Aberdonian Doric "fu are ye, an

fu have you been—an fu ar ye at hame—an fats gaen on.” Mr. M’Leod of Morven informs you, in the strong guttural which seems to prevail in the West Highlands, that he has been much troubled with the Gaelic Society, who have been remiss in the matter of their teachers; while the Reverend Mr. Carment of Ross-Keen, and Mr. Rose of Nigg, exhibit different varieties of the elegance with which English may be spoken when translated from the Gaelic. Mr. Burns of Paisley may be cited as a fair specimen of the manner in which the king’s English is delivered in Bæotia. Dr. Singers of Kirkpatrick Juxta gives you all the breadth of the Dumfriesshire speech, forming a striking contrast to the northern pronunciation. I regret that there is no good specimen of the genuine Ayrshire, the dialect which Burns made immortal, and which is perhaps the best Scotch now spoken.

In the earlier part of the week, and before the first day of meeting, the reverend gentlemen who are called the leaders may be seen in different parts of the town, chiefly in the Parliament House, which is the great Edinburgh forum or exchange, renewing their acquaintance with their friends of former assemblies, and discussing *à priori* the whole of the business which is to be determined. Dr. John Inglis (familiarily called Pope John, or Bishop John—*soubriquets* which indicate the high place which, by universal consent, is assigned to this very eminent person) may be seen walking statelily into the Parliament House about half-past ten, before the throng of that very busy place has commenced, and, after a few passing inquiries amongst the people with whom he has no immediate business, he singles out the Procurator of the Church, and, sitting close by him for a short time, adjusts all that may concern this learned personage. He next finds out Mr. Solicitor-General Hope, who is the leading lawyer in the councils of the assembly, and goes over all the chief matters with this gentleman, who concurs with him in the politics both of state and church. The Doctor fortifies himself with Mr. Hope’s opinion on the disputed question of jurisdiction, or similar intricacy which is likely to occur. Having occupied himself with the Solicitor-General, as long as the numerous calls on his time will allow, the Doctor gets into a little merriment with Jeffrey and Cockburn, who are the chief pleaders in the assembly; and, in passing, gets a hard rub from Patrick Robertson, who is profane enough to quiz the whole affair to the face and in the ears of the Rev. Doctor. His business being nearly over, and having a little leisure, he is now surrounded by Mr. Whigham, Mr. Grant, and sundry other young lawyers, who are rising into eminence in the assembly, and wish to improve their acquaintance with this respected father of the church.

By-and-bye, Principal M’Farlane of Glasgow appears, and, being a gentleman very largely known in this Parliament House, an extensive shaking of hands and interchange of bows is witnessed. The appearance of the Principal is prepossessing, and indicates much acquaintance with the world. Till he opens his lips and ejiciates the west-country brogue, he might reasonably be taken for a benefited dignitary from the South. Had Glasgow been still the seat of its ancient archiepiscopacy, a stranger would conclude at once that

Dr. M'Farlane was the dean of its chapter. He is somewhat junior to Dr. Inglis, but being a constant attender in the assembly, and a man of excellent business, talents and habits, he is also regarded as a leader. Dr. Inglis and he have met before, so that they do not now greet as strangers. The Doctor tells him that he has just seen the Solicitor-General, and that they concur in opinion as to the question from Tullynestle, and that a determined stand must be made against the overtures from the troublesome presbyteries on the subject of patronage. While Drs. Inglis and M'Farlane are thus comparing notes, Dr. John Cook, of St. Andrews, is seen coming into the House, with his brother Walter the W. S.; and no man is better received. The Doctor has been detained at a late breakfast given by Dr. Brunton, or the future Moderator, and of course is not so early a-foot as the reverend gentlemen we have named. He is joyfully met at all hands, and most deservedly so. The excellent expression of his good-humoured countenance, his simple unostentatious manners, his undoubted eminence as a speaker and a man of business, bespeak very general favour, even amongst those with whom he is not personally acquainted. At first he is exchanging compliments with all and sundry; but the weighty matters of the assembly, in which he is expected to take a great share, soon call him into the *coterie* of the leaders, and in a short time he has gone through the whole affair with them.

Meanwhile, the crowd of *Dii minores* are seen scattered about the House, singling out old acquaintances, and pushing the small jobs on which they have been intent since they last visited the metropolis. Here you observe a fine, grey-headed, weather-beaten clergyman from the Hebrides, very intent with his agent in discussing the question depending betwixt him and M'Leod of M'Leod, relative to the sheep-farm which he was induced to take fifteen years ago under a variety of conditions, every one of them furnishing abundant matter for a law-suit, and all of which are now to be brought into controversy. The reverend gentleman, if he would only confess it, has proved a bad sheep-farmer in the first instance, and a worse merchant in the second, having allowed himself to be grievously outwitted by Messrs. Hitchins and Hoppner, the great wool-buyers from Leeds, and who, tempting the worthy pastor with long prices, have given him bad bills. Instead of paying these bills, they have gone into the Gazette, and sent him a polite note requesting him to come in and prove under the commission, and at the same time, as their dealings have all been strictly honourable, they confidently hope that he will agree to their being "certificated." All this being Arabic to the minister of Ranaldshay, he is getting the whole explained to him by Mr. Matthew Norman M'Donald; and he soon comes to learn that the English of the affair simply is, that he must pay M'Leod and get no payment from Hitchins and Hoppner.

One worthy pastor, the father of eight sons, is pressing hard on Mr. William Bell, W. S., to take his third son Ephraim, who has just left the logic class and carried the eleventh prize, into his chambers as an apprentice. Mr. Bell explains that his complement of apprentices is already complete, but engages to use his influence with Mr. James Nairne to effect this object. A considerable number of

the reverend brethren are occupied about the probabilities of their respective augmentations, and they are giving attentive heed to the different pleaders whom it may be prudent to employ. In general it is agreed that Mr. Hope, as a lawyer of great weight with the court, shall be the leader; and as a good joke is worth a chaldar or two at any time, it is fixed that Cockburn or Robertson shall be set up to put the Lords in good humour, and give the go-by to the stubborn things which Mr. Robert Jamieson or Mr. James Walker are to bring forward on the part of the heritors. As the quantum of stipend very properly depends on the wealth of the parish and the extent of the minister's labours, the imagination of the reverend suitors is put to the stretch to prove the exceeding riches of their parishes and the unbounded labours which they have to achieve. Nothing is said about the great depression of the agricultural interest, and no matter whether the minister works very hard or not—it is possible that he may work hard, and it is always to be supposed that the duty is well done. Mr. Morrison, the minister of Morebattle, is seen going about, convincing every one that the leading witness against him is not to be believed; and Dr. Fleming, of Neilston, is explaining all the peculiarities of his everlasting case—how the accommodation is too little, the stipend too small, the sheriff too severe, and every thing at fault save himself. In yonder nook the catechist of Uishinish is earnestly detailing to his counsel and agent all the errors which were committed by the Presbytery in the proceeding against him anent the lapse which he fell into with his servant-maid, and for which, I am sorry to say, he is to be deposed; but he seems to be making little impression, as the learned gentlemen are plainly telling him that though they will do all they can, yet it is too clear the case is made out—a conclusion which he cannot comprehend, as no one actually saw him in the fault, and it is well known that some of the Presbytery were his personal enemies. In short, there is a great deal of business on hand, and not the least of it consists in the dinner arrangements for the following fortnight, which are now completed.

The Lord High Commissioner is the next individual of distinction whom it is proper to introduce into these notes. His Grace will excuse this tardy remembrance of him, but as yet the business proper of the assembly has not commenced, and it is with this alone that he is immediately concerned. The nomination of Lord Belhaven was but indifferently received in Scotland. It looked a little harsh to turn out Lord Forbes, a very worthy old nobleman, and an officer of some name in the army. His Lordship had never interfered very much in politics, and the appointment has really nothing political in it. Though unquestionably a Tory, Lord Forbes was no enemy to the Whigs; on the contrary, his family had been supported in their native county, on several occasions, by the Whig interest. But it is understood that he had scrupled to give his proxy to a Whig nobleman—in other words, that he was not to vote for the Bill; and Lord Grey determined that the appointment should be given to one of his own friends. It was offered to Lord Belhaven, who, from delicacy to Lord Forbes, at first declined to accept; but on being told that Lord Forbes should not hold it, the

latter withdrew his *nolo episcopari*. Lord Forbes was living abroad, but came home to discharge his duty as usual, and was just in time to know that he might have staid away. This did not ruffle the good-natured old soldier, who, instead of returning immediately, came down to Scotland and offered his respects to his successor. The situation is one of great dignity, inasmuch as it entitles the holder, who is the representative of Majesty, to the appellation of "His Grace;" but it is of so little importance, that it is somewhat surprising it has not faded away before the withering spirit of Joseph Hume.

The Commissioner has no voice in the assembly. His presence is not essential, and much important business is often transacted in his absence; yet I shall be the last to suggest the abolition of the office. For two centuries and upwards it has existed, and contributes not a little to the *éclat* of this assemblage, to which Scotland is justly attached as the most national of all its institutions. After James VI. left Scotland, he was in constant use to send down a Commissioner, and his son Charles continued the practice till the period of his troubles. Even then he was not unmindful of the kirk, but wrote to the assembly that he was unable to procure a representative. One of the first acts of William and Mary was to convene an assembly at Edinburgh, and Commissioners have been regularly appointed ever since. The appointment is commonly given to some nobleman of very moderate fortune, to whom all that remains of the salary, after defraying the costly dinners, which it has long been the practice to give, is an object. It is not understood that he should be a Presbyterian; and, if the truth must be told, there are instances in which the selection did not fall upon men of the purest fame. There is much scandal circulated as to the indulgences of the clergy at this season of holiday and good living, and the evil reports sometimes reach as high as the Commissioner. A certain courtly Earl, who filled the office for several sessions, was notorious for the irregularities of his conduct, even during the sitting of the Assembly. And on one occasion, so very far forgot what was due to his station as the king's representative, as to have engaged in a smart pugilistic *rencontre* with a mettlesome scion of the kirk, in which he received more than his own share of the punishment. This occurrence happened shortly after the assembly had sent up a very dutiful and loyal address to the King, in which, among other topics of gratitude which were dwelt upon, the exceeding piety and regard for the interests of religion, evinced by the noble Lord selected by his Majesty to fill the office of Commissioner, were very prominent. This was awkward enough, and furnished abundant materials to the caricaturists, those faithful chroniclers of all the mischances to which public life is incident.

It is customary for the leading personages about Edinburgh, for the time, to assemble at the levees of the Commissioner at the commencement of the session. The attendance is of course increased or diminished by the degree of respect which is entertained for the commissioner. The noble Lord whom we have mentioned above, did not attract a very great number to his circle. The politics of the individual may have some small share in the matter, and in the case of Lord

Belhaven it was certainly remarked, that the attendance of reformers was much more considerable than that of their opponents. The Lord Haddington was the only individual of high rank who came forward, but there were a great number of Whig baronets, and country gentlemen of like principles, among whom may be mentioned the literary knight of the north, to whom the Wolf of Badenoch, and sundry novelties of that description are ascribed. The military are always with the king, and there was of course a due profusion of feathers, gold-lace and scarlet. Last of all, in the showy throng around his Grace were seen a goodly number of the clergy. The Moderator *emeritus* and the Moderator *elect* were tolerably fair specimens of the better order of the ministers, and I trust are pretty sufficiently beneficed. There was one individual whose appearance excited much interest, I mean Dr. Nicol of St. Andrews. This venerable father was long distinguished in the counsels of the church. He was a man of powerful understanding, great honesty, and suavity of conduct. The place of a leader was accorded to him by all, and he was truly deserving of it. His fortune was greatly superior to that of the Scots clergy in general, and, with the exception of the late Sir Henry Moncrieff, he was perhaps the most considerable man in the church, independently of his clerical rank. A few years ago he was seized with some very violent affection, which forbade all further exertion as a public man. He came forward now to bid adieu to the assembly, and the contrast betwixt his present and former appearance was painful. He took no part in the business.

(*To be continued.*)

SONNET.

FROM UGO FOSCOLO.

No, never shall I press the sacred shore
 Mine infant limbs were wont to stretch along,
 Mine own Zacynthos, nor behold thee more
 Glass'd in the Greek sea, from whose billows sprung
 The virgin Goddess, when the rude isles bore
 Their glowing fruits at her first smile, that hung
 Thy skies and groves with that immortal dower
 Of loveliness, which he hath harp'd, who sung
 The fatal tempests, and the varied lot
 Through which the famed and woe-worn wanderer,
 Ulysses, hail'd stern Ithaca at last;
 Thine are my songs, my mother earth! but not
 My bones: these, ever from thy bosom cast,
 Fate hath decreed an unwept sepulchre!

J. C.

A RETROSPECT OF LITERATURE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LECTURE II.—*Concluded.*

To return to the original use of hieroglyphics among the ancients,—for this mode of registering thoughts was not confined to the Egyptians,—I do humbly conceive, that it was precisely the same in principle, though far more comprehensive than the use of the wampum-symbols among the Red Indians,—namely, that it was a system of mnemonics, not fixed but optional, and capable of indefinite application. It is generally presumed that each figure had a meaning so determined, that those who were possessed of the key might unlock the mystery of every combination on systematic principles, that could be presented to him. Whether this process were slow or prompt, difficult or easy, is not the question: the practicability of it may reasonably be doubted on this plain ground,—the symbols which compose hieroglyphics are so few that, in the very nature of things, the ideas which they could clearly express must be few in proportion; and though their combinations might be as infinitely diversified as the combinations of alphabetical signs, yet, as each must have had one fixed meaning which it must always express, the range of ideas in which it might be introduced must be exceedingly narrow, and nearly all of the same class. On the other hand, the letters of the alphabet having no meaning at all when alone, but only in combination of syllables, which singly or concatenated form words, it follows, that whatever words can make intelligible to the ear, literal writing can make intelligible to the eye. To this it may be replied, that, if the images in figure-writing were few, yet each represented a whole class of meanings, of which it was the radiating point, or the root, from which not merely a tree but a forest of thoughts, congenial to one another, branched forth. In short, that, as the Hebrew language is a language of hieroglyphics, which must be interpreted by tracing the various shapes of signification which the same metaphors assume, according to the exigency of their respective contexts, so a language of figures to the eye may be made to convey as many abstract ideas as those who invent or employ it may choose. This is perfectly practicable upon the principle, by which Indian hieroglyphics are applied to every desirable purpose of reminiscence only. It may not indeed be impossible to construct a system of hieroglyphics, in which the meaning, and consequently the application, of every radical should be fixed, and yet so exuberant in diversified scions as to express whatever the human mind can conceive:—this may not be impossible to construct in theory, but to learn and employ such a language to any considerable extent would be beyond the power of a finite capacity. The Chinese, of which every mark or logograph resembles a lock of many wards, would present reading-made-easy lessons for an infant-school, in comparison with such pages of Sphynx's riddles.

There are two perfect hieroglyphics on record, with the authorised interpretation of each; and it is pretty evident from these, that the original use of hieroglyphics, before letters were invented, and hiero-

glyphics themselves were converted into letters, was much the same among the ancients as it is at this day among the American Indians. An inscription over the temple of Minerva, at Sai, presented to the spectator five images—an infant, an old man, a hawk, a fish, a river-horse. The general meaning of the first two is sufficiently obvious: the hawk was the emblem of Deity, the fish was an abomination to the Egyptians, and the hippopotamus was equally abhorred on account of its grossness. We are told, then, that the tablet indicated this:—"Young and old, know that God hates impurity." Now though these very figures, without violating the general sense of any one of them, might suggest at least as many different readings as the most controverted passage in any ancient author,—yet, taking it for granted that the above was the precise lesson intended to be conveyed, how was it taught? Undoubtedly by a set *form of words, to which the figures were adapted*: and presuming that literal writing was not then invented, we conclude that the figures were employed, and placed in a conspicuous situation, to *remind* the spectators of the sentiment with which they were associated, and which had been publicly explained to everybody from the time when the tablet was first exhibited. Had any *other* sentiment, at the utmost variance with this, been chosen to be signified by these emblems, the emblems would have reminded those who looked upon them of that sentiment, and that only; no scheme of hieroglyphics, however comparatively perfect, being capable of so conveying abstract ideas by visible images, as to enable every adept in the science to interpret them in the same form of words: and unless this could be done as accurately as by letters, there could be little assurance that any interpretation was the true one,—a circumstance which would go far to invalidate all historical records, (except names and dates, thereby reducing history to mere chronology,) for few matters of fact could be *unequivocally* represented. For example, John *struck* William. Here the persons are the figures of the hieroglyphic, and the verb describes the action which must be manifest from their attitudes. Human ingenuity may be defied to express the precise sense of that one word "struck." You may represent a man striking another, but you can only represent *the attempt* to strike; the finished act cannot be shown, for his arm is in the air; it is only on the way to effect its purpose; but the person in danger from it is on his guard, and he may anticipate the blow, or shrink from it. If you represent the fist of the assailant's hand upon the head at which it was aimed, you cannot make it plain that it was *violently* laid there; of course the spectator cannot be assured that John *struck* William, notwithstanding the ferocious and menacing aspect of the latter, for braggarts sometimes double their fists, and *push* when they dare not *strike*. Again, if, to indicate the past tense, you represent William fallen under the infliction, there will be no direct evidence that he was *knocked down*; he may have slipt, or thrown himself upon the ground to avoid the stroke. If hieroglyphics, even though their practitioners were painters equal to Apelles or Timanthes, be so inadequate to exhibit *actions* by *imagery*, how much more defective must they be to express abstract ideas, which at best could only be doubtful *deductions* from the representations of images and actions in themselves equivocal!

The other instance of a hieroglyphic recorded and interpreted, to which allusion has been made, is not a pictured series, but the things themselves which were employed as symbols to communicate a message of defiance. When Darius Hystaspes had long been carrying on a fruitless war against the Scythians, the enemy sent him a present consisting of a bird, a mouse, a frog, and a bundle of arrows; intimating thereby, that till the Persians could fly through the air like birds, live in the earth like field-mice, or under the water like frogs, they need not hope to escape the Scythian arrows. Is it not plain that a hundred different messages might have been transmitted with the very same emblems to a hundred different persons, each of which could only be understood by the receivers, according to the circumstances of their peculiar situation in respect to the givers, but not even then to be understood unless a verbal interpretation accompanied them, of which the emblems were to be neither more nor less than memorials?

Mexican picture-language and Peruvian knots might be produced in further proof of this conjecture, for I presume not to offer it as more than conjecture, that ancient hieroglyphics were not *originally* the adaptation of figures either to letters or words, but the representation solely of things which, by association, might be made mnemonical signs of any arbitrary collocation of words, generally expressing ideas of that class to which, by convention, the figures themselves belonged. I will offer only one test of an authentic verbal document, probably composed before the invention of alphabetical writing, by which this theory may be put to the proof. In my last paper I alluded to the blessings of dying Jacob upon his children, and observed that the whole might be converted into a table of hieroglyphics. Every distinct benediction or prophecy, referring to each of his sons in succession, is marked by some strikingly appropriate figure: and, as the very structure of the sentences, even in our English translation, shows that the original composition was verse, and, consequently, a set form of words, the imagery of each clause would very naturally, and very obviously too, constitute the hieroglyphics of the particular sentiment associated with it, and not of that sentiment vaguely, but in the exact terms of the poetic diction in which it had been uttered. Take the blessing on Judah, quoted in our last paper: "Judah, thou *art he* whom thy brethren shall praise; thy hand *shall be* in the neck of thine enemies; thy father's children shall bow down before thee. Judah *is* a lion's whelp; from the prey, my son, thou art gone up: he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion; who shall rouse him up? The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him *shall* the gathering of the people *be*: binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes: his eye *shall be* red with wine, and his teeth white with milk." Here is an hieroglyphic table in three compartments: in the *first*, under the figures of a lion's whelp, a full-grown lion, and a lioness couched among her young, the power and fierceness of a mighty conqueror are shadowed forth; in the *second* appears a sceptre, the sign of sovereignty, to be continued

till a greater than Judah should come ; in the *third*, the vintage-scene evidently exhibits the future prosperity and happiness of his descendants in the land promised to their fathers. Now, might not these symbols be engraven and kept in the families of the sons of Jacob, not merely in general remembrance of the blessings appropriated to each of their tribes, but to remind them and their posterity of the *literal language* in which the prophecies were given, and on the *preservation of the words of which* depended the only assurance that the *substantial* truth had not been perverted by loose oral tradition.

We are told that the Egyptian priests inscribed upon pillars, and obelisks, and on the walls of their temples, all the lessons of wisdom and records of past events, which they taught to the privileged few who were their scholars. If the speculations here advanced have their foundation in truth, it is probable that whatever was thus taught by hieroglyphics was *first* composed in fixed forms of words ; and that the mode of teaching from these was not by means of a key which unlocked the secrets of an universal language, but by repeating to the learners premeditated sentences like the Indian speeches, and associating with each of these, as it was impressed upon the memory, the figure or figures corresponding with it in the hieroglyphic series of the whole ; then, though thousands might be well versed in the *general signification* of symbols which were in *general use*, none could understand any *particular* arrangement of them except those who were specially instructed in the same. Many might comprehend the scope of each of the blessings indicated in a hieroglyphic series made from Jacob's farewell words, but none, by any imaginable process, except previous instruction, could interpret the figures into the words.¹

Leaving the interminable, perhaps we ought rather to say the inaccessible, maze of hieroglyphics, though "long detained in that obscure sojourn," we turn to the day-light scenes and pure realities of Greece. To arrive at these, however, we must pass over all the fables of her first ages, borrowed probably from Egyptian mythology, and introduced by Cecrops the founder of Athens, and perhaps

¹ The following is a very significant specimen of an Indian hieroglyphic still used : it has frequently been mentioned in ridicule, but it is not without a grave signification :—

A serpent in a circle, representing eternity.—A tortoise resting on the serpent, being the symbol of strength, or the upholding power.—Four elephants standing on the back of the tortoise, emblems of Wisdom sustaining the earth.—On the top of all the triangle, the symbol of Yoni, and the Creation.

In Oahu, one of the Sandwich Islands, the tax-gatherers, though they can neither read nor write, keep very accurate accounts of all articles, of all kinds, collected from the inhabitants throughout the island. This is done principally by one man, and the register is nothing more than a line of cordage from four to five hundred fathoms in length. Distinct portions of this rope are allotted to the various districts, which are known one from another by their relative locality in succession, beginning and ending at one point on the coast, and also by knots, loops, and tufts of different shapes, sizes, and colours. Each tax-payer in each district has his place and designation in this string, and the number of dollars, pigs, dogs, pieces of sandal-wood, the quantity of taro-root, and other commodities at which he is rated is exactly defined by marks most ingeniously diversified,—which, though formed upon general principles, can only be understood in their application by the resident collector, who has in his mind the topographical picture of the island, and all its districts.

never understood by the Greeks: we must likewise leave behind the generation of heroes which followed that of Gods, including among the former the earliest names in profane literature,—Cadmus, who is said to have imported letters from Phœnicia; also the poets Orpheus, Musæus, Linus, Amphion, and others, of whom miracles of song are recorded, which may indeed be allegorical representations of the influence of the fine arts, especially poesy, (the language of superior beings to a barbarous people,) in civilising manners and transforming characters, by awakening, developing, and expanding the intellectual powers of man. Homer himself lived so much within the undeterminable limit of that doubtful era, when, though it was no longer night, it was not yet day in Greece, that the only date which can be assigned to him is not that of his actual existence, but that of his resurrection from an obscurity which had gathered round his tomb, and would probably for ever have concealed it and all but his name from posterity. Of course the allusion is to the act of Pisistratus, by which he almost redeemed the royal title of tyrant from the obloquy which his usurpation had entailed upon it, when, according to the only history of the period—unwritten tradition, he collected the scattered songs of Homer, and united the loose links into that perfect and inimitable chain in which they have been delivered down to us, most resembling, it may be said, “the golden everlasting chain” celebrated in the *Iliad*, wherewith the father of the Gods bound the earth to his throne; for, in like manner, hath this father of poets, from his “highest heaven of invention” indissolubly bound the world to the sovereignty of his genius. Whether the poems of Homer, like the “*Orlando Innamorato*” of Boiardo, as recomposed by Berni, or our national ballad of “*Chevy-Chase*,” as altered and improved by successive hands, were rude but noble lays, refined gradually or at once; or whether they were originally composed in the form which two thousand five hundred years have not been able to amend or deteriorate,—this is a question which it were vain to argue upon here; suffice it to say, that Greek literature, in poetry at least, had reached a standard which has never been surpassed in the age of Pisistratus, who, as the prototype of Pericles, (his imitator both in the career of learning and of ambition,) if he deprived his countrymen of their birthright, conferred on them the only earthly advantage that can in any degree be regarded as an honourable compensation for the loss of liberty: he bestowed upon them, by his munificent patronage, the motives and the means of cultivating those elegant arts and useful sciences, which, more than all that fortune can give or valour win beside, adorn, enrich, and dignify any people among whom they find a sanctuary and a home. The glory of Pisistratus, in the history of literature, is only second to that of Homer, for having gathered the poems of the latter into the most precious volume (the Sacred Scriptures excepted) which time has spared in the devastations of his march, and spared so long that even *he* cannot destroy it, except in that ruin in which he shall involve himself and all things under the sun.

From the era when the works of Homer were thus revived, and

not they only but all the treasures of past and contemporary genius, in the library which Pisistratus first established, were thrown open to all who had leisure, ability, and disposition to avail themselves of the same—from that auspicious era, not only Athens, but all the little commonwealths of Greece, Sparta excepted, rose so rapidly in learning and refinement, that thenceforward, till the subversion of their independence by Philip of Macedon, has been justly styled the golden era of that illustrious land, whose heroes, philosophers, poets, historians, orators, and adepts in all that exalts and beautifies man in society, remain to this day, and must ever remain the models and exemplars to the great and the glorious of every kindred and climate. Had they correspondingly excelled in virtue, how had they blessed their own and every other age in which their honour, name, and praise, should have been known! But it is their literature, not their morals, with which we have at present to do, and it is but justice to say distinctly, after intimating that much was amiss, there were among them many not only of the wisest but of the best men, to whom no light but that of nature had been given, and whose nearest approach to the discovery of eternal truth was the consecration of an altar “to the unknown God.” Within the period above alluded to, but especially after the battles of Marathon and Salamis had raised the reputation of their arms to an equality with the eminence of their arts, the greatest number of their greatest men appeared, and flourished in such thick contiguity and rapid succession, that the mere relics, the floating fragments of the wreck of literature which have been preserved, because they could not sink in the dead sea of oblivion, that engulfed and stagnated over the buried riches of a hundred argosies,—the mere relics, and wreck of literature preserved to us, from that brief period, are of as much value as all that has been inherited, or recovered rather, from the ages before that died—may I say it? without *will*,—and the ages after, that had comparatively little wealth either to live upon or to *bequeath*, though the country, under various forms of republican government, and, as a province of Rome, continued to be the seat of arts, science, and philosophy, through many succeeding centuries.

It was during that brief but illustrious period, that Athens, the eye of Greece—the loveliest feature in a face and form, of which every line and limb was moulded as exquisitely as her own ideal image of beauty,—it was then that Athens, the eye of Greece, shone forth in all its lustre, and, when it closed, left such a remembrance of its light behind as continued to cheer the paths both of the Muses and the Graces through the comparative darkness of succeeding times. Athens *by day* presented the brilliant and vivacious spectacle of a thronging population in the forum, the portico, the grove, the theatres, the temples, the palaces of her heroic yet voluptuous city,—where the gayest, the proudest, the most intellectual people that ever dwelt in such close society, were eagerly pursuing glory under every form of labour, letters, arts, and arms,—or pleasure, in all its diversities of pomp, licentiousness, and superstition—superstition so elegantly disguised (and yet so profligate) as to impose on the ima-

ginations, if not to captivate the understandings, of the wisest men. There every street, public edifice, and open space, was so crowded with the images of their popular divinities,—and their divinities were but the symbols of the worshippers themselves personified, though with superhuman strength and symmetry, in marble, metal, ivory, or wood,—that it was almost a proverb, “You will as easily find a God as a man at Athens.” From this picturesque profusion of sculpture, exposed without injury to the open air in that delightful clime, Athens *by night* would resemble a city of statues,—I had almost said a city of spirits,—when the cold moon looking down from a pure blue heaven, beheld emerging from black shadows, innumerable forms of Parian marble white as snow, and disposed in every attitude of grace and majesty. One seems to *feel* the silence of the scene in thinking upon it;—its beauty, magic, grandeur—touch, and awe, and elevate the soul, and we almost expect that one of the more than mortal shapes should break the stillness, and address us in the language of Pericles or Demosthenes; till some patrician youth, like Alcibiades, flushed with wine, apparelled in purple, and crowned with flowers, followed by a rabble-rout of bacchanals, breaking forth from the haunts of their revelry, with shout, and song, and dance, and music, disenchant the whole,—or rather transform the enchantment into a new and more exhilarating spectacle of the midnight orgies of the finest sons of Greece in her prime.

Is there any where a *parallel* to this picture of imagination?—Somewhere in the depths of an abandoned wilderness, in the heart of Africa, according to an ancient tradition, there may be seen to this day, in perfect preservation, a magnificent city, once the capital of a surrounding empire, on which so strange a judgment came, that all its inhabitants were in a moment turned to stone, while they and their dwellings were doomed to remain, through the lapse of ages, precisely as they stood, as they looked, as they were, at the infliction of the stroke. The stillness of death—of death in every form of life, reigns within the walls, while the multitudes of people of all ages, ranks, and occupations, who seem to the visitor (if visitor ever enters there) at the first glance, in the full action of men, women, and children, hurrying to and fro about their business or their amusements,—the longer you gaze seem more and more fixed to the eye, till the beholder himself becomes almost petrified by sympathy. Sometimes however, (and it is well for him, when his trance is so broken,) a herd of antelopes, fleeing from a lion in full chase after them, rush through the open gates of the city, and bound along the streets, regardless of the apparent throngs of human beings wherever they turn, but whose motionless figures, through long familiarity, are to them as indifferent as so many unshapen fragments of rock.—I *must* drop the veil here, both over the city of Minerva and the city of the Desert, which I have dared to bring into crude comparison with it: in contemplating either, imagination may have run riot in the labyrinths of reverie, mistaking phantoms for realities, and vain fancies for high thoughts. We return for a few moments to the straightforward path of historical retrospection.

It has been already stated, that the period from Pisistratus to

Philip of Macedon was the golden age of Grecian fame, literature and freedom flourishing together,—and they ought never to be separated. Literature, when freedom is lost, becomes the most degraded and the most dangerous tool of despotism; while freedom without literature—that is, without knowledge, presents the most ferociously savage state of human society, if society can exist without a single bond of moral or civil restraint. If the Spartans were not such an iron race, it was because learning and philosophy, which they affected to despise, exercised an indirect but benign influence over them without betraying the secret of their power. From the division of the empire of Alexander the Great, when Greece fell under the dominion of one of his captains, though the Achaian league partially restored and maintained the republican spirit in some of the states, till the time when the whole country passed under the Roman yoke,—from the death of Alexander to the reign of the Emperor Aurelian, may be styled the silver age of Greece. Many noble and illustrious names of the second order belong to this period. Then followed a brazen time, which may be brought as low as the reign of Heraclius, emperor of the East, in the seventh century of the Christian era. Thenceforward, a long series of iron years have rolled in heavy and hopeless burthen over Greece, under its own latest sovereigns, and from the fifteenth century under its Turkish oppressors to the present day.

But the circle of ages is surely now complete, and have we not the promise, the prospect, the commencement of an immediate return of Astrea to Greece, bringing back the golden days of justice, liberty, and literature, to that fairest, most fertile, that most wronged and forsaken region of the earth? Marathon and Thermopylae are again named with enthusiasm by lips that speak nearly the same dialect, and breathe the same spirit as Miltiades and Leonidas,—from bosoms in which the fire of Grecian bards and Grecian heroes has been recently rekindled. That fire indeed broke forth at first with an avenging violence, which, if it consumed not its enemies, repelled them from the soil: but now since security and repose may be looked for, we may hope that the tempered flame will, once more and for ever, shine out with a purity and splendor that shall rival, if it cannot eclipse, the glory of the better days of ancient Greece.

TO MADALINA.

I KNEW thee as a little child,
When danced upon thy mother's knee,
With laughing eye and features mild,
And ever pleased when kiss'd by me:
But now grown up, a woman now,
And passing Life in Fashion's blaze,
Say will you greet my humble bow
With all the warmth of early days?

Or can the cold and selfish world
The retrospects of Life efface—
The cottage neat, the smoke which curl'd,
The charm, the verdure of the place,
Where oft we play'd on Summer's eve,
Sporting along the well-mow'd green,
Or ran a prisoner to retrieve,
Whilst shouts and laughter cheer'd the scene!

Lady, these hours for aye are gone,
Our days of youth and joy are past,
And each new year but rolls along
To that which soon must be our last!—
Our early friendship, early joy,
Moments affectionate and dear,
The rules of life too soon destroy,
And leave a barren desert here:—

The kind emotions of the heart,
The ready sigh for scenes of grief,
Affection's tear prepared to start,
As virtue's hand would grant relief—
All lost with youth!—or what remains
Is ruled by fashion's sovereign sway,
Unheeded Poverty complains,
And Friendship flits in forms away.

Young love is barter'd now for gold,
And riches are the boast of life;
E'en beauty's charms are bought and sold,
To be declared by name—a wife:—
But where is mutual fondness found,
The love remember'd but in song?
Where does affection most abound?
To whom does gratitude belong?

How changed—how flown our years of mirth,
Those joys unmix'd with care or woe,
When Hope would start to instant birth,
As Pleasure cheer'd this scene below!
Well, since our joys are pass'd and gone,
Since life appears in constant gloom,
Soon may the cold sepulchral stone
Record my end—and mark my tomb!

F.

ANECDOTES OF MR. ABERNETHY.

THE eccentricities of a man of genius usually constitute the most prominent feature in the personal character; and in general, wherever there is talent of any kind, some peculiarity of manner exists. With respect to Mr. Abernethy there was no real moroseness of disposition; and his impatience of loquacity and superfluous details arose from a great degree of sagacity, clearness of judgment, and a feeling of independence. He neither sought to recommend himself, nor win his patients, by any of those tricks which are daily practised at the expense of sacrificing opinion and feeling to policy. His mind disqualified him from adopting that affected interest which distinguishes many of the well-bred physicians, and he heartily despised their little arts to acquire popularity. He seemed to feel as if he mentally expressed himself thus:—"Here I am, ready to give my advice if you want it; but you must take it as you find it, and if you don't like it, egad, (his favourite word,) you may go about your business, I don't want to have anything to do with you; hold your tongue and be off." In some such mood as this he received a visit from a lady one day who was well-acquainted with his invincible repugnance to her sex's predominant disposition, and who therefore forbore speaking but simply in reply to his laconic queries. The consultation was conducted during three visits in the following manner:—First day—Lady enters and holds out her finger—Abernethy. "Cut?" Lady. "Bite." A. "Dog?" L. "Parrot." A. "Go home and poultice it." Second day—Finger held out again—A. "Better?" L. "Worse." A. "Go home and poultice it again." Third day—Finger held out as before—A. "Better?" L. "Well." A. "You're the most sensible woman I ever met with.—Good bye—Get out."

Another lady having scalded her arm, called at the usual hour to show it three successive days, when similar laconic conversations took place. First day—Patient, exposing the arm, says—"Burnt." A. "I see it," and, having prescribed a lotion, she departs. Second day—Patient shows the arm, and says—"Better." A. "I know it." Third day—Again showing the arm, Patient—"Well." A. "Any fool can tell that.—What d' ye come again for?—Get away."

A patient consulted Mr. Abernethy for a pain of the arm, and, holding it up in the air, said "It always gives me pain when I hold it up so." A. "Then why the devil do you hold it up so?"

In all cases of obesity and repletion Mr. Abernethy was especially impatient, and indisposed to prescribe. A portly gentleman from the country once called on him for advice and received the following answer: "You nasty beast; you go and fill your g——, and then you come to me to empty them."

A young lady was brought one morning by her mamma, complaining of difficulty of breathing when taking exercise and after her meals. Perceiving her to be very tightly laced round the waist, Mr. Abernethy seized a pair of scissars, and, without saying a word, ripped up the stays from top to bottom, and then desired her to

walk about for ten minutes. The injunction being complied with accordingly, he demanded how she felt. "Better," was the reply. The mandate was repeated, and, the walk being finished, he asked—"How now?" "Quite well," was the answer. Abernethy. "That will do.—Take her away,—and don't let her wear tight stays." In such a case a common physician would probably prescribe to oblige the apothecary and to please the patient. The eccentric professor went directly to the cause at once, and removed it, without caring who was pleased or who not so, having no sinister object in view. Another young lady was one summer's morning brought to him by her mother in consequence of the former having swallowed a spider. Mr. Abernethy dextrously caught a blue-bottle fly as it fled by him, and told the patient to put it into her mouth, and if she spit it out in a few moments the spider would come out with it.

A lawyer having called to show the state of his leg, proceeded to remove the bandages, which Mr. Abernethy endeavoured to prevent, every now and then repeating—"No, no—that will do,—shut it up—shut it up." Accordingly the lawyer yielded at length, but determined on revenge. Mr. Abernethy having simply prescribed for the stomach without regard to the leg, the patient tendered a shilling, and prepared to depart, when the former, missing the expected sovereign, observed that there must be some mistake. "No, no," said the lawyer, advancing to the door, "that will do—that will do,—shut it up—shut it up."

Mr. Abernethy was by no means disinclined to adopt his own suggestions himself, in regard to the preservation of his health, although he rarely did so. A medical gentleman, not long since, in consultation with him about a patient, observed that he had not been well some time, and he thought the advice which Mr. Abernethy had just been giving his patient might be of service to himself. "Egad, to be sure it would; and if I had adopted it I should not have been the miserable cripple I am now," was the reply.

Whenever there was any thing seriously or unavoidably the matter, Mr. Abernethy would rivet his attention to it.—It was only when tormented with superfluous questions and details, and a narration of symptoms arising from indolence and indulgence, that his impatience became manifested. His manner to the poor under his care in the hospital was kind, attentive, and humane; and to all who knew him he was confessedly a man of an excellent heart and amiable disposition, however roughly he might appear to behave at times towards some who consulted him.

A celebrated surgeon once told Mr. Abernethy that he calculated on gaining about two thousand a-year in consequence of his (Mr. Abernethy's) oddity of manner to patients, who, being disgusted, left him immediately. Still Mr. Abernethy had a large practice,—was consulted far and near; and his manners, though sometimes repulsive, in some instances tended to attract patients. It is quite certain that his oddity extended his name.

The conversation once turning upon education at Mr. Abernethy's table, he expressed rather a preference for public schools; and being

asked which he thought the best for boys, replied in favour of Eton, because it tended to polish the manners more than any other perhaps; upon which Mrs. Abernethy observed, it was a pity he had not been educated there himself. A public school might, however, in polishing his manners, have altered his prominent characteristics, which, while they certainly indicated great eccentricity, probably formed a very material portion of the basis of that reputation, which so peculiarly distinguished John Abernethy in every relation of life as an original genius.

As a proof of his humane and kind-hearted feelings, which his eccentricities could not conceal, the following may stand as one among many instances:—A widow lady from a remote county brought up her daughter to consult our professor upon a chronic case which occupied many weeks to relieve, and a great consumption of regularly-tendered fees was entailed. It was obvious that the lady's affection for her daughter, and confidence in her medical adviser, were beyond all pecuniary considerations, although it was equally obvious that her means were scarcely equal to the widow's expenditure on the occasion of her town visit. When the period arrived for the parties to return into the country, Mr. Abernethy presented the young lady with a small parcel to take home with her, in which he informed her was a little present to reward her good behaviour under bodily affliction. On opening the parcel it contained ALL THE FEES which the mother had given the professor; by which delicate mode of proceeding he avoided the ostentation of conferring an obligation, and obviated the embarrassment which the widow's feelings would otherwise have been exposed to, in continuing to receive gratuitous advice for her daughter from a professional character upon whom she had no claim.

In addition to the above, we have received the following Letter, which may be styled "More Last Words" of the worthy Doctor.

TO THE EDITOR.

MR. METROPOLITAN,

He's gone!—my friend, your friend,—nay more, the friend of the human race! If, Sir, I did not positively blubber, like Corporal Trim over the dead body of Sterne's *Le Fevre*, it is not too much for me to assert that the silent tear trickled down my rough-spun, iron cheek, when I heard that the "Great Creature" in the medical world (Mr. Abernethy) "had gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

His departure was rather sudden—the doctor was not exactly prepared to resist the severe attack made upon him by the ugly, ill-natured opponent of mankind; and his specific, so extremely successful in numerous other instances, in his own case proved vain:—the doctor's grand antidote, universally sought after by all ranks of society to prevent the loss of life, wanted its accustomed efficacy when applied to himself.

That the late Mr. Abernethy was a man of splendid talents, and a

great "Feature" in the medical world, there needs no ghost from the grave to prove; but, nevertheless, doubts have been expressed whether his eccentricity of manners, rudeness of behaviour, and the difficulty of approach to his person, (a forlorn hope upon several occasions, without being affronted,) did not do more for him with the public in general than the whole of his studies and acquirements put together. He was not the "sugar and water" physician who would smile in your face—laugh at your credulity—and pick your pocket by "friendly" prescriptions, calculated neither to produce mischief nor good. Neither did the late doctor wish to impose on the minds of his patients by the flourish of a diamond ring—the display of lace ruffles—the dress coat—the pompous gait—the significant nod; in fact, he did not dress for the character at all: and dancing attendance on the great was entirely out of his knowledge of the practice. In reality, the late doctor was what the world called a rude but highly-gifted man. To encounter him at times was any thing but pleasing: the timid female was more than alarmed at his harsh reply; the resolute man stood abashed at the unexpected check he received from his rude remarks; and the bold fellow was frequently brought to a stand-still by the authoritative decisive tone of the doctor, bidding the patient "Begone! that he (Mr. A.) was no physician." But he had his interesting moments when he became eloquent, communicative, and truly pleasing to his friends. "I am too passionate," he would often observe to his company, "and I ought never to have been a medical man." Yet to those applicants who could put up with his oddities of temper he was a doctor of the very first class, and his advice to them was important indeed. Every person on quitting his presence felt strongly that he possessed ability from his little toe to the highest hair upon his head. From a sensible mind too, he liked the WHY? that, in return, he might give the BECAUSE.

There was no trick, no finesse, no humbug about his practice. He called things by their proper names: he always told the truth, while other medical men endeavoured, perhaps on the score of feeling or politeness, to conceal it from the mind of the agitated patient: the conduct of the doctor was straightforward upon all occasions. To die? or not to die? questions often proposed to him, he answered unhesitatingly; and those persons who possessed fortitude enough to meet his reply, were relieved from a "thousand doubts, hopes, and fears, that the flesh is heir to!"

However, in spite of the doctor's well-known confidence, he was to be managed—and he was frequently defeated against his will; when he least expected it: although eccentric to the very echo of eccentricity, yet the eccentric man had the best chance with him in overcoming his peculiarities; the blunt man often got the better of the doctor's rudeness; and the bold hero, something after the manner of "Greek to Greek," more than once or twice proved his master. The following incidents will illustrate his eccentricity. A jolly-hearted fox-hunter in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, one of those choice-spirits who had lived rather "too fast" for his constitution—devoted to his lass and his glass—fond of his dog and

his gun—and “Yoicks! hark forward, tally ho!” to him far sweeter sounds than Braham’s ‘Beautiful maid’—felt himself out of sorts—in other words, he could not tell what was the matter with him; he therefore consulted the Bolus of the place, of whom the whole parish declared no man could better

Gild a pill,
Make a bill,
Or bleed or blister!

But the country apothecary, with all his Caleb Quotem sort of talent, proved of no use to the fox-hunter; the complaint of the latter got worse and worse, and he was determined to consult, without any more delay, one of the faculty in London. Abernethy was pointed out to him as most likely to make him hearty again; but, at the same time, it was intimated to him the reception he would probably meet with on making his bow. “Never mind,” said he, “if I do not prove myself a match for the doctor, may my mare refuse the first leap she comes to; may I never again be in at the death.” On stating the nature of his complaint to Abernethy, the latter replied, “Sir, the sooner you go back the better; you have come on a fool’s errand! I am no doctor.” The fox-hunter, in great surprise, observed, “Perhaps I have mistaken the house; and if I have intruded myself into your company I am sorry for it. May I ask, Sir, is your name Abernethy?” “Yes,” replied the doctor, “Abernethy is my name.” “Abernethy and no doctor!” said the fox-hunter, “but I have been told you are a joker—though a joke to a man who has come 200 miles is rather too much out of place for him to relish it!” “Joke or no joke,” answered Abernethy, “you will find I am no doctor; and the sooner you quit my house the better,” (getting up to ring the bell for the servant.) “Hear me, doctor Abernethy,” replied the fox-hunter, (pulling out his purse at the same time,) “I have not much knowledge it is true, but I trust I have too much sense to put my purse in competition with my constitution; therefore, name your fee, and, be it great or small, I will give it to you! That you are a doctor, and a man of great skill, Fame reports all over the kingdom: your talents have induced me to travel 200 miles expressly for your advice—therefore none of your tricks upon travellers! I will not be disappointed! Advice I come for—and *advice I will have!*” (running immediately up to the door, locking it, and putting the key into his pocket.) He then held out his wrist to the doctor. “*You will have advice,*” echoed the doctor in a rage, “Insolent man! not from me. I again tell you that I am no physician.” The fox-hunter, putting himself in a boxing attitude, advanced towards Mr. Abernethy, and in an offensive manner exclaimed, “Then by G—, I will make a doctor of you; and if you do not feel my pulse without any more equivocation, I will feel yours, and also administer to you some points of my practice. I will likewise give you an emetic, without the smallest particle of physic in it, that shall make you sick for a month.” The doctor retreating said with astonishment, “What are you about? are you going to strike me?” “Yes,” replied the fox-hunter, “I am as cool as a cucumber; and

nothing shall stop me in my pursuit: dangers I fear not; and to leap over a steeple is a trifling concern to me when the game is in view; therefore, I again repeat, feel my pulse, or else ——” The doctor immediately laid hold of his arm, and in a sort of whisper, as the players have it, aside exclaimed—“and a d——d strong pulse it is!” then in a louder tone, “suppose I had not felt your pulse—what then?” “Why,” replied the fox-hunter, with a most determined look attached to the expression, “I would have run you down sooner than I would a fox; and have made you more timid than a hare, before you could have sung out for the assistance of either of the colleges?” “The devil you would,” said the doctor, “nevertheless I admire your candour; and I am not at all disposed to quarrel with your bluntness, and as you have been so extremely explicit with me, I will render myself as perfectly intelligible to you, and also with as much sincerity. Your pulse tells me, that you are a far greater beast than the horse you ride, indeed the animal is the most preferable character of the two by comparison—your horse feels the spur and attends to it; the whip to him is not applied in vain; and he eats, drinks, and takes his rest more like a rational being than his master. While on the contrary, the man with a mind, or at least who ought to possess something like the exercise of intellect, is all excess—he drinks to excess—he eats to excess—he hunts to excess—he smokes to excess.” “Bravo, doctor, nay more, my friend,” replied the fox-hunter, quite pleased, “only say that my pulse has been abused, but not worn out—that I shall once more be upon the right scent, and that the effects of training will enable me again to enjoy the “view halloo!” accompanied by rosy health, and I will be yours, &c. for ever—I will do anything, I will apologize to you——” “Retract one word that you have uttered,” suppressing a smile, answered the doctor, “and I will be dumb! and you will lose that advice you almost fought to obtain: first, buy my book, then let Nature be your principal guide in future, and when you are at fault, Mr. Fox-hunter, consult page —— and you will be able to decide upon your own case.” “Buy your book?” said the fox-hunter, “aye, that I will; and I should think it cheap, if it cost as much as Rees’s Cyclopædia. I will purchase it in a canter, and it shall be as bible-proof to me for the remainder of my life.” “Do then, and make your exit without delay—I have lost too much time already,” answered the doctor. “I am off like a shot,” replied the fox-hunter, “but the first toast I shall propose at the club on my return home, will be, ‘Long life to Dr. Abernethy.’” “Fox-hunter, farewell!” said the doctor, “Remember, that your horse is your example—drink only when you are dry—satisfy your hunger, when it requires it—and when Nature points it out to you, take rest!” The fox-hunter behaved liberally as to the fee—they shook hands together like men who had a respect for each other—the doctor being perfectly satisfied that his patient belonged to that class of persons who are vulgarly denominated “rum customers;” and the fox-hunter did not quit the house of Mr. Abernethy, without being equally impressed that the doctor was one of those extraordinary men not to be met with amongst 20,000 human beings!

Elliston, of theatrical celebrity, about a year and a half ago, being confined to his bed with a violent attack of the rheumatism, and anxious to obtain the best advice upon the subject, sent for Abernethy to attend him. On the arrival of the doctor, he found Elliston attended by his nurse and another woman; but having waited a short time for their departure, they did not appear to take the hint, or perhaps did not think their absence absolutely necessary; the doctor began to talk respecting the complaint to Elliston without the least regard to delicacy, when the women quitted immediately. The coast being clear, Elliston threw off the bed-clothes, and, exhibiting his knee to Abernethy, observed, "I believe you call that the rheumatism, doctor—what is good for it?" "I don't know," replied Mr. Abernethy, "neither do I think the wise ones, whom they term the faculty, are any better judges of it! I have been laid up with the rheumatism for the last three weeks, and could not wait upon my patients, and I assure you I was totally at a loss for a remedy!" "I have followed the old women's advice," answered Mr. Elliston, and I have applied hot water and flannels to the parts affected!" "And why not?" said the doctor, "I have often found old women's prescriptions better than old men's; and I must confess, that I am for repeated warm applications; and I also think that the practical experience of old women-nurses in such complaints is much better than the advice given by the great men of the faculty. Therefore follow the plan you have adopted, keep your body open, and you will soon recover, as I have done." "I feel obliged by this call," replied Elliston, handing over two sovereigns to the doctor as his fee. "No, no, no! I cannot think of such a thing," answered the doctor. "But I must insist, Sir,—business is business," said Elliston; "the scene, I acknowledge, is most grateful to my feelings, but the actor has overdone his part—it is out of character—and I cannot permit you, doctor, to make your exit on such terms—I should forget the cue if I did." "Business must be attended to, I am well aware," answered the doctor with a smile; "and therefore my opinion is, that ten minutes' conversation with Elliston is worth two sovereigns, and I shall always *act* upon the same terms with you. Good bye, friend Elliston, (shaking him by the hand,) get well as fast as you can—and return to the stage." The doctor made his bow, and was gone before Elliston had time to reply.

A little sporting butcher, well-known in Fleet-market, but possessing a delicate constitution, and frequently unable to attend to business through illness, was advised by his friends to take the opinion of Abernethy as to the nature of his complaint. On obtaining admission to the doctor's house, he met with Mr. Abernethy in the hall, who rudely accosted the butcher with "What do you want?" "Your advice, Doctor," said the butcher in a very submissive style. "Pray, Sir, who told you that I was a doctor?" asked Mr. Abernethy. "All our market, Sir," replied the butcher—"the people—everybody—all the world!" "Then, Sir, your market knows nothing about it," answered the doctor, quite in a rage, "the people, or everybody as you say, are fools; and the world's a liar!" the doctor hastily making for his parlour-door.

"Stop, Sir, if you please," said the butcher, "you have forgot—" "What have I forgot?" replied the doctor impetuously—"Your fee, Sir!" said the butcher, bowing, and holding out the guinea to him. The doctor surprised, and, rather off his guard, observed, "Your head appears to be screwed on the right way—follow me." The little butcher having entered the parlour, the doctor said, "Who are you?" "I am," replied the little man, "one of the cutting-up tribe—a sticker—a kill-bull, according to the common slang of the day; but, after the old style of expression, I am nothing more nor less than a humble butcher at your service." "Indeed!" said the doctor, with a sort of grin on his countenance, "you are cutting me up, I believe—What is your complaint?" "I can't get rid of my grub, Sir," answered the butcher. "What!" replied the doctor, laughing outright—"not get rid of your grub, when the streets are so crowded with beggars!—you are a strange sort of fellow." "No, that is not what I mean—every thing I eat gets no further than here; it stops by the way;" said the butcher, (putting his finger up to his chest,) "the victualling-office, as we call it, is out of repair." "Oh, I understand you," answered the doctor,—“indigestion is your complaint.” “Yes,” replied the butcher, “that is the word you physical gentlemen name it.” “Read my book,” observed the doctor. “Perhaps that is more than I am able to do, as I am but a very indifferent scholar, and have been more engaged with beasts than with men,” answered the butcher. “The first school-boy you meet with, tell him to read to you page —, and listen to it with attention; follow it as closely as an informer sticks to an Act of Parliament, and your victualling-office will soon have a free passage through it, and your grub will no longer be a burden to you,” said the doctor, ringing his bell for the servant to show the butcher out. “I’ll book it at all events—it is as good as gold to me,” replied the butcher; “and now, Mr. Doctor, or whatever you may be, I wish to behave handsome in return—I will send you the primest rump of beef in all our market, that you may cut and come again; and when you are tired of cutting it, send for another—” “John!” the doctor calling out “open the street-door; this butch—gentleman wants to be gone.” “What a nice man I don’t think!” observed the butcher in a sort of whisper, and winking his eye towards the servant, “there are stranger fellows to be met with than the doctor, if you know where to find them.” Then raising his voice, “If you should want a steak at any time, Sir, don’t mention it, I shall always be grateful—I am not particular to a shade—” “The door I say, John!” urged the doctor; and the servant almost elbowed the little butcher into the street.

I am, Mr. Metropolitan,
Yours, &c.

PHILO-ABERNETHY.

CONVENT SKETCHES.—No. I.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF FATHER MENDIZABAL.

I KNOW of nothing that so much excites the curiosity of the traveller in Catholic countries, as monasteries and monks, convents and nuns. The novelist and the romance-writer have largely drawn from this source of interest; and imagination is accordingly early impressed with the fictions that have lent enchantment to their pages. Even at home,—in our country, from which all trace of the monastic life has long since disappeared, fancy, when left to wander at will among the ruins of our ancient abbeys, gleans an abundant harvest of romance; and how much more vivid then must her creations be, where time has left no gap of centuries to be filled up, and where convent-walls still inclose the living dead!

But, in truth, there needs not the aid of imagination, nor the fictions of the novelist, to awaken the interest and excite the curiosity of the traveller: convent-walls have still their secrets; many curious histories are buried within them; and by him who is fortunate enough to lift up the veil, the tales that have filled the page of romance will be often found to be outdone by realities,—I mean, those realities that have preceded the vow of monastic life. Men and women do not cut themselves off from the world and its enjoyments without a fitting reason; they do not devote themselves to the austerities of a cloister without a strong impelling motive. Some, I know there are, who misled in childhood by the artifices of priests and confessors, have renounced the world before they have known how to estimate it; and others, I believe there may be, who have made a deliberate choice of the monastic life; but by far the greater number of those who are the inmates of convents and monasteries have been driven from the world by strange events. In this opinion my own experience has confirmed me: I have visited those countries where the monastic life is the most honoured, and where it boasts the greatest number of votaries; I have gleaned where I could from convent records, and I purpose in these sketches to relate a few of the histories which have been confided to me. Let it not be supposed that all of these will prove tales of unmixed woe; the history of wrecked prosperity, and blighted hope, and hard usage from the world, would become tedious. The strange events that I have said drive men from the world, are not always melancholy; and the first of these sketches will be a proof of this.

“El Convento de San Geronimo,” said the man, in answer to my question what building that was on the opposite side of the Guadalquivir. I had often since coming to Seville, admired the situation of this building, standing upon a small elevation a little retired from the bank of the river, and surrounded by its groves and gardens. “It is well worth a visit,” added my companion; “there are many fine and valuable relics in it; and the friars are polite to strangers.” I had not yet visited any of the convents of Seville excepting *los Capuchinos*, where I had spent a part of almost every day amidst those immortal productions with which the divine Murillo has en-

riched the city of his nativity.¹ It was not the sanctity of the relics in the convent of Hieronomites, that induced me to apply to the *Intendente* for a letter to one of the friars, but the beauty of the garden, and a rumour also that two charming pictures of *Alonzo Cano* were to be seen in the sacristy. It is not necessary to have any introductory letter in order to see the church and sacristy of a convent, but I wished for higher privileges,—I was anxious to have the *entrée* of the garden which looked so enticing; and curiosity, in place of being sated, had only been excited by the revelations which convent recesses had already laid open to me. The *Intendente*, to whom I carried a letter from Don Manuel Gonsalez Salmon, one of the State ministers, received me politely, and immediately gave me a letter to El Rev. Padre Mendizabal, one of the friars in the convent² of San Geronimo: and the same evening, in place of taking my usual walk down the left bank of the Guadalquivir, which I generally selected because of the delicious fragrance of the orange groves that skirt it, I crossed the Plaza, and the wooden bridge over the river, and so reached the convent-gate.

Generally speaking, the Spanish friars are common-looking and vulgar-minded men, with little to excite interest or attract regard; but Father Mendizabal was an exception. He was a man of a thoughtful and somewhat melancholy cast of countenance, the very opposite of “fat contented ignorance looking downward upon the earth,” for he was spare and tall, with something of a military air, and altogether the reverse of that which we usually find in a monk. But I had been in some degree prepared for this, for the *Intendente* on presenting me with the letter, had said “Father Mendizabal has been in the army; but do not allude to this, for it is said to recall some appalling event that led him to change the camp for the convent.”

The stranger who visits a convent is always shown the relics in the first place, and Father Mendizabal did not deviate from this rule. First, therefore, I listened to the enumeration of sainted bones in the *relicario*, and sundry other holy shreds and patches; and then I delighted myself with the contemplation of the two exquisite morsels of Alonzo Cano, which adorn the sacristy; and from the sacristy we passed into the garden. I know nothing more beautiful than the garden of the Hieronomites in Seville: hedges of small-leaved myrtle line the walks; here is a little grove of orange, the various tinted fruit half-hidden among the bright green leaves of its lovely tree; there, a clump of palms, with their stately stems and fan-like canopy, and golden clustering dates; fig-trees, with their broad pendent leaves, and the acacia, with its thousand yellow-tufted blossoms, are scattered here and there: geraniums, with their deep scarlet or pale lilac flowers, trail from tree to tree and form a perfect underwood; and in the

¹ Murillo painted twenty-five pictures for the Capucin convent of Seville. All of these have escaped the chances of war and the dangers of covetousness, and are still in their places. These pictures are looked upon as among the ripest efforts of Murillo's genius, and, among them, is the celebrated picture of *Juan de Dios*—John of God.

² Convent (*Convento* in Spanish) does not mean only a house for women, but is used indiscriminately to signify a religious house for either men or women.

centre of the garden, surrounded by magnificent weeping willows, sleeps a still cold clear fountain in its black marble basin.¹

Father Mendizabal accompanied me all over the garden; but when I struck into the path that led towards the fountain, he seated himself at a little distance, saying he would there wait my return. I had never before seen a fountain of black marble; and, when I joined the friar, I remarked upon this peculiarity, adding that a better mirror could not be desired. I no sooner mentioned the word mirror, than a sudden change passed over the features of the friar, and a slight shudder agitated his frame; he immediately changed the subject and walked towards the convent, and I forgot the circumstance.

Almost every day I returned to the garden of the Hieronomites to enjoy its shade and coolness and delicious perfumes, and Father Mendizabal was always my companion. I became attached to his society, and I think the liking was mutual; there was a contemplative seriousness in his countenance and in his conversation, that possessed a peculiar charm, and it was not difficult to discover that the monastic life had not been chosen by him either from a love of sloth, or from those narrow-minded and bigoted notions that work upon weak or ignorant minds.

Every succeeding interview with Father Mendizabal increased my curiosity to be made acquainted with his history,—the history at least of the event, whatever it might be, that had separated him from the world. The hint of the *Intendente* respecting some “appalling” circumstance that had clouded the life of Father Mendizabal, would have been sufficient of itself to awaken curiosity, and an acquaintance with the friar had more than contributed to keep this feeling alive; above all, his constant avoidance of the black marble fountain was unaccountable: but at length a trifling circumstance occurred which led to a revelation of the mystery.

One evening, somewhat later than usual, I took my road to the garden of the Hieronomites; the porter opened the gate for me, and I walked straight to the fountain, and sat down upon its margin; the evening was unusually sultry, and it was no small luxury to lave my hands with the cool water. I had not sat long when I heard the voice of Father Mendizabal; and, upon turning round, I saw him in his usual seat beneath a clump of palms, from which the path diverges to the fountain. “Come, Padre, sit here,” said I, “’twill cool you more to lave your hands in the fountain, than to smoke fifty cigars;” but I could not prevail, and I went and seated myself beside him.

It so happened that on that day I had purchased in the city a small snuff-box with a mirror in the inside of the lid, and I chanced to carry it in my pocket; I opened it, and presented it to Father Mendizabal; but no sooner did he turn his eyes towards it than it fell upon the ground: a fearful shudder crept over the frame of the friar, and the most deadly paleness overspread his countenance. The circumstance was inexplicable, and my countenance doubtless expressed the utmost amaze-

¹ This description of the garden of the Convento de San Geronimo is applicable to almost all the convent gardens in the south of Spain; but a white or grey marble must be substituted for a black marble basin.

ment. In a few moments the paroxysm passed away; and the friar, turning to me with an air of unusual gravity, addressed me as follows: "Senor," said he, "I have had much pleasure in your society, and I deeply regret that our acquaintance must terminate. With no one save yourself have I ever found enjoyment in conversation since I adopted the monastic life, but it is impossible to converse with one who lives in the world without awaking a recollection of that which befell me there; a word may recall the events of a lifetime, and I am compelled to make a sacrifice either of your society or of my own tranquillity. But I would not that you should think me capricious; and, although it will require a painful effort to relate that passage in my life which I could wish were blotted for ever from my memory, I will, with your leave, explain the origin of those singularities which you have observed in my conduct, and the cause that led me to take refuge from the world in the seclusion of this convent;" and the friar, assuming a still more solemn expression of countenance, and in somewhat of an under tone, proceeded as follows:—

"I fear that when I shall have recounted to you my short narrative, you will be more inclined to pity my weakness than to sympathize in my misfortune; but this risk I am willing to encounter rather than seem ungrateful for your kindness and unworthy of your good opinion.

"I entered the army early in life; but it was not until the commencement of the war of independence¹ that I was called into actual service. I was never considered a coward, and at no time failed in my duty as a soldier; and in due time I obtained the command of a company. It was a few days previous to the decisive battle of Baylen,² and the division to which I was attached was partly quartered in Andujar, and partly encamped among the outer ridges of the Sierra Morena. Perhaps you have travelled in that part of Spain, and recollect the wild desolate character of the scenery?"

I replied that I remembered it well, having spent several days in the neighbourhood of Andujar. And the friar continued,—

"Orders had been received from General Castanos, that the division should march next morning upon Baylen, where it was intended to give battle; and the evening before the march, feeling, if not a heaviness of heart, at least a proneness to serious thought much at variance with the levity and noise of a camp, I withdrew from the mirthful society of my companions, and walking towards the rugged ridges that form the outposts of the Sierra, I selected for the scene of my meditations a deep, dry, and treeless gorge, that runs into the very heart of the mountains, and upon either side of which, huge, bald precipices rise almost perpendicularly. It was one of those gloomy evenings that are so unusual in Andalusia;³ a thick film overspread the sky, and there was a breathless calm in the air, all in

¹ The war which in England is called the Peninsular war is called in Spain the war of independence (*guerra de la independencia*).

² Baylen is a small village of Andalusia, situated near the foot of the Sierra Morena, and about six leagues from Andujar. It was there that Reding gained the victory over Dupont, which led to the evacuation of Madrid.

³ It is said that the sun shines on Seville every day in the year.

unison with the sternness and solitude of the scenes around me. Up this narrow valley I wandered far, in that musing state of dreamy and somewhat melancholy abstraction when we almost lose the consciousness of present existence, and when fancy, disregarding the bondage of time and distance, travels unfettered over the map of human existence, or even ventures beyond its limits. I was recalled from the day-dream in which I was revelling by the increasing difficulties of the path; and I sat down upon one of the fragments of rock that had fallen from the overhanging precipices, with which all the upper part of the valley was strewn. The windings of the ravine had entirely shut out the view of Andujar and its environs; farther on, it seemed to penetrate into the bowels of the mountain, for the rocks on either side now rose to a greater altitude, and approached so close to each other as to create a sombreness of light that accorded well with the melancholy character of the scene; and insensibly sadness gathered over my mind, and gradually deepened into a feeling of awe and solemnity almost allied to superstition.

"While I remained thus seated, undetermined whether to penetrate farther into the gorge or return to the camp, I perceived that I had a companion in my solitude. About two hundred yards farther up the ravine, a fragment of rock was occupied by another individual, who sat upon it in a like attitude with myself. This seemed singular; the more so, since even at that distance I could distinguish the uniform of an officer of my own regiment, whereas I knew that I had left all my brother officers at table in Andujar: but I supposed that in this I might be mistaken, and that some other had, like myself, stolen away to enjoy a solitary ramble; and admitting the possibility of this, though still almost persuaded that I had seen all my brother officers an hour ago, and had left them behind me, I rose with the intention of meeting my companion; and at the same moment that person rose also. As I slowly advanced, the superstitious feeling which I have already avowed grew upon me, and I paused for a moment; the other also paused; and ashamed of my weakness I again proceeded. But who shall describe the strange, undefinable, and awful sensations that rose within me, when, as we mutually approached each other, I discovered in my companion the likeness of myself!"

The friar here paused for a moment; painful recollections struggled in his countenance, but he braved them, and went on—

"Sir, if a spirit or a fiend had stood in my path, I believe I could have dared the encounter. But there—opposite—and but a few paces distant, stood one the counterpart of myself: my own eyes were fixed upon me! and as terror gradually overspread my countenance, I saw the features of the other distorted like my own—my own countenance, monstrous and convulsed. In an agony of fear, I shrieked, and fell to the earth; and in the same instant, another—a like terrific cry mingled with my own.

"How long I remained insensible, I know not. When I opened my eyes, the moonlight fell upon the silent valley, and there was no shadow but my own; and, as I returned to the camp, they were relieving the midnight watch."

Here the friar paused; and supposing that he had made an end of

his recital, I endeavoured to persuade him that the whole must have been an illusion, but he only shook his head and faintly smiled at my incredulity. Perceiving that he had still something more to add to his relation, I was silent, and the friar continued.

"This that I have related to you, was the origin of my misfortunes. From that moment I became a coward; I dreaded to meet a human being in a solitary place; my mind brooded constantly over the apprehension of a repetition of that fearful encounter, and I lived in terror of my own shadow. My military duties were neglected; and being one day stationed with a piquet at the entrance of a mountain-pass, fear obtained so perfect a mastery that I deserted my post, and was disgraced.

"I was a miserable man; the contortions of imagination were now added to the horror of a real recollection. Life was torture: I had not to contend only with the dread of what might be, for the objects around me were changed by imagination into objects of terror. In all that I looked upon I discovered a hideous representation of myself; the common implements of household use assumed a human form, and mocked me with their likeness; and if I spoke, the sound of my voice, and my words, were whispered in my ear. To live in the world was impossible: I believed that within the seclusion of a convent, fewer events would occur to recall the recollection of the past; and I hoped that prayer and penance might deliver me from the power of the wicked one, and restore me to reason, and perhaps even to tranquillity. The conflict was long, but it was never doubtful; for God, and the Virgin, and the Saints were with me. Faith gave reason the triumph over imagination; and in the solitude of my dormitory, or even in this garden, I am able to defy the distorting powers of fancy, and almost to banish recollection: but deep—deep within me yet lives that recollection; and it is agony to awaken it from its slumber. I must return to my solitude, while you go into the world to forget, probably to pity,—I trust not to despise,—Father Mendizabal. Farewell! Go with God and the Virgin."¹

It was deep dusk when the friar had made an end of his relation; and when I had pressed his hand, and saw his figure growing dim among the trees as he hastened towards the convent, I could not indeed but pity the man whose imagination had proved so great a curse, and whose fine intellect and noble nature, which might have lent perpetual sunshine to his path through the world, should be buried in the obscurity of a convent, and exhausted among the baubles which fanaticism contrives for the abasement of reason. I once more dipped my hand in the cool fountain, which was then only a mirror for the faint stars of heaven—pulled a sprig of the *yerba Louisa*, which still in part retains its fragrance—and leaving for ever the Convent of San Geronimo, I re-crossed the Guadalquivir, and entered Seville.

¹ The common Spanish salutation is, "Go with God," (*Vaya Vd. con Dios*). In some parts of the south it is, "Go with the Virgin."

THE ROMAN EAGLE.

WHERE art thou making
 Thy lonely home?—
 By the stormy sea
 Of Eternity,
 From thy dim eyes shaking
 The cloudy foam!

Why shivers thy plume
 In the night-air's breath—
 Like the Ship of the Dead,
 With thy black sails spread,
 Driven through the gloom,
 By the wind of death?

Twice seven hundred years
 Have gone o'er thee,
 Since the warrior's crest
 Lighten'd round thy breast,
 Or the red voice of spears
 Went out before thee!

Bird! art thou thinking
 Of carnage past?
 Are thine eyelids yet
 With the thick blood wet,
 Of the Briton sinking
 By his child at last?

What is Time to thee,
 Or cloud, or sun?
 Thy golden plumes sweep
 Ever, without sleep,
 In the dark of Memory,
 Thou victor-one!

Time cannot cloud
 Thy burning eyes,
 Thou look'st up to Him
 Upon the Cherubim;
 Thy screaming loud
 To his voice replies!

There was song and mirth
 In a Grecian vale,
 And a chorus bright,
 Dancing in the light,
 Along the shining earth,
 With wild-flowers pale.

Maiden voices hid

In the leaves were gushing:—
Hush'd is dance and singing,
Girl to girl is clinging;
The balmy air amid,
Thy wings are rushing! ¹

Before thy flying

The heavens grew black,
And flashing on the plain,
The war-horse shook his mane,—
Like foam on the dying,
The battle went back!

Wide the princes flung

Their palace-doors,
Lighting thy path along;
The breath of flowers and song
From the gem-wrought floors
To thy pinions clung.

Yet look out once more

From thy cloudy tower;
Earth is gathering her bands,
The spears are in their hands—
Come then, Spirit of yore,
Come in thy power!

Death is remounting

His steed of light;
His standard-bearer rears
His banner o'er the spears,
The shields Death is counting—
O come in thy might!

In the busy mart

The Furies sing;
HATE—the demon-birth—
Sitteth by each hearth;
Child from child doth part—
Then unfurl thy wing!

R. W.

¹ In allusion to the invasion of Greece by the Roman legions.

NAVAL NOVELS.

OF the few productions which have come under the title prefixed to this paper, Smollett has been said to be the originator; and, chronologically speaking, he is so. We cannot, however, agree in the dictum which attributes to him the highest excellence in nautical fiction; and we shall endeavour to show why it is that we differ from the verdict of the majority of critics who have estimated the genius of Smollett as a Naval Novelist. In other respects, no eulogy which has ever yet been paid by the warmest admirers of this great writer can, for one instant, be deemed extravagant. Our present business, however, with Smollett is confined to those parts of his works which tend to exhibit to landsmen the nature of the *goings-on* at sea. And here, like Shakspeare's jailor, we "Speak against our present profit, though our wish hath a preferment in it," when we say that although in all times critics have done more to mislead than to guide the multitude, never has the perverseness of the honourable craft been so triumphant as in the false impression regarding sea-stories produced by them on the public mind. This is the more remarkable, as happening in a maritime nation which transcends all others in the power and extent of its navy, and wherein it might consequently be imagined that almost every landsman would have some knowledge of marine affairs. The reverse of this, however, is the fact. No people in the world know less of the matter. Englishmen indeed are fond of the subject, but they take no pains to qualify themselves to apply the test of truth to such 'Tales of the Sea' as come before them: and yet we were told by Lord Halifax, one hundred and twenty-six years ago, that "the first article of an Englishman's political creed must be, that he believeth in the sea."

Smollett being the first writer (at least of novels) who attempted to delineate nautical life, critics and readers have been induced to take every thing uttered by him for gospel; and most unquestionably to him are the public indebted for many scenes afloat, which, being stamped by the hand of genius, are not likely soon to fade. Still it is not safe to rely implicitly on Smollett's representations; for though occasionally these are founded in a deep knowledge of the human heart, seconded by great skill in portraiture, his humour, generally speaking, is not so much that of a painter of real life as of a caricaturist; and the propensity to add the *outré* to what is in itself extravagant, though seen here and there through all his writings, is no where more obvious than in his naval scenes. Upon his exaggeration of naval character and incident, and upon the forced and inconsistent phraseology put into the mouths of his seamen, the critic has erected his standard of excellence in this line of fiction; but critics are, for the most part, "Gentlemen of England who live at home," though *not* at ease. [We are sorry to vitiate the quotation.] Now before a man can write like a seaman, he must learn to *think* like a seaman; and while we join in the general testimony as to the surpassing genius of our celebrated countryman, we may be allowed to add that vagueness of delineation no less than extravagance is a defect in his naval sketches. For example, we do not discern in his writings those nice distinctions of character which mark the different grades of the

profession. Trunnion the commodore, Oakum the captain, Bowling and Hatchway the lieutenants, Jack Ratlin and Tom Pipes the foremast-men, speak alike in the same strain of extravagant metaphor, which is not only misplaced in itself, but, in nine cases out of ten, is broken by the most violent incongruities.¹

In the 73rd chapter of *Peregrine Pickle*, we find the following passage in the dying speech of Commodore Trunnion: "This cursed hiccough makes such a *rippling* in the current of my speech, that mayhap you don't understand what I say. Now, while the sucker of my *wind-pump* will go, I would willingly mention a few things, which I hope you will set down in the log-book of your remembrance, when I am stiff, d'ye see. There's your aunt sitting whimpering by the fire. I desire you will keep her tight, warm, and easy in her old age; she's an honest heart in her own way; and thof she goes a little *crank* and humoursome, by being often *overstowed* with Nantz and religion, yet she has been a faithful *shipmate* to me," &c. &c.

In the foregoing passage, Smollett might, had he been living, have sheltered himself from our weak assault respecting the application of the phrase 'crank,' under the great authority of Shakspeare, who says that in drunkenness "the brain is the heavier for being too light." Be this as it may, we are certain that such a strain of discourse is at once improbable as occurring on a *death-bed*, and perfectly senseless as nautical metaphor. To be 'crank' is to want ballast, not to be 'overstowed;' and if the rippling of the current of a man's speech will prevent his being understood, surely a wind-pump ought not to be called into play to increase the rippling; though, up to the present hour, His Majesty's navy has been unaided by the operations of such an instrument as a *wind-pump*.

In making the above remarks, we fear that we may be considering the great novelist too closely, especially as his works are rather exhibitions or caricatures of life in general, than of that small portion of it which is confined to a ship. Smollett's sea-scenes are only incidental to his stories; they do not constitute the staple of *Roderick Random*; and the locality of *Peregrine Pickle*, though some of the principal characters are seamen, is altogether on shore. One of the great difficulties common to naval novelists is unceremoniously got rid of by our Scotch writer;—we allude to the non-introduction of his heroines afloat. They are confined to the shore, a circumstance which confers no very enviable benefit on the landsmen with whom they must associate, inasmuch as Smollett's virtuous women, of whom of course his heroines are formed, are any thing but attractive. It is hardly necessary to say that virtuous women are the best of women; but certain it is that Smollett had not the talent to invest purity with interest. His mind we fear was essentially gross, and (not to affect a paradox) his best women are his worst.

The most perfect of Smollett's naval delineations are to be found in

¹ Innumerable passages similar to the following might be cited in support of this assertion:—"A third, seeing my hair clotted together with blood, as it were, into distinct cords, took notice that my *bows* were *manned* with red ropes instead of my side."—How either the bows or side of a ship could be '*manned* with ropes' we, knowing something of man as well as of nauticals, are quite at a loss to conceive. A seaman would have said 'Red ropes are *shipped* to your bows,' instead of to your side.

his incidents in the cockpit, in which place, as a surgeon's mate, he would necessarily have been domiciliated; and this is not only evident in such parts of *Roderick Random* as are descriptive of scenes at the amputating table, but is also shown in the manner in which he so minutely depicts such cable-tier tricks as 'cutting down,' 'reefing sheets,' 'turning the turtle,' 'blowing the grampus,' and similar manual jokes peculiar to the lower regions of the orlop. In descriptions of this nature Smollett seems to revel; but it is worthy of remark, that although he had poetical faculties of no mean order, as manifested not only in his metrical productions but in his prose fictions, (witness the striking scene with the robbers in the forest, in *Count Fathom*,) yet he seems incompetent to delineate with minuteness and fidelity the grand aspect of nature on the deep. He endeavours indeed frequently to do this, but his descriptions resemble more the style of a log-book than that of a man whose imagination had been excited by the sublime influences of the scene. His 'tempests' and 'battles' are not exhibited for the grandeur inherent in themselves, but are made subservient to a display of incidents connected with his own individual profession; for example, what he terms the hurricane in *Roderick Random*, is briefly despatched in order that 'Poor Jack Rattlin,' who had fallen from the main yard-arm, at the expense of a broken leg, should be brought below to the surgeon for an operation. All the circumstances contingent upon this accident are described with minute detail, and are unquestionably very interesting. Again, in his 'battles' the reader's attention is not so much engaged by the impending fate of the hostile ships, as by the display of knives, bandages, tourniquets, and all the paraphernalia of marine surgery,—'a terrible show.' This proves that even a great man (and Smollett is truly such) may occasionally smell of the shop.

We have already spoken of the Doctor's tendency to exaggeration; and, that we may not be thought to accuse him rashly, let us cite one of the scenes wherein this tendency will be readily apparent. It is from *Roderick Random*.—We must premise that Captain Oakum had tyrannically commanded the 'sick' of his ship to be reviewed on the quarter-deck.

"This inhuman order shocked us extremely, as we knew it would be impossible to carry some of them on the deck, without imminent danger of their lives; but, as we likewise knew it would be to no purpose for us to remonstrate against it, we repaired to the quarter-deck in a body to see this extraordinary muster; Morgan observing by the way, that the captain was going to send to the other world a great many evidences to testify against himself. When we appeared upon deck, the captain bade the doctor, who stood bowing at his right hand, look at these lazy lubberly sons of b—s, who were good for nothing on board but to eat the King's provision, and encourage idleness in the skulkers. The surgeon grinned approbation, and, taking the list, began to examine the complaints of each as they could crawl to the place appointed. The first who came under his cognisance was a poor fellow just freed of a fever, which had weakened him so much that he could hardly stand. Mr. Mackshane (for that was the doctor's name) having felt his pulse, protested he

was as well as any man in the world; and the captain delivered him over to the boatswain's mate, with orders that he should receive a round dozen at the gangway immediately, for counterfeiting himself sick: but, before the discipline could be executed, the man dropped down on the deck, and had well nigh perished under the hands of the executioner. The next patient to be considered, laboured under a quartan ague, and, being then in his interval of health, discovered no other symptoms of distemper than a pale meagre countenance and emaciated body; upon which he was declared fit for duty, and turned over to the boatswain; but, being resolved to disgrace the doctor, *died* upon the forecastle next day during his cold fit. The third complained of a pleuritic stitch and spitting of blood, for which Doctor Mackshane prescribed exercise at the *pump to promote expectoration*; but whether this was improper for one in his situation, or that it was used to excess, I know not, but in less than half an hour he was *suffocated with a deluge of blood that issued from his lungs*. A fourth with much difficulty climbed to the quarter-deck, being loaded with monstrous ascites of dropsy, that invaded his chest so much he could scarce fetch his breath; and his disease being interpreted into fat, occasioned by *idleness and excess of eating*," (doubtless on banyan days when the foremast-man so sumptuously fares,) "he was ordered, with a view to promote perspiration and enlarge his chest, to go aloft immediately. It was in vain for this unwieldy wretch to allege his utter incapacity; the boatswain's driver was commanded to whip him up with the cat-o'-nine-tails: the smart of this application made him exert himself so much, that he actually arrived at the futtock-shrouds; but, when the enormous weight of his body had nothing else to support it than his weakened arms, either out of spite or necessity, he quitted his hold and *plumped into the sea*, where he must have been drowned, had not a sailor, who was in a boat alongside, saved his life by keeping him afloat till he was hoisted on board by a tackle.

"It would be tedious and disagreeable to describe the fate of every miserable object that suffered by the inhumanity and ignorance of the captain and surgeon, who so wantonly sacrificed the lives of their fellow-creatures. *Many were brought up in the height of fevers, and rendered delirious by the injuries they received in the way. Some gave up the ghost in the presence of their inspectors; and others, who were ordered to their duty, languished a few days at work among their fellows, and then departed without any ceremony.*"

That for too long a period it had been a practice prevalent in the navy to muster the sick on deck, we readily admit; but we unhesitatingly assert, that at no time of the service, even in the most tyrannical days, (and there is no denying that those of Smollett were certainly the worst,) could such a series of cool atrocities by any possibility have been perpetrated; the officers would have remonstrated, or the crew would have mutinied: flesh and blood, in short, could not have borne it, but would indignantly have asserted the rights of humanity, and forced the cowardly despot to 'walk the plank.' There are times and sufferings under the pressure of which it is difficult to wait the tardy retribution of the law. But a mere

violation of probability did not deter Smollett from indulging a desire to satirise the 'Service,' which it has been often said he detested. This wilfulness of purpose breaks out indeed in all his works.¹ Whatever he seems inclined to say, he says plainly and recklessly. There are passages in all his novels, especially in *Roderick Random*, which no other than himself, not even Fielding, would have dared to put forth. Talk of a 'Family Shakspeare' indeed!—we wish good Mr. Bowdler had directed his purifying operations to the works of our physician; for we know, and so does every one else, that no books are more freely put into the hands of youth, by well-meaning persons too, than the 'Standard Novels.'

With reference to his propensity to caricature, it may not be superfluous to allude to the extravagant dress in which Smollett has thought proper to attire Captain Whiffle upon the occasion of his going on board to supersede Oakum in the command of his ship:—
 "A *white* hat, garnished with a *red* feather, adorned his head, from whence his hair flowed upon his shoulders in ringlets, tied behind with a ribbon. His coat, consisting of *pink*-coloured *silk*, lined with white, by the elegance of the cut retired backward, as it were, to discover a white satin waistcoat embroidered with gold, unbuttoned at the upper part to display a brooch set with garnets, that glittered in the breast of his shirt, which was of the finest cambric, edged with right Mechlin: the knees of his *crimson-velvet breeches* scarce descended so low as to meet his silk stockings, which rose without spot or wrinkle on his meagre legs from shoes of *blue* maroquin, studded with diamond buckles that flamed forth rivals to the sun! A steel-hilted sword, inlaid with gold, and decked with a knot of ribbon which fell down in a rich tassel, equipped his side; and an amber-headed cane hung dangling from his wrist. But the most remarkable parts of his furniture were, a *mask* on his *face*, and white gloves on his hands, which did not seem to be put on with an intention to be pulled off occasionally, but were fixed with a curious *ring* on the *little-finger* of each hand." So that it was not, as the Frenchman says in the song, 'on his ring he wore a *fingere*,' but on his glove he wore a ring; or, as Jack would say, he wore a ring 'over all.'

This is a dress which Smollett might indeed have seen among the fancy characters at a Ranelagh masquerade, but which could not by any possibility have been exhibited on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, however ridiculous and contemptible the character of the wearer.

It is true that in the days of Smollett, *Jack* himself was rather 'rumly rigged.' A little low cocked-hat, a 'pea-jacket' (a sort of cumbrous Dutch-cut coat), a pair of 'petticoat trousers' not much unlike a Highland kilt, tight stockings with pinchbeck buckles in his shoes, constituted his amphibious 'fit-out;' he had no pig-tail; but, excepting this useful deprivation, no costume could be less adapted for a seaman's work. Fancy a man in this attire at the mast-head sending down a to'-gallant-yard, or hauling-out a weather-earing in a close-reef topsail breeze.—The tar of Trafalgar was

¹ Again in *Roderick Random*.

another guess sort of fellow—his jacket was short and succinct, and though his tail, half-mast down his back, brought him up now and then with a round-turn, he had no useless coat-skirts to be caught in the sheave of a block,—an accident by which his predecessor in the days of Benbow not unfrequently lost what he called his ‘precious limbs.’ Let him only be taut about the stern, and our Trafalgarian (for Jack out of a horror of any thing military despises suspenders) cares not how loose his trousers may be from fork to foot.

We have spoken freely of what has struck us to be defects in the naval portion of Smollett’s comic romances. We must not omit however to allude to the very masterly sketch of Commodore Trunnion. Having ventured to object to certain passages as unworthy of the general skill of the writer, let us specify some of those which manifest the genuine vein of comedy possessed by our novelist. In this way nothing can be better than the out-bursting of Trunnion’s feelings on hearing that one of his juniors had been made a peer of the realm. The speech is too *good* for quotation; but it is perfect in its way, whether considered as a manifestation of professional pique, or as illustrative of the weakness of the human heart. By the way it is worthy of notice, that when the scene is afloat, as in *Roderick Random*, Smollett’s style and feelings seem to partake of the uncomfortable state of things inseparable we fear from a life at sea, especially as regards the junior officers, among whom the doctor’s experience was gained. His pen therefore seems to have been dipped in gall and bilge-water. Nothing short of satirising and abusing the Service will content him; but when his naval heroes are settled comfortably in shore-retirement, as in *Peregrine Pickle*, the spleen of the writer vanishes; all is jocosé and kindly on his part, and, for the life of him, he cannot delineate any worse traits in his seamen than those which may be safely said to come under the head of amiable eccentricities.

We believe that, in order of time, the next naval novel of any celebrity is the *Post Captain*. Of this singular work the criticism may be said to lie in a few words, namely, that it irresistibly provokes laughter. To this however, we, who do not confine ourselves to a literary estimate of such works as may belong to our subject, but are compelled to examine them professionally, would add, that it appears to be not the production of a seaman, but of a landsman or naval civilian, who had industriously picked up the most common-place portions of sea-slang and had pressed them into the service; for be it observed, that there is a *slang* occasionally employed by loquacious watermen and pert blue-jackets, (for it does not follow that all fellows attired in blue jackets are seamen,) which is very different from the vernacular of the fore-castle. In the one, the *unde-derivatur* is to be readily traced, in the other it is quite the reverse. One example from the ‘*Post Captain*’ of this species of the slang will suffice:—“here I am, *like seven bells half-struck*.” Now it would puzzle the most metaphorical of Irish orators, even Counsellor Phillips himself, to give any reason for comparing a *man* to a *sound*. This simile may come under the general class of those favourite jokes which, by virtue of being exquisitely *bad*, are

universally and very properly called good. The general humour of the 'Post Captain' consists in its *double entendre*, which however is fortunately so veiled by naval phraseology as to be unintelligible to the uninitiated. This work has been erroneously attributed to Dr. Moore, the well-known author of 'Zeluco,' which no doubt took its rise from the circumstance of the doctor having taken a cruise in the — frigate, when commanded by his son the present Sir Graham Moore.

But not to an Englishman (though, as Lord Halifax says, "he is only capable of salvation *here* by believing in the sea,") is the praise due of having written the first genuine and thorough naval romance. This has been achieved by an American. Cooper's *Pilot*, though full of national prejudices, has unquestionably led the way in this species of literature.

W. N. G.

A TRIBUTARY STRAIN TO NICHOLAS PAGANINI.

Uscite pur, chiusi pensieri, uscite!—SALVATOR ROSA.

GREAT bow-man! man of sharps more sharp than swords!

Grand executioner, that hang'st in chords

The dying notes through which our rapture lives!

Swart neck-romancer of the magic scroll!

Mystic musician! oh, let me enrol

My homage with the praise that Europe gives!

Great Cambist, that exchangest notes for notes!

Wise votary, that dost secure all votes!

Pet child of fashion!—leader of the tone!

Arch-tollman of the string-supported bridge!

High scaler of perfection's air-iest ridge!

Oh! how can words thy vast perfection own?

True alchemist, illustrious Paganini!

'Tis thou canst turn each note into a guinea,

Thus giving notes a premium above gold:

A galvanist, thou mak'st dull bodies start

With thine electric touches—and thou art

"Master of Arts" more rife than may be told.

Weischel, Viotti, Spagnoletti, Mori,

Lafont, De Beriot, bold Spohr, and Oury,

Loder, and Cramer, and the noted May-
seder, all great, are little against thee!

Thou lord of Crowderos, competition-free,
The *ne plus ultra*, and *non più andrai*.

All others milk-and-water, every one, are,
Compared with thee, thou music's own Cream-owner!

Of thee it shall be said, with praise not scanty,
"This is the knight beyond La Mancha's name;

This is the knight careering forth to fame
With bow and hair-row, and with Rosin, a'nt he?"

Thy wild, mysterious, haggard, unstrung looks,
Thy raven hair that no coercion brooks,

Have made suspicion try at a false bar t'ye:
But well I know, thy doings are all sound;

Alas! what mischief can in him be found

Whose friends, foes, fiddle, are alike *amati*?

They call thee names—(I see their paltry drifts)—
As "one-stringed Jack, of neck-or-nothing shifts"—

But heed not thou of malice such a stale-piece;
And, while false rogues to draw the long-bow taught are,
Draw thou but thine, far better, although shorter;
Neglect their tales, and mind thy fiddle's tail-piece.

Time hath beat many who before beat him;
But wilt thou yield unto the tyrant grim?

Shall he o'er thee chaunt forth his mower's chime?
No!—fashions change, and seasons pass away,
But thou in fame canst never know decay,
Who art thyself "the very Nick of Time!"

Farewell, most mental instrumentalist!
Most learned fiddler! harmony's high-priest!
Farewell!—but do not go, thou dearest hope!
Borrow our ears and cash to any tune,
So that thou wilt not shift from us too soon:
Oh! make thy stay with us a double stop!

B.

¹ Quære, Cremona?—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

RICHES.—No. II.

“ De la panse vient la danse, et où faim règne force exule.”—RABELAIS.

“ Annoia il buon sovente, annoia il bello.”—GLI ANIMALI PARLANTI.

PROVERBS are the invention of the people, and they all more or less smack of their origin. The great majority of them turn on the means and uses of thrift, or on some incidental of poverty; and they arise out of the development of caution, patience, forbearance, or other faculty or passion familiar to suffering and helplessness. Had Aristocracy been equally sententious, “the wisdom of nations” would have been less lop-sided, and we should have possessed more abbreviated expressions for the embarrassments of wealth. When our nurses in bitter irony tell their charge, that “he is more trouble to them than all their money,” they little conceive that money in large masses is a most troublesome concern; and they who indiscriminately declare “a fat sorrow to be better than a lean one,” have certainly considered only one half of the question. Hard and up-hill work as is the accumulation of wealth, the business of spending it is still more recondite and laborious. Few indeed are they who accomplish the task with credit and comfort to themselves, and with benefit to their species; and the richest man upon ‘Change is often not more advanced in this department of political economy than the lame beggar who sweeps the crossing. To the frequent errors and mistakes committed by the rich in the employment of their means, must be attributed the still undetermined problem concerning the general utility of wealth as an instrument of happiness. Whether the dogma of the nothingness of riches be a cunning device of the favourites of fortune to reconcile the destitute to their hard lot, (and the sermons of stall-fed pluralists, lay and clerical, on the anti-needle-passing properties of wealth, do look very like a plot to secure the lion’s share in the advantages of established order); or whether the notion has arisen in the envy and spite of the poor, who cry “sour grapes,” because the golden fruit is placed beyond their reach; or, lastly, whether the whole proceed from a tacit conspiracy of both parties mutually to dupe each other; it is clear that imposition would be impossible, unless some accidental obscurity were cast round the subject. If the distribution of happiness among the different classes of society were really equal, the universal thirst for wealth would be a spring in the moral machine without an object; and let saints and sinners, cynics and dreamers, say what they will, no man in his senses could conscientiously believe that poverty is not an insufferable nuisance, if those in the possession of the good things of life did not, by gross mismanagement, occasion great misery, and convert what should be a general blessing, into a scourge for themselves, and for all within the sphere of their mischievous energy. As it is, indeed, the diatribes on this subject smack so nauseously of cant and affectation, that it requires no ordinary stretch of credulity to believe the declaimers in earnest. The boasting stoic, who proclaims his superiority to the accidents of fortune, if he does not always, like Seneca, write on a golden table, is, usually at least, far removed from

the fear of starvation. The tooth-ache is not the only ill which philosophy bears best at a distance, and the humblest of those who pray for neither riches nor poverty do not contemplate so low a rate of competency as would imply the loss of caste. Even Diogenes stipulated for his tub, and, though careless of other worldly goods, he was a miser and a voluptuary too in the article of sunshine.

It must, however, be admitted, that if riches have their use, it is not always very easy to find it out ; and that man is no mean philosopher, who can spend a princely income without feeling the weight of the burthen, and without forfeiting respectability or comfort.

What riches give us, let us then inquire ;

and the answer of the poet comes as pat as rhyme and epigram can make it,

Meat, fire, and clothes. What more ?—meat, clothes and fire.

And is this really the whole, Mr. Pope ? Why then did you take the trouble to translate Homer's two interminable epics for the amusement of your subscribers ? But, admitting this poetical philosophy, (for it can hardly be called philosophical poetry,) these little things are still great to little men, who, when all is said, must eat and find protection from the inclemency of the seasons. What with corn laws, coal duties, and tailor's charges for stay-tape and buckram, these are points not so easily mastered ; and no man who knows what it is to have dined at a slap-bang shop, to have bought a coat in Monmouth Street, or to have dealt in fuel by the bushel, would venture to turn up his nose at the poet's narrow measure of the uses of wealth. A comfortable supply of " meat, clothes, and fire " is a very comfortable thing, and though it may be thought that an exceedingly moderate sum of money will suffice to procure these matters in a simple but satisfactory abundance, yet there is more difficulty in producing this sum (the first element of future wealth) than in all the subsequent accumulation of millions put together.

Can riches, it is confidently asked, give health, or peace of mind, or real worth ? Not the mere possession of them, certainly ; but, well applied, they may much increase the sum of these blessings. Is it nothing to be able to insure the services of Sir Astley when in need of an operation ? Then, as for peace of mind, it is ever banished from that hearth on which the pot cannot be kept boiling. Besides, is it nothing to be master of your own time, and to be exempt from the necessity of plunging into the turmoils of the world and its doubtful honesty ? and if a man have a vocation to sanctity—is it nothing to command such a table as will insure the spiritual comfort and godly conversation of the very best of the pious, who conjoin the practical virtue of good eating with the flow of zeal ? It were as reasonable to rail against the gold, which is the material symbol of wealth, because it cannot be manufactured into steam-engines and razors, as to despise the thing signified because it is not the immediate cause of all it can indirectly effect. If riches cannot in all cases confer health, poverty is too often the occasion of

malady and premature death. Ramazzini has written a whole quarto on the diseases of operatives without having exhausted the subject. It is well known also that the average term of life is shorter for the poor than for the rich; and that even in great cities, where dissipation offers such seductions, and makes such ravages on the strongest constitutions, the upper classes enjoy a greater longevity than the industrious poor. Riches also are, to a certain extent, indispensable to the culture of the intellect, and even to a physical sense of that beauty and harmony in the creation which is necessary to the enjoyment of the arts, and to a perception of the moral beauty of truth and virtue. Nay, wealth has more to do with practical morals than Epictetus or St. Francis ever imagined. There are thousands of honest men who want nothing but the pressure of poverty to become incorrigible rogues, for one who could "bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" with unblemished reputation. It is fortunate for the humble artisan that he is unconscious of the enjoyments from which poverty cuts him off, for who that has tasted of the pleasures of the imagination would contentedly forego them?

To cry down wealth as indifferent to happiness is to fly in the face of daily experience. The richest nations, when they do not misemploy their resources, are, after all, the most civilized and virtuous. Even beasts of prey are less ferocious and dangerous when plentifully supplied with food than when pinched by hunger; and is man, indeed, so untameable an animal as to be inaccessible to the genial influence of agreeable sensations? Riches, however, are a great power; and it must be admitted that they require knowledge commensurate to wield them with discretion. Wealth in the possession of a fool or a knave is a firebrand in the hands of a maniac. Hitherto, wealth has developed itself in societies faster than knowledge; and too much ground, alas! has been given for the fallacy of arguing from the abuse to the use. Nations in accumulating riches have less sought for diffusive comfort than for the formation of close aristocracies, and the interests of the many have been sacrificed to those of the few. The consequences have been wars, national and civil, inordinate luxury, and a population of beggars; while individuals, possessed of more power than they could properly wield, have ruined their health and dissipated their fortunes in the search of ideal gratifications, and of pleasure without enjoyment.

But the various uses of money are not yet enumerated. Who would not place at an high value that delightful, though somewhat metaphysical, attribute—"respectability?" Nobody on earth likes to be cut, or to be left out, in the most agreeable hospitalities; yet genius and virtue personified would pass through the world unacknowledged if the seams of their outward garments were a shade too visible. For the poor there is no friendship; or if pity, habit, old acquaintance, or affections not quite frozen by the world's north-easters, should now and again induce an act of eccentric benevolence towards an unfortunate, it will rarely extend beyond a dinner, "quite alone," in the privacy of the country, or a salutation in

a bye-street when nobody observes it. The friendship of a rich man is a matter of public boast; it is claimed in the circle, and canvassed in Rotten Row. His wishes are anticipated,—his society sought on the most *select* occasions; and no circumstance in life will deprive him of a single admirer, but the loss of his—property. But this is the very common-place of life, and it is only mentioned to introduce a remark of more importance, and to notice a prevalent error. There are many who imagine that this idolatry of wealth proceeds from a parasitical desire of participating in the rich man's advantages, but the fact is not so. The admiration of wealth is not always connected with the expectation of benevolence or hospitality;—there would be something rational in that. Riches are esteemed for themselves alone; and the less generous the possessor, the larger will be his fortune. All moral qualities, like false stones, are valuable only in proportion to the richness of their setting; or, rather, the gold is the subject, and man and his virtues accidents only, scarcely worthy of consideration. In trade every one prefers dealing at the greatest warehouse;—in politics the rich candidate is the sitting member;—in religion “a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;”—in literature the *Amphitryon* is the greatest wit;—and even in police offices and gaols there are respectable and disrespectable thieves, and a capital felon and a felon of capital are two very different personages.

According to the new lights of modern discovery, the advantages of wealth are not confined to mere worldly interests. It is also a very powerful adjunct in that process, which is known in Ireland by the phrase of “making your sowl.” The laws of morality are much less rigid for the rich man than the poor; and conduct assumes a very different colour according to the pecuniary circumstances of the agent. The wag, who in a drunken frolic stabbed the waiter in a tavern, and coolly ordered him to be charged in the bill, overstepped, perhaps, the modesty of the purse's license; but as far as a common assault goes, a rich defendant is usually permitted to “speak with the prosecutor out of court;” which is a technical euphemism for buying off fine and imprisonment. The purchase of a borough wholesale has long been allowable; but the receipt of a two-guinea bribe for a single vote was heinous and penal. Every man, also, is allowed as much adultery as he can afford to pay for; while a poor devil who cannot advance the parliamentary fees, is, with more than Mezentian cruelty, tied for life to the wife, whose innocence the rich man has legally purchased. Now, the law of the land being the perfection of reason, there can be no doubt that its estimates of morality are in strict accordance with the laws of nature and of God, and that the decisions of the courts below will be held valid before the tribunal of St. Peter. Accordingly, the most rigorous sticklers for a judaical observance of the sabbath graduate its violations by the cost, and punish severely in the poor man practices which they freely tolerate in the rich. Generally speaking also, he whose name is down for large sums in the subscription-list of the multitudinous religious societies has a *carte blanche* for all vices that fall short of an infraction of conventional decency. Can such things be re-

conciled with the Scripture metaphor of the camel and the needle? If not, what is the inference? Why plainly, that the passage is an interpolation of some blasphemous Jew; either to bring Christianity into contempt as jacobinical, or, by disgusting the feeblers brethren with wealth, to throw it more decidedly into the hands of Hebrew monopoly. Riches, a stumbling block in the way to heaven forsooth! what then is the use of cheap tract societies, orthodox charity schools, and missions to convert the sallow-faced dealers in Turkey rhubarb, red slippers, and lead pencils?

But, perhaps, the most decided advantage of wealth is, that its possession *per se*, and independently of all its applications, is a source of intense gratification.

How beauteous are rouleaus, how charming chests
Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins!

The mere contemplation of such objects is a beatitude itself; and it seems to have been provided by nature, in mercy, to occupy that portion of human life in which the passions of youth have lost their spring and temper. Observe the countenance of any man in the act of buttoning up his pocket, and its expression will plainly indicate how the said pocket is lined. There is a self-complacency in every lineament, which bespeaks the latent gold beyond the possibility of mistake: while the man of empty purse sneaks about the world as if he had committed larceny. This is a matter of much moment, for half the success in life is derived from self-possession. Give a man a comfortable independence, and he is enabled boldly to take the head of the table, to engross the conversation, and to assume that confident tone and manner that bespeaks applause. This the greatest coxcomb of poor men rarely can achieve: or if innate impudence, or conscious merit, urge him to attempt the part, every one in company better off than himself instinctively resists the unfounded pretension. His remarks drop unanswered; his speech is cut short by a richer and more qualified interlocutor; and a stare of astonishment from the master of the house crows him into silence and insignificance. At best the poor man must understand the subject upon which he advances an opinion, and be very sure that he has something to say worth listening to, before he hazards an anecdote or a jest, which is one of the greatest drawbacks on shining in company that a diner-out can experience.

To make the most of the thousand privileges inherent in the possession of money, (be the same more or less,) is the great secret of happiness. There is no spectacle in the moral world more distressing, than that of a rich voluptuary who has reduced himself to envy the keen appetite of a starving beggar, or to blow out his own brains in order to escape from intolerable *ennui*. Every one is not born with a taste for those pleasures which gold can buy; and without it, riches are often but a splendid misery. By a defect in the order of nature, the instinct of money-making is not always connected with the faculty of enjoyment; but then, the pleasure of accumulating is perhaps enough for one mortal; and Providence may have "shown itself more just" in reserving the gratifications of expendi-

ture for the heir. "Why call we misers miserable?" asks Lord Byron; and it certainly is a complete *lucus a non lucendo*. Elwes, with his hard eggs, and roof that let in the rain, was as happy in the indulgence of his whim, as if it had been the most rational and epicurean. But the case is very different with him who scatters abroad his wealth, and does so without the due return of pleasure; expenditure without object is mere vanity and vexation of spirit. How many wretches do we meet with in life, who, born to large possessions, have wasted their means in vague experiments on happiness, and have arrived at their last guinea without discovering the true sources of enjoyment. It is not every dissipated person who relishes dissipation; it is not every horse-racer, who loves the turf; nor every collector who delights in pictures. Yet, without the proper *gusto*, thus to waste one's means, is about as wise as to ruin one's fortune in marrying portionless girls, building hospitals, or throwing the money into the abyss of the national debt. Nothing can be more weak than such impertinent expenditure; yet there are few who can resist the imperious calls of fashion, at whose bidding the most painful sacrifices of time and fortune are unhesitatingly made. Why should a rich man care for fashion? He who has to live by his industry must be all things to all men; and an unendowed candidate for distinction must adopt the reigning modes, in order to get on in high life; but the rich man may cock his hat, and set the world at defiance. What need has he to game, to drink, or to lose his money at *écarté*, unless he likes it? Why should he ruin his health on the treasury-benches of the senate-house, when he wants neither place nor pension? It cannot be sufficiently borne in mind that the world was made for the rich, and that they should never do any thing which they do not perform with a perfect and entire relish. In this respect, there is no greater voluptuary than the wealthy man of benevolence. While he is diffusing happiness around him, and calling down blessings from hundreds of grateful hearts, he is himself luxuriating in delicious sensations, and is nothing better than a refined epicure. It is very much to be regretted that the speculators upon the next world indulge so little in this sensual enjoyment; and that in scattering abroad their assets upon post-obits on Paradise, they place them so rigorously on their own heads. The papists play their game with more wisdom; and in saying masses for the dead, gratify their own affections, and indulge their fondest attachments. Praying for the dead, it is true, is canonically a damnable error; but, according to the world's wisdom, it has this advantage, that the defunct is not contracting a new score as fast as they rub off, which is more than can be said of too many living saints, who go to a considerable expense upon their own souls.

To make the most of riches requires a knowledge of nature, and more especially of our own nature. We laugh at the mad frolics of sailors when the ship is paid off; but their errors are not less gross than those of the dissipators in high life. A wise man, were he as rich as Cræsus, should eat his venison and drink his claret with some reference to the powers of his stomach, and should remember that money is meant to purchase pleasure and not pain. Figure to yourself a splendid establishment in some fashionable street for the sale of

diseases. How strange it would appear to see carriage after carriage drive to the door; one man putting down a thousand pounds to carry off a commodity of chalk-stones; another bidding hundreds for a butt of London particular liver complaint; while a fine lady pledges her jewels for a complete set of shattered nerves, or a domestic establishment of blue devils! Yet nine-tenths of the west-enders are practically doing this, and worse than this.

The mastery which wealth gives to its possessor over his own time, is by mismanagement converted into a perfect curse; and the first lesson bestowed on a young heir should be upon the use and economy of this element of happiness. As the world goes, a rich man is singularly well off who has picked up the art of wasting his hours gracefully, and who gets rid of "the enemy" without falling into dangerous or dishonourable vice. There is many a warm fellow who might envy the convicts at the treadmill; for they at least do not endanger their lives, like the fox-hunter; and their labour is much lighter than that of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Some of the most pains-taking people to be met with are the injudicious expenders of superfluous time, who go through more real discomfort in their attempts at occupation than they who are obliged to work in order to—eat. England, which is the most wealthy of nations, is perhaps also the most miserable in its abuses of the powers of wealth. A large part of its resources go in the purchase of direct and positive evils. Kirwan used to say, that the money thrown away on the revolution-war would have built a bridge between Ireland and England; and if half the money which is wasted on boroughmongers and the cadets of noble houses, to place them in a degrading and miserable semi-gentility (for at best they are but state-paupers), had remained in the pockets of the industrious tax-payers, the sum of human happiness would have been incalculably increased.

Volumes upon volumes are printed on the theory and practice of accumulation; while a few short sentences are thought sufficient for the more vital question of wholesome expenditure. Thus is the end sacrificed to the means; and society in the nineteenth century very little advanced in diffusive comfort beyond that of the ninth. The slave who works in the gold-mine, and the artisan who pines in the poisonous atmosphere of the cotton-mill, are popular objects of pity; but what is the world at large but one vast elaboratory of wretchedness, in which successive generations are sacrificed in useless toil, and in production unaccompanied by enjoyment, while the few favourites of fortune are not less essentially miserable in the possession of inordinate wealth, which they know not how to employ, and have not the honesty more fairly to participate?

M.

EPIGRAM.

Poor Bella and I were last night at a route,
 All gaily she look'd as if death she defied;
 In the morn she was lifeless—her case who can doubt?
 She dream'd St. John Long was her doctor—and died!

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.—No. IV.

It was the constant practice of the midshipmen to form parties on horseback, and imitate our Smyrna friends by a sham-fight with d'jherids. If a dog could be found, of course it afforded us additional pastime, as we all left our ranks to hunt and to spear him. In one of these boyish sports a lance struck my horse on the head; the animal instantly turned short round, and, as I attempted to regain my position by seizing the mane and dropping the bridle, the liberated steed set off at full gallop, got his head up in the air, and flew down a narrow street. I tugged, and pulled, and hauled to no purpose,—my horse seemed to know he was on the right tack for going home; and the more I pulled the faster he went; at last the eternal bumping jolted one of my pistols from my pocket, and I made a desperate haul to recover it, which stopped my horse. I was surrounded instantly by a host of Turks, one of whom picked up the pistol and seemed very little inclined to part with it. To my horror and dismay the very Turk we had lashed aloft came out of the house near which I had stopped, and recognised me at a glance. Another instantly seized my bridle, and I was a captured man. The malignant vengeance of the insulted Mahometan sparkled in his furious eyes; he entered into conversation with one or two of his friends, and led the horse to his door, then approached me, and asked for the other pistol: this I refused: he then seized my dirk, and told me to dismount. I was in such a dreadful fright that I scarcely knew what to do. Summoning up courage I drew the remaining pistol and threatened to shoot the man who held the bridle. He instantly quit- ted his hold, and I kicked and cried like a jockey. The horse instantly started off into a gallop, which I encouraged by every means in my power, and followed by a host of Turks I flew towards the market, which is the landing-place. I looked in vain for a boat; there was none in waiting, I therefore jumped from the horse and left him to find his own way home, ran up the hill to the right, and got in safety into the Greek inn; then to the billiard-room where I was sure of finding some one, and sat down in sullen silence in a corner. Shortly afterwards the midshipman under whose care my father had placed me, entered the room with my dirk and pistol, and congratulated me on my escape. He had had rather more than a show of fight to recover my weapons; and I vowed I never would ride down that street again; to which vow I most religiously adhered.

We were permitted to see the mosques of Constantinople; and we laughed at the eternal revolutions of the dancing dervishes,—not that the dervishes dance in a mosque, if dancing it can be called. We visited the bazaars, rode much about the country, and passed three months most agreeably. Our time now drew towards a close, and the leave of audience was fixed for some near day; meantime we visited the Turkish fleet. The captain received us on deck with a long pipe in his hand, and then betook himself to smoke the same, although on one side of the ship they were hoisting in the powder. As in the British navy all fires are carefully extinguished whenever the powder-lighter is near, we did not feel upon roses with the captain smoking so close to the combustibles. Our departure from that

ship was hurried, but we had due time to make observations on the next. In the Turkish navy they have no hammocks; they roll their mess-traps up in a carpet, and this carpet represents a hammock in the nettings; the consequence is that on board of a Turkish ship the decks appear unusually clear. They have not studied "the results of machinery," and are by no means convinced that tables, glasses, cups, &c. contribute much to the comfort of life. The master of one of the ships asked for the sun's declination for the approaching year, mentioning at the same time that he was the only man on board his ship who understood the compass or navigation. He was quite astonished at my being produced to work the reckoning and handle a quadrant, remarking that "the beardless boy had much wisdom." In Hadji Baba, the Persians are made to express their wonder at that which is to them wonderful; but the Turk could scarcely believe his own senses when he saw the other youngsters explaining the compass and the steerage of a ship. Upon the whole, the Turkish navy was voted most gloriously out of order below, and the rigging would disgrace the Russian fleet, before it got somewhat into order by sailing with ours. We saw the fleet weigh anchor to sail in *search* of the enemy. I never saw such a lubberly set of long trowsers in my life; they made more noise than black men clearing a cargo, and they "shortened sail" as they came into the world—"one after the other."

The day of leave of audience arrived, and we fired a salute at 4 o'clock in the morning, as the Sultan (the present Mahmoud) passed the ship. At 5 o'clock we all landed at Constantinople. There we found horses richly caparisoned, awaiting our arrival. The ambassador had one selected for him; but amongst the minor stars we scrambled for ours. I selected a fine grey with a rich embroidered saddle-cloth; he began to caper and prance directly he felt my light weight. However I was safe enough this time, for we had to ride through files of janissaries, who kept us in our places by occasionally seizing the bridles. In this manner we arrived at the Seraglio, making, for Christians, a very promising show, and assuming as much gravity as we could command on the occasion. Midshipmen-like, being out of the fire of the captain, we laughed and talked as opportunities occurred—Mustapha often rebuking me with my want of proper respect for the Sultan's officers, which severally were quizzed as they passed us. We dismounted at the Seraglio-gate, and repaired to the inner square. Here we saw the troops paid—I fancy a rather unusual sight in those days. The money for the companies was put into different bags, and placed at a certain distance from the soldiers: on the word of command, they all started off for the prize, the quickest runner, of course, getting possession. He received some extra paras (a small coin, three of which make a penny,) for conveying it to the barracks. This was the most amusing part, but we soon got tired of seeing these clumsy fellows roll over each other. We were ushered into the hall in which was the Grand Vizier; (I have passed over the leave of audience with him individually, as likewise that of the Capitan Bashaw; this of the Sultan's, being the most splendid, may suffice for all;) he was seated on a raised floor, on which was a musnud; before him was a table, and in

different parts of the room were round tables raised a little from the ground and sprinkled about like those in a club-room. The ambassador sat at the board of the Grand Vizier, and the rest were distributed at the different tables according to their respective ranks with the exception of myself. I was kept close to Captain Bathurst, and had the honour of sitting in the company of the Capitan Bashaw. We squatted like tailors, and instantly discovered that although there was a table-cloth, yet there were no knives or forks. When the first dish was placed on the Grand Vizier's table, an order arrived that the Infidels (meaning us Christians) might be clothed and fed, and brought before the Sultan. We were robed according to our ranks:—the ambassador had a splendid ermined robe ornamented with gold; the captain was not neglected, neither was Lord Byron; but as for the rest, they were the cheapest court-dresses I ever heard of—I sold mine afterwards, a kind of bunting-dress with round buttons, for twenty piastres. This done, the robing I mean, we again came to anchor in our different situations, and the feast began. We found our new court-dresses rather against the exercise of our arms, which we were forced to have recourse to.

The first operation when a dish was placed on the table, which were only brought one at a time, was to dispatch its contents; but as we were without those feeders—"forks," our fingers were substituted. As may be supposed, no one was anxious to be the first in the dish, and I believe we might have waited until this time, had not the Capitan Bashaw, with proper becoming Turkish gravity and politeness, aware of our awkwardness, kindly become our master, and set a laudable example by plunging his fingers into a dish of stewed cabbage, and, throwing his head back with most oriental elegance, deposited the savoury morsel into as wide a mouth as Grimaldi's. The thing was beautifully executed, not a drop of gravy fell upon his dress, and he followed up the first attack with a rapid seizure of another pinch. Still we looked in silent astonishment at each other; the example, although fairly set, left some doubts in our minds as to the propriety of its being followed, for the fingers of the heretics ought not to dip in the same dish with those of the faithful; but as the Sultan had commanded that the Infidels should be fed, we considered it nothing more than common civility to obey so sublime a mandate. I stretched out my eager hand, which Captain Bathurst very properly put aside, adding,—*"S—s—s—stop, youngster, I fancy you have forgotten to wash your hands this morning, let me try first."* The ice was fairly broken, and we commenced our arduous undertaking; we got on manfully, but in silence, for Turks seldom converse with much animation at any time, and often have I seen them smoke and swallow coffee for hours together without uttering a syllable. Dish after dish in unceasing regularity was placed before us, for one was never removed until its successor was in the hands of a servant ready to be placed upon the table. We managed the kabobs the best; these are small pieces of grilled meat placed upon a wooden skewer, about a respectable mouthful in size, and easily handled; but of these, for it is a common dish, and by no means admissible into a Turk's cookery-book as a fashionable edible, there were but few, and they were

shortly demolished. At last came a boiled turkey; we looked at each other, and silence was broken for the first time by Captain Bathurst voting us "properly puzzled at last;" but no, the Captain Bashaw seized the bird by the breast, and twisting his hand, tore away a large portion of the meat; another of our party, Sir Stratford Canning, I think, attempted to follow the example, but he was unsuccessful as to quantity, and we hesitated to make another trial. I ventured to hint, for I like turkeys, that the legs were easily handled, and that a certain good allowance would be the result of the attack. "Well, then," said the Captain, "do you seize one, youngster, and I'll try the other." I did as I was desired, and in a second we left only the body for the rest of the company; it was boiled to rags, and hardly repaid us for the laugh we occasioned. The Bashaw did not laugh; he never relaxed a muscle of his face, and seemed to think himself by no means nearer Heaven for being placed in such excommunicated society. Thirty-two dishes I counted, and the last a composition of garlic, onions, and toad-stools apparently, nearly dislodged what I had so carefully stowed away. Iced sherbet, a beverage fit for angels, was then handed round, after which some stewed pears were offered. There was now a dead halt for a short time; when a phalanx of servants appeared with silver basins and napkins. I could not refrain from laughing when I saw the idleness and the want of common exertion in the Bashaw; a slave washed his face and beard, he remaining as passive as a child; in the mean time, the same cleansing took place amongst us all: a very respectable Turk washed my chin, for I could not swear by my beard in those days; he then performed the necessary ablution to my hands in perfumed water, and dried them in the softest of napkins. I thought I should like to turn Turk if it were merely for the comfort of being washed without any trouble to myself.

The whole ceremony of eating being disposed of, we were desired to attend the Sultan; and as soon as Mr. Adair had entered the gate leading to the audience-room, the janissaries interfered to prevent us all from crowding in, but here again I was favoured by fortune and the Captain, for he held me by the hand, and I was pushed along into the sublime presence. Mahmoud was then about five-and-twenty years of age, a splendid looking man, with the most orthodox of black beards. He rose to receive the ambassador, a compliment which, at the leave of audience with the Captain Bashaw, was omitted by that now headless, and then uncereemonious, Turk; a vast deal of talking and compliments, and presentations of letters took place, and we were then invited to depart with about as much ceremony as we were invited to enter. It was reported by Mustapha, that the sultan had amused himself from behind a curtain in watching the repast scene, and that one of the many female favourites was likewise employed in satisfying herself of the truth that heretics could eat with their fingers like men, and that we had not tails like monkeys. This last remark is by no means confined to ignorant females of the East, for in the West, in America, the same idea prevails amongst the lower orders. A very handsome English woman told me at Xalappa, a town about 60 miles inland from Vera Cruz, that she was tormented by crowds of women,

eternally looking into her window when she went to bed, and that for the soul of her she could not discover the reason; she added with a smile, had they been men, the difficulty might have been solved: when I told her my idea on the subject, she laughed heartily, and consulted her Spanish maid, who confirmed my opinion. The lovely Mrs. M. satisfied her domestic that at any rate she was not one of Lord Monboddo's primeval females, and that if she had been blessed with that necessary monkey appendage, it had been worn away by constantly sitting upon it. The maid certified the crowd of the truth, and Mrs. M. was allowed to undress in proper privacy and comfort.

We bundled back to our boats in most glorious confusion—robed in our new garbs, which, we were told, it would be disrespectful to lay aside until we reached our proper abodes. The whole ceremony was concluded by noon; and at one p. m. we fired a salute as the Sultan passed us in returning to his harem on the shores of the Bosphorus, to which place the greatest part of his women had been removed the day after the arrival of the frigate.

We know of many persons eccentric enough to be present at every execution; and many have paid immense sums to gratify such whimsical inclinations, although I am very partial to "a circumstance" such as the upsetting of a carriage, the dislodgement from a horse, the being run over by a cart, may be termed; yet I never could bring myself to quietly await the last scene of a condemned culprit's life;—however when I heard that forty men were to suffer the bowstring, and their leader to be beheaded, the opportunity was too tempting to be resisted, and I resolved to see the last part of this grand tragedy. It had been found convenient to vote these poor devils pirates, and the leader who was possessed of the most dangerous article in Turkey (money), and who had long since retired (if he ever engaged in it) from being "a fisherman of men," as Lord Byron calls Lambro, was also voted to have been some time or other a pirate, and he therefore was to be beheaded, and his *estates confiscated* unto the Crown. The fact was they wanted his money, and therefore they took his head first. The ceremony was most unceremoniously performed, for they began before the time appointed; the shears of Atropos had closed before we arrived, and the beheaded criminal was laying in front of the executioner's house, with his head placed between his thighs, and only one human being near. Lord Byron looked with horror at the appalling scene—No man can form an idea of the distorted sight who has not seen it, and neither am I inclined to recall to my recollection the horrible appearance of the corpse. Not far off stood a melancholy-looking Turk, endeavouring to scare away some dogs, but his attempt was useless; for, unmindful of our presence, they rushed at the body and commenced licking the blood from the neck—I never remember to have shuddered with such a cold shudder as I did at that moment; and Byron, who ejaculated a sudden "Good God!" turned abruptly away. Moore, in his *Life of the great Poet*, supposes the objects which occurred to Byron were used as the foundations of his *Poems*—Look at the "Siege of Corinth:"

And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,

Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb,
They were too busy to bark at him.

And the following line pourtrays the feelings of Alp's mind, operated upon by the same circumstances as the Poet's :

Alp turned him from the sickening sight, &c.

However if I was out of luck on this occasion, for I understand the executioner boasted of the clean cut by which the head was severed from the body, I was fortunate on another ; this was nothing more nor less than the bastinado bestowed upon some of our boat's crew, who having very unceremoniously seized a Turk by the turban, a row ensued, and two of our tars were lodged in a small gaol close to the market-place. I happened to pass, and overhearing words much like unto the following, I ventured in : " I say Jack, what's that Turk going to do to you ? " " D— me if I know—but he seems to have taken a fancy to my shoes." I just came in time to see the two sailors thrown upon their backs, and two stout Turks commencing a most regular hammering on the soles of their feet with sticks resembling those carried by janissaries. Jack roared in no common style, which seemed to astonish the Turks ; for they stand the bastinado with apparent indifference, accounting it rather an honour than a punishment, although they seldom solicit a continuation of such favours. I shortly had our men released, but they walked tenderly for at least a week afterwards.

It was on a Sunday, the crew all neatly dressed, the awning spread, and that silence which marks the sabbath on board of a man-of-war in harbour was particularly remarkable,—on the fore-castle were one or two seamen, who walked up and down with measured step ; some were seen on the fore part of the booms reading or sleeping ; it was about three in the afternoon, the officers at dinner, the midshipman of the watch lolling over the taffrail, and the sentinels on the gangway measuring their post in all the lassitude of the east, and the carelessness conspicuous where discipline is relaxed, when a shout arose from the shore, which startled the sleeping crew into sudden animation. The confusion was immense ; the roar of tongues, louder than the roar of waters, when suddenly a Turk appeared nearly covered with blood ; a sabre in his hand, by which he cleared his way, running towards the landing-place, and pursued by hundreds of his countrymen who kept vociferating to others to seize the culprit, or to cut him down. The pursued Turk leaped into the nearest boat with the agility and skill of a sailor (for if you do not leap into the centre of a Turkish boat, you infallibly contrive to fall into the water). The boat was launched in a second, the Turk was seated at his oars, and propelling its long iron beak into the side of the frigate ; in spite of the menaces of the sentinel, the appearance of the bayonet, and the assembly of the ship's company, he sprung up the side, ran under the ensign, and there, tearing the turban from his head, knelt down and made the sign of the cross. The row, the tumult increased ; every boat in Pera seemed instantly on the water, and a scene of animation, fear, revenge, and impetuosity occurred, which never could be surpassed. Apprehensive that something more than met the eye might be the result, the marines were instantly placed under arms to keep off

the other boats, while that of the prisoner floated untenanted and unregarded by the seraglio-wall, drifting into the sea of Marmora. In vain the first-lieutenant endeavoured to learn the cause of this sudden hubbub. All hands in the boats responded in pure Turkish, which increased in volubility as the numbers increased.—There was the prisoner, his bald head, and Mahomet-lock conspicuous, his arms rivetted round the flag-staff, his eyes flashing with fury and fear, unable or unwilling to speak. It happened that Mustapha, who always was on the look-out to keep us clear of mischief, hearing the noise, which might have been heard a league off, came alongside; but before he came up, he was desired to warn the rest off, and inform them that the case should be properly examined. It appeared that our Turk had, some time previous to this Sunday, lost a brother; that, after various inquiries and various questions, he had reason to believe that he been murdered by one of a family, between whom and his brother a rankling animosity had long prevailed. Being perfectly satisfied of this himself, he secretly resolved upon a suitable revenge, which was merely the extermination, root and branch, of the family by whom he imagined his brother had been murdered. It appeared that he had managed to give one of the brothers rather a longer swim than was convenient, for he was drowned. Day after day he watched for another opportunity of decreasing the population of Pera, in which town the family resided. He had been baulked of his murderous intention until this Sunday, when the father of the condemned family was observed quietly discussing some coffee, and smoking away his fourth pipe in all the silence and proper gravity of his sect; the sabre was in his heart in a second, and only withdrawn to repeat the stab; he fell lifeless among his companions, and thus the cry was raised, the fugitive pursued; and to this murder we were indebted for adding another Christian, and for making another infidel. This was a case of no trifling importance; the captain was on shore, and had the man been driven from his fancied security, his legs and arms would have floated down the Bosphorus in separate lots. The Turks in the boats made quite sure of their prey; the sabres unsheathed; the impatience and ferocity of their looks alarmingly visible; and the son of the murdered man, who stood in perilous balance on the prow of one of the boats, sword-in-hand, took special care to keep up the excitement. The murmurs of our crew, who were now awake, and who had transgressed the sanctuary of the quarter-deck, only coincided with the opinion of the Turks, and had they been allowed to exercise judgment, the culprit would have swung to the fore-yard-arm in a trice; unfortunately, Mustapha would translate the horrid imprecations of the son, who appealed to his fellow Turks for assistance, swearing by the blood of his father, which was visible on the caftan of the culprit, that he would have his heart to feed his dogs. The good sense of the first-lieutenant was here conspicuous; the ship's company were commanded before the break of the quarter-deck; order was resumed; and Mustapha placed upon the foremost quarter-deck carronnade on the larboard side to make a speech to his countrymen, and to quiet them if possible. He waved his hand, and in a moment the stillest silence prevailed; the oars were kept in the water to prevent the noise of the continued

dripping; the turbaned host lent an inquiring ear towards the frigate, and the scene of dismay and fury was hushed into a solemn repose. Mustapha's speech amounted to this: "That as the captain was on shore, it was requisite to keep the prisoner guarded until he should return, at the same time swearing by Allah and Mahomet, that the wretch should not escape from the ship; that justice should be done, and the law respected." When the Turks found the prisoner was not to be given up, a shout of 'Allah il Allah!' rent the skies;—they swore by all the ulemâhs and all the muftis of the sublime Porte to have the criminal, and profanely introduced an oath referring to the Holy Camel and the beard of the Sultan, that they would cover the murderer's head with the dust of their displeasure. But in the midst of these horrible impieties a ludicrous interpretation was given to some of Mustapha's words, which, to the horror of the faithful, produced a loud laugh. It is customary with Turks, in mentioning a man who has fallen into disgrace, to say, "He has eaten much dirt:" in the hurry of Mustapha's translation he made the Turks to say, that "the criminal *should eat* much dirt;" when one of our sailors called out, "Take care if you get him, you don't *eat* him." The laugh of the crew altered the aspect of affairs; the Turks retired, the prisoner was put under proper surveillance, although we had no apprehension that he would swim on shore; and after various interpretations of the law, it was found convenient to promise forgiveness, and we landed our murderer, safe and sound, on the Scutari side, previous to our sailing.

I have very little to say for or against the beauty of the Turkish women: for my own part I never credit travellers who unblushingly aver that they have broken through the sanctuary of the harem, taken sketches of the sultanas' cage, and gazed upon the large dark eyes of the Circassian captives. Once, only once, I caught a sight of the face of a Turkish woman; it was with Captain Bathurst and Lord Byron, walking in the suburbs of Pera. On passing an inclosure, not unlike a farm-yard, and with the same kind of gates, we heard a laugh, evidently a female laugh; it was re-echoed by others who shared the mirth, and it was evident that they were close to us from the loudness of the sound. Lord Byron pushed at the gate, which creaked upon its hinges and opened. We saw about six women sitting in a circle, unveiled; the instant they observed us they covered their faces, and, starting like so many hares from their seats, ran away. The one on which my eyes fell I should describe as young, pale, pretty, and well-shaped—large dark eyes, and rather thick lips;—it was, however, the business of a moment, and I am inclined not to give much credit even to my own eye-sight. The women are frequently met in the streets and bazaars, but so veiled as to defy observation. We had remained four months in Constantinople, and to the last day had plenty of idle Turks to wonder how our top-gallant and royal-yards came down without a man aloft—it was quite magic to them; they had no more idea of tripping lines, than they had of dancing quadrilles. We fired our parting salute, weighed anchor, and spread our sails to the cool breeze of the sea of Marmora. We arrived off the island of Zea in the Archipelago without much of novelty, and still less of interest. But here we

were to part with Lord Byron; Mr. Hobhouse remained on board with the intention of returning to England. I landed his Lordship safe and sound, and received a kind acknowledgment from that truly gifted man for the trifling services a little midshipman could bestow, and, putting in my hand a profusion of Turkish sequins, he desired me to present them to the boat's crew. Some Greeks took charge of his little luggage; he turned towards the ship, waved his handkerchief as an adieu, and then advanced into the interior of the island. Lord Byron's beauty has been much noticed by all writers of his 'sayings and doings,' and I am not going to place my opinion at this distance of time in opposition to theirs; but certainly the impression on my mind is, that he was by no means the very handsome man that some have imagined him to be. The lameness which annoyed him through life was conspicuous to any man with eyes in his head, and it was perfectly impossible for any shoemaker to disguise the clump-foot. I really can scarcely credit that his Lordship was so mortified at this visitation of Providence, when I have seen him thousands of times sitting at the taffrail and swinging his legs about with unrestrained freedom. But at the time I knew him, his fame was not so exalted as afterwards, and, mayhap, I did not study his manners so scrupulously as others.

When we think ourselves in the greatest security we are oftentimes on the brink of destruction. The night was cloudy and dark, the breeze fresh; the ship under the guidance of an experienced pilot, and secure from rocks and shoals, we progressed rapidly by the islands. About midnight the pilot expressed himself thirsty, and went to the scuttle-butt, which stood just before the mainmast (for in those days we had those lumbering articles, to which was chained a tin pot) in order to gratify his desire. He had scarcely lifted the water to his lips when a peal of thunder roared over our heads, and the pilot was a corpse. He was struck dead by the lightning! The vivid flash nearly blinded us, and the noise of the fall alone announced the calamity. He never sighed or spoke—he was dead in a second. The ancients considered a man struck by lightning as a favourite of the Gods, but the watch on deck evinced great doubts as to the favour bestowed; and the second peal had rattled over our heads, before a sailor could be found valiant enough to remove the poor pilot from his sudden death-bed. On examining the corpse the next day, it was with the utmost difficulty the smallest spot could be discerned; at last a little black speck, about the size of a pin's head, on the left side of the body was discovered, and it was settled by the surgeon that the pilot was dead, and that this same spot was the place where the electric fluid had entered the body. We buried him the next day after the following manner:—the sail-maker undertook to place the shroud in the shape of a hammock round the head of the unfortunate man, and cut the canvass to suit the figure of the body. Down he sat upon the corpse with all the nonchalance that a Spaniard would exhibit as he placed himself on a cushion at the feet of his adorable Donna Francesca. The body was enveloped in its last vestments; the canvass stitched tightly round, and two shot attached to the

feet. I have heard it said that it was customary to run the needle in the last stitch through the nose of the corpse; some may do it, but I certainly never remarked it myself. The bell tolled at eleven o'clock. Of all sounds on board a ship the usual toll of the bell is the most melancholy; and, although a ship does not afford those spurs to holy meditation like the aisle of a church, where, seated in profound silence, the congregation wait the first burst of the organ to rise in solemn adoration; still there is a profound solemnity when that bell tolls its unusual toll to summon us to the attendance of our last duty to a fellow creature. Placed on a grating, the corpse was removed to the gangway or entrance-part of the ship, and was covered with a union Jack, the corner of which was fastened to the grating, and the grating was secured by a rope. The officers stood behind the captain on the quarter-deck, while the crew assembled on the gangways and on the after-part of the booms; the messmates of the deceased placed themselves by the side of the corpse, and, when all was silent, the bell stopped. The officers and ship's company uncovered, the burial service was read. This fell to the lot of the purser, for the captain rarely officiated; indeed, with us in that ship, the captain was seldom called to the unpleasant attendance, for we were healthy, and never lost a man even in action while I was in her. At the part—"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God," &c. the following words are altered to—"we therefore commit his body to the deep." A slight bustle occurred from the sailors' anxiety to catch a last glimpse of their fellow-creature; a pause ensued in the service until the messmates of the deceased performed the final service by launching the corpse, grating, colours, and all, into the sea. It fell with a deep and solemn splash as the water rolled over the dead, enlarging its circles, the emblem of that eternity to which the body had been committed. The rustling noise of the water, as the grating was dragged through it by the motion of the ship, alone disturbed the solemn silence of the moment. The service was finished, and the ship's company retired to their usual avocations. It is certainly strange that in so small a community the death of one seems so little felt and so easily forgotten. The sale of the dead man's clothes, which usually follows on the first opportunity, erases him from the memory, and his name only lives on the ship's books and in the purser's accounts. The common sailor has an opinion, not easily removed, that the first occupation of the purser, after he has replaced his Prayer-Book on the shelf, is to charge to the dead man's account some few extra pounds of tobacco, and this idea I believe to have had its foundation in reality; for, in the early ages of the navy, all sorts of tricks were practised to swell the debit side of a sailor's account, and to place money in the purser's pockets. Hence the saying of the sailors, speaking of the talents of a purser, "Oh yes," says Jack, "he is a clever fellow, for he can make a dead man chew tobacco."

THE BRIDAL OF PISA.

(Founded on Fact.)

BREATHES there the man who could unmoved behold,
 Pisa! thy lonely loveliness? nor weep
 That one who reign'd an Ocean-Queen of old
 Should sleep lethargic desolation's sleep,
 Lull'd by her idle Arno's sluggish sweep,
 Whose tide—that once with countless treasures roll'd—
 Now but reflects, beneath the wintry gleam,
 A lifeless city—in a lifeless stream!

'Tis sweet to tread, when solemn twilight wanes,
 (Sole spot where silence ceases to oppress)
 The proud piazza, where thy towering fanes
 Hold conclave in perennial loveliness!
 Serene, unsullied, in the virgin dress
 Their marble spite of centuries retains:
 They stand reveal'd on Italy's blue Heaven,
 Like fragments from some purer planet riven.

'Tis not alone their beauty—to the eye
 Though passing fair—it is the tale they tell
 The heart; man's ever changeful history
 Lies in their compass—from the graceful swell
 Of yon proud baptistery, to the knell
 Peal'd from the leaning tower o'er those that lie
 Dimly remembered among things that were
 In Campo Santo's matchless sepulchre!

Who had not mused as there he stood to gaze
 On all we are, and shall be?—such I know
 My solemn thoughts were: lo! of olden days
 A tale across them swept and broke their flow!
 A tale of fitful passion and deep woe,
 A tale of Pisa!—how its meteor-blaze
 Lighted the fanes, whose spectre-forms had stood
 Once cold spectators of that scene of blood.

Yes! e'en in Pisa's prosperous days of old,
 Silent as now, the Campo Santo lay,
 When, round its zone of consecrated mould,
 Beneath the last expiring glance of day,
 The gorgeous tracery sank in twilight grey.
 What doth yon maiden here?—Oh! love is bold!
 It taught fond Juliet e'en to brave the tomb,
 And shall Fiammetta dread the charnel's gloom?

Who meets her there?—One known and loved of yore,
 Ere youth could look beyond the present hour;
 When of futurity it thought no more
 Than bee half-buried in some favourite flower,
 Whose fragrant world lies in that fairy bower!
 Alas! for love!—'twas all Antonio's store!—
 E'en fond Fiammetta felt it could not be,
 And bade him woo blind Fortune on the sea.

She smiled on Pisa then—o'er many a bark
 Her golden showers with lavish hand she threw,
 Yet still Antonio miss'd the glittering mark,
 Still the Fates frown'd on his devoted crew.
 Long the youth struggled—then he desperate grew—
 Turn'd rover—sought for wealth by deeds so dark
 He once had shudder'd—yet in vain he sold
 His bosom's peace—still fled the wish'd-for gold.

Strange rumours cross'd him on his watery way,
 Stemming with bitter check his wild career.
 Beneath a sire's inexorable sway
 'Twas said Fiammetta bent, no lover nigh,
 In bold dissentient path her steps to cheer.
 Report e'en barbarous named the marriage-day!
 "With whom?—it boots not—never shall it be!"
 Thus reckless swore the terror of the sea.

To Pisa straight he steer'd—not as of yore
 Gaily to spring upon her lordly quay,
 In open day his gallant bark to moor.
 No!—darkly came this rover from the sea,
 And one perchance alone had guess'd 'twas he:
 A gliding skiff his single figure bore
 To yon lone aisles of death, where, by a scroll
 Mysterious summon'd, sad Fiammetta stole.

"Fiammetta! is it thus?—oh! say not so!
 Must wealth possess thee, which I ne'er could gain?
 Though in the chase I've peril'd all below,
 Heap'd on my soul long centuries of pain,
 Waded through blood and fire—and all in vain!
 Fiammetta! I conjure thee, do not go
 To yon high altar thus to be forsworn;
 Leave not Antonio in both worlds forlorn!"

"How can I 'scape, Antonio?—how evade
 A father's stern inflexible decree?
 Point but the means—I ne'er shall be afraid
 To tread a path prescribed by love and thee.
 Time has been I had dared with thee to flee;
 But then thou hadst not learn'd this desperate trade.
 I can endure aught for thee, save the view
 Of those thou must forswear—yon robber crew!"

"It shall be done, Fiammetta!—at thy tone
 Of angel bidding, I'm myself again:—
 But ah! all hopes to call thee yet mine own
 Rest on the daring of that dauntless train—
 Yon reckless sons of havoc and of gain.
 One deed they shall do for me—one alone!
 Thee saved—we'll land upon some peaceful isle,
 There build Love's bower, and at life's tempests smile!"

“ To-morrow is it, that yon holy fane
Must echo with thy nuptial rites abhorr'd ?
I laugh scorn's bitter laugh to think how vain
Are the rapt visions of thy destined lord.
Mark me, Fiammetta ! when thy plighted word
The priest shall pause for—mute reluctance feign ;
Then—when amaze has on thy silence hung,
Thy troth deny him with unfaltering tongue.

“ That *No's* deep knell shall rally to thy side
A band disguised the festal crowd among—
A band in every form of danger tried—
Wild as the tempest, as the whirlwind strong :
These soon shall bear from 'mid the silken throng
Of revellers, their leader's destined bride.
Ere sluggish slaves one pond'rous anchor weigh,
We'll ride secure in Genoa's hostile bay !”

“ Oh ! my Antonio ! is thy hope thus bold ?
Must I be won in sacrilegious strife ?
Already through my veins a shudder cold
Whispers—I shall be thine, but not in life.
Witness, ye tombs ! I die Antonio's wife !
Lay me, beloved one, in this hallow'd mould ;
'Tis sweeter on its lonely couch to rest,
Than pillow'd on Montalto's tyrant breast !

“ He loves me not—my father's gold he woos :
Yet does he bend the scowl of wounded pride
On my pale cheek ; in deeper deadlier hues
'Twill soon be drest !—and yet, whate'er betide,
'Tis worth the pang to die Antonio's bride !
Let me lie here, where eve may weep her dew
O'er my pale corse ; nor o'er me idly grieve,
'Tis bliss thus soon a world of sin to leave !”

Antonio soothed the fears he might not share,
Kiss'd off the tears Love's self had chid in vain ;
Yet, all inured as he had been to dare,
It seem'd as if its violated fane
To rescue from premeditated stain,
Heaven might its own red arm in vengeance bare :
Conscience woke slumb'ring echoes in his heart,
One mute embrace—he turn'd him to depart !

Morn came, and smiled, under Italian skies
E'en winter smiles—the city's torrent poured
T'wards the proud Duomo, where in gorgeous guise,
Like victim deck'd beside her haughty lord,
Fiammetta stood !—the irrevocable word
Froz'n on her lips by death's dread auguries !
'Twas the heart's dictate though—and still in death
Truth loves to linger on the parting breath !

The Bridal of Pisa.

The fatal moment might no more be stay'd—
 The rite began—the bridegroom's bearing high
 Scarce brook'd its question, "Is yon beauteous maid
 Thy chosen bride?"—quick from his flashing eye
 The answer flew, ere lips could frame reply.
 Still thy heart's beat, Fiammetta!—else betray'd
 Will thy dread secret be, ere on thy tongue
 The fate of others and thine own hath hung.

To her the monk hath turn'd—"Yon noble lord,
 Maiden! is he thy soul's unfetter'd choice?
 Speak, foolish trembler! for one single word
 Summon thy flutt'ring breath and failing voice,
 Montalto's bride may in her lot rejoice!
 Is he thy chosen?"—Like the glittering sword
 Hung by one fatal hair o'er many a head,
 Fate hover'd, while the maiden paused in dread!

"No!" breathed she forth at length—in tone so deep
 It seem'd to rise from fathomless abyss:
 "No?" echo'd the fierce bridegroom—with fell sweep
 Burying his poniard—"To those realms of bliss
 I can forego for vengeance such as this,
 Or the cold chambers of eternal sleep
 Bear my sharp answer—not at heaven's bright throne
 Thy robber love shall claim thee for his own!"

"On earth he claims her!" shriek'd in deep despair
 The reckless youth; "he claims her e'en from *thee*,
 For he first murder'd her—thou dost but share
 His bloody triumph—in mine own fell snare
 Entangled, touch my bleeding fawn who dare!
 Look up, Fiammetta! my Fiammetta, see
 How I avenge thee—Love's unerring blow
 Hath laid Montalto with his victim low!"

Affrighted shrunk the priests—the festal band
 Fled shrieking from the desecrated fane
 In fierce revengeful onset; hand to hand
 Mingled the pirates and Montalto's train,
 Sullying the sacred floor with purple stain.
 The carnage died upon the distant strand,
 At length—the city breathed—who first did dare
 Explore the Duomo, found *three* corpses there.

They sleep not all together—pity bade
 Them lay Fiammetta by her lover's side;
 Not in yon cloister's melancholy shade,
 But where Heaven smiles upon the virgin bride:
 Her simple wish—too pure to be denied—
 Montalto's proud remains are coldly laid
 Beneath yon blazonry, whose idle show
 Serves but to chronicle this tale of woe!

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

Ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ.

As there is now some probability that the people of these realms will henceforward have a voice in the management of their own affairs, and that they will be considered by their governors in other lights than that of their taxability, it is quite necessary that they should begin to inquire seriously into their own interests, and endeavour to fit themselves for the due exercise of their novel functions. With all the fuss that has been made about instructing the people, they have yet much to learn. Up to the present moment the education which they have received has been admirably adapted for those who have "nothing to do with the laws but to obey them," but for the uses of freemen it is signally and notoriously inadequate. A little reading and writing, and a good deal of theological doctrine, tending to propagate a submissive acceptance of unexamined propositions, has been taken as the measure of their intellectual necessities. No knowledge of things and their relations has been proposed for their acceptance—no attempt has been made to explain the reasons of the moral rules which are laid down dogmatically for their guidance. The physical bearing of actions upon human happiness has not been illustrated, nor has any economical instruction been proffered to enable the working classes to make the most of life, and to render their scanty resources as available as they might be to comfort and ease. The systems of public education for every rank in society have at best mistaken the means for the end,¹ when even they have not been constructed with the malicious design of destroying the energy of the national character; but the instruction imposed upon the lower classes has been so exclusively directed to securing a passive obedience to their *soi-disant* superiors, that whatever useful information is disseminated among the children of labour may safely be regarded as the immediate fruit of their own independent inquiry, and obtained in spite of tuition. The consequence of this systematic exclusion of all practical information from the schools concerning those things which are most necessary to be known, is not only an enormous and incalculable waste of human power, a mis-employment of time, and a false direction of labour, but a serious aggravation of the ills of life, and a direct manufacture of misery. How far the education of the people, in any degree, is a proper attribute of governments, is a question into which I shall not now enter; but experience seems to prove that in this, as in all other particulars, the people are the best judges of their own wants; and that the interference of the authorities is but too frequently the blind leading the blind, insomuch that the best institutions for national instruction of the most civilised communities will not supersede the necessity for self-exertion. Every effort therefore that is made by the people to emancipate themselves from the trammels of ignorance should be hailed with delight by the philanthropist, and in this point of view the establishment of Tem-

¹ "Et ideo adolescentulos existimo in scholis stultissimos fieri, quia nihil ex iis quæ in usu habemus, aut audiunt, aut vident."—PETRONIUS ARBITER.

perance Societies is a circumstance meriting more consideration than has hitherto been bestowed upon it.

The state of public opinion, as to all that concerns the use and abuse of fermented liquors, affords a strong illustration of the foregoing remarks. There is perhaps no point of more extensive influence on the happiness of the community, and there is certainly none upon which the ignorance is more general and more complete. All that the instructors of the people—all that the professional superintendents of public morality have done to promote national sobriety, is confined to the dogmatic promulgation of a few barren maxims, and the legislative imposition of a fine on excess, too trifling to influence the conduct of the rich, and too oppressive to the poor to allow of its effectual application to the correction of their habits. On the other hand, the desire of raising money by taxation on the first necessities of life—the clumsiest, but the most ready and abundant source of revenue—has introduced a course of legislation by which the health of the lower classes is undermined, and drunkenness has been imposed on them as an almost unavoidable sin. The quantum of evil thus occasioned is immense, and it will long survive the dishonest institutions in whose favour it has been encountered. The blame, however, is not exclusively to be laid on the malice of the governing classes, for it depends in a far greater degree on their ignorance. Selfish and cold-hearted though statesmen may be deemed, they would still have turned back with horror and disgust from the miseries they were preparing, could they have been made aware of the connexion of causes and effects, which couple their law with its unfortunate results. The upper classes have fully shared in the ignorance of their humbler fellow-citizens respecting the morbid effects of intoxicating liquors on the human frame. They could not therefore be aware of the importance of making the knowledge of these effects a part of elementary education, and they were equally incapable of appreciating the blow inflicted on morals by taxing the least unwholesome of these beverages, and thus driving the people to the use of ardent spirits. It is not, however, alone by direct legislation that this dreadful calamity has been inflicted on society; every thing that tends to lower the average condition of the people and to circumscribe their comforts, increases their propensity to spirituous potations. John Hunter has remarked, that, of all the products of civilisation, the North American savage was only anxious for brandy and for gunpowder; and the nearer the people approach to the destitution of savage life, the more eagerly do they seek to participate in the enjoyments of intoxication. Distilled spirits afford a cheap and effectual oblivion of cares and wants, and, however much the indulgence may ultimately increase the sum of human sufferings, it is not surprising that they who have no other pleasure within their reach should madly snatch at this solitary comfort.¹

The injury attendant on the national use of ardent spirits—the deterioration of morals, and the propagation of a variety of loathsome and fatal diseases, have indeed become facts too salient to escape the notice of the most careless observer; but the indolence or the

¹ See Ireland *passim*.

selfishness of the upper classes has prevented their retracing their steps, and applying the only effectual remedy. During the short period in which the retail sale of gin was prohibited in London, the improvement in the Bills of Mortality was decisive, and the amelioration of the morals of the people must have been equally striking: yet these glorious results were unhesitatingly sacrificed to fiscal interests; the prohibition was removed, and the consumption of beer charged with such heavy duties as not only lowered the quality of the article, but almost compelled the poor to abandon its use. Dram-drinking, from being the occasional vice of the most profligate and abandoned, was thus converted into a general and habitual practice, even of the more respectable of the working population. To meet this evil, hypocritical proclamations have been put forth against immorality, magistrates have been armed with a tyrannical power of interference with the pleasures of the people, and vice-suppressing societies have been formed for the prosecution of offenders. But it was to little purpose that public-houses were shut during the hours of divine service, while the people were invited to excess at other times; or that publicans were compelled to close their doors at midnight, while they were permitted to vend the poison in the open day. Insubordination and breaches of the public peace multiplied, the services of the lower classes became less and less efficient; domestic misery grew up even in the simple families of the agricultural population, yet amidst much cant and affectation, the real sources of the mischief were left untouched by the legislature. What the lawgivers however could not, or would not see, the people themselves have begun to perceive; and the feeling awakened among them has led to a spontaneous effort to abate the nuisance by the establishment of Temperance Societies, by which the associates pledge themselves to each other, to banish from their houses all distilled spirits, and to make every reasonable effort to induce others to forego their use. Respecting the utility to be hoped from these associations, it may be said that the remedy is an empirical one; that if founded in reason, it is maintained by an enthusiasm which cannot be enduring; and that it is directly applicable to those only whose sense of moral obligation and of shame is not wholly obliterated, and who have within their reach other comforts to substitute for the forbidden dram. It is true likewise that the ambitious expectations of immediate reform, and the tinge of fanaticism which accompanies the effort, lay it open to ridicule. It is however by no means so clear, as may be imagined, that these societies will prove wholly unequal to contend with the habit; and it is almost impossible to believe that, within certain limits, they will not effect considerable good. As long as the landlord looks to the leviathan distiller for his rent, and the financier for his revenue, it is hopeless to expect that those parties can be in earnest in their attempts to wean the people from their acquired tendency to excess. As long as the national expenditure remains on its present scale, it will be perhaps impossible to remit a productive tax, merely because its tendency is immoral. However small, therefore, may be the influence of Temperance Societies, they still remain valuable, as the only opposition afforded to a wide-spreading and fatal pestilence. The object of such associations is far less the correction of the despe-

rate drunkard, than the preservation of those who are yet untainted, or whose excesses are only occasional. There are thousands of individuals whose spirituous computations have not yet been attended by ruinous expense, or disgraceful debauchery, but who are undermining their constitutions, and preparing for themselves a premature grave. The habitual use of ardent spirits, however short of intoxication, is seriously injurious to health; and there is a necessary propensity to increase gradually the dose of such stimulants, against which prudence herself can scarcely guard. It is among the middle class of artisans, manufacturers, and farmers, that high duties on wine, and the adulteration of malt-liquors, which taxation has occasioned, have, as it were, forced the use of spirits; and their example detracts much and seriously from the shame attendant upon the abuse of these drugs among their immediate dependents. It is chiefly among these classes that the temperance associations have found members; and it is quite clear that the sudden and total abandonment of the article on their part must have a startling effect with the numerous body of workmen they employ. It is not however so much from the influence of example and authority that the efficacy of these institutions is to be expected, as from the knowledge they will diffuse of the morbid and malignant nature of ardent spirits. When the fact is universally known and understood, that the greater part of the dropsies, diseased livers, palsies, lunacies, asthmas, and fatal coughs, which crowd the hospitals, and prematurely consign to the workhouse and the grave a large portion of the working classes, are the sure and inevitable consequences of this infernal poison;—when it is daily and hourly demonstrated that the money, worse than wasted on its consumption, would suffice for the purchase of most of the comforts of humble life;—when it is dinned, as it were, into the ears of the poor, that their improvidence in this particular deprives them of their political and social efficacy, and condemns them to a progressively increasing hardship of lot, it surely is not too much to expect that the impression on the mass will be proportionate to the importance of the instruction.

The working classes have their instincts of self-preservation, as strong as those of their superiors; nor is it too much to say, that within the sphere of their knowledge, their reasoning powers are more acute and penetrating than those of the upper classes, who are so seldom forced by their necessities to think for themselves. It is by the dissemination of knowledge alone that the morals of communities can be really and permanently improved. Rules of conduct, and even positive laws, must ever remain subordinate to the material impulses, which form the opinions and direct the actions of society; but knowledge gives the mastery of events, and co-ordinates all things with the interests of the species. The great benefit conferred by the Temperance Societies is, that they habituate the people with reflection; and that while they beget habits of thought upon one important class of phenomena, they must necessarily extend inquiry to others. These associations depend on the same causes, as the Mechanics' Institutions; and their influence is of the same kind. It is not too much to say, that to whatever extent they may be expected to succeed in improving the morals of the people, that hope is entirely founded on the

spirit of general inquiry which is abroad, and on the general affection for "the schoolmaster." Every individual who has heartily embarked in the business of a Mechanics' Institution, or has seriously set himself in the pursuit of any branch of intellectual inquiry during the hours of repose from mechanical labour, is more than half-weaned from the spirit-shop. The two indulgences are incompatible. This portion of the population are already prepared for the reception of rational ideas, and they want but information concerning a few elementary facts of physiology and of practical morals, to abjure the vice, with the whole energy of their individual characters.

This influence it may be thought is merely personal, and that the number so to be affected, bear too small a proportion to the mass, to effect any radical change in the popular habits. This is the discouraging cry at the outset of all improvements. Knowledge is diffused, like waves, far beyond the central points, where the impression is first made; and it is moreover certain, that when opinion is formed to a given extent upon the subject, the legislature will be forced to change those fiscal laws, whose wide-spreading operation is at the root of the evil. It is impossible that, when thoroughly awakened to the philosophy of the case, the public will submit to a system of taxation which, by leaning heavily on objects of prime necessity, excludes the majority of the citizens from health, comfort, and moral development. This fact is well understood by the partisans of abuse; and they have accordingly opposed, with all their might, the scientific instruction of the working classes. They are contented (the pure and steady advocates of religion and morality!) that the mass should remain grovelling in ignorance and vice, lest peradventure they should become dabblers in politics; and they have acted wisely in their generation. For when the people are instructed, they will become politicians—discriminating and effective politicians. They will insist on justice; and abuse will be checked within some moderate limits.—But the improvement of the people is no longer to be impeded. The experiment has been abundantly tried of committing government exclusively to those who are placed above the necessity of daily labour; and under all its variety of forms, it has egregiously failed, and it is no small part of the benefit resulting from the spread of self-sought education, that it must gradually raise the productive classes in the scale of political importance. The difficulty, and consequent danger, if such there be, attendant upon the change, lies altogether in co-ordinating the growing desire of the people for rational liberty, with their fitness for the task it imposes upon them. Be it for good, or for evil, it is impossible to look at what is passing in Europe, without being convinced that the downfall of all exclusive governments is at hand. True policy, and a genuine and unaffected love of order—of that order which is essential to the happiness of all—should therefore inspire an unremitting effort to spread in every direction the knowledge which this state of things imperiously demands. It is from the people, and the people alone, that such an effort can be reasonably expected; and as a most essential part of it, the labours of the Temperance Societies require the utmost development and encouragement. While the lowest classes are preserved in habits of excess, of the most brutalising and demo-

ralising tendency, the community can never be safe against their violence and rage; but in times of commotion, their influence is doubly formidable, alike to the powers that are to be overthrown, and to the nascent order which is rising into being. The triumph over the demon of distillation is not less politically than morally desirable. It is desirable in itself; and it is desirable as a pledge for other improvements, of which it is at once a concomitant and a sign.

M.

JULY, 1830.

“Aux armes! aux armes!” the tocsin sound—

What Frenchmen will be slaves?

“Aux armes! aux armes!” the streets resound,

“Our hearths shall be our graves:

His blood-hounds the tyrant hath loosed for their prey,

And the lives of our brothers will gorge them to-day:

But the slayers shall die

Where their victims lie;

On their necks shall the foot of the freeman tread,

And the crown shall be torn from the perjurer's head!

Aux armes! aux armes!

“Aux armes! aux armes! o'er heaps of slain

Come plant our freedom's tree;

Aux armes! aux armes! its trophies vain

Come rend from tyranny!

Who will not with pride to the combat hie?

'Tis the crown of all glory for freedom to die.

Our fallen standard rear,

Unfurl it from the spear;

Its texture is dipp'd in the bow of the skies,

It has waved o'er a hundred victories!

Aux armes! aux armes!

“Aux armes! aux armes! our brethren bleed;

Our streets are red with death:

Aux armes! aux armes! the fierce war-steed

Tramples out infant breath!

Our sisters die by the despot's band—

En avant! and be free our native land!

Youth and grey age unite

Amid the ranks of fight;—

Then France, in the brightness of Freedom's flame,

Shall consume the pale lily that brought her shame!

Aux armes! aux armes!”

n.

THE PARSON'S PORCH.

"STOP, good man, and rest ye awhile!" said the benevolent vicar of Hazlebury to a poor way-worn soldier, who, as he pensively plodded along the Great Western road, cast a wistful eye on THE PARSON'S PORCH.

This was a delightful little bower in front of the ancient vicarage, where his reverence sat enjoying his pipe and cup of home-brewed beer, at the close of a lovely July evening.

The wanderer had not asked for alms, but the ever-kind heart of the man of the church, "open as day to melting charity," spared him the humiliation by inviting him to refreshment and repose.—"Stop, good man, and rest ye awhile!" broke on the ear of the astonished soldier as words of unwonted kindness. The veteran halted, and drawing up his emaciated but still fine form to an erect position, he returned the worthy parson's greeting by a salute, in which the formality of the military man blended with a graceful humility which bespoke a better breeding than his forlorn appearance denoted.

The vicar, who had laid down his pipe on the soldier's approach, now replenished his own glass, and, handing the cup to his humble guest, desired him to drink and be seated.

What beverage can be more grateful to the scorched palate of the thirsty traveller than cool, cool beer, whether strong or small! The kind enforcement to "drink it off," was not lost upon the weary soldier, who, thus hospitably invited, finished the invigorating fluid at a draught; and then, obeying the signal of the parson's finger, seated himself on the outer bench.

"To what part of the country are you journeying, friend?" inquired the parson.

"To Oakley, in Devonshire, Sir," replied the soldier, with a deep sigh, "which village I left, in all the buoyancy of youthful pride, two-and-twenty years since, high in hope, strong in health and vigour; but to which I now return with shattered frame, blighted hopes, and almost broken heart."

"By your language you appear to have been destined to fill a higher station in life than that of a private soldier."

"I have enjoyed a higher station, Sir," said the soldier, in a tone of mingled sorrow and impatience, "but—"

The soldier's momentary hesitation induced the parson to observe, that he sought not to know more of his history than he felt disposed to reveal. "Our life is a series of trials," said the good vicar, "and happy are they who can pass through them unscathed."

"Sir," replied the soldier, "the remembrance of my misfortunes is embittered by the consciousness that they all arose from my own folly and misconduct, from an unhappy impetuosity of disposition which neither mature age could correct, nor adversity subdue. I have been the victim of false pride, and even in my degradation bore about me a discontented, yet aspiring spirit. It is now all over! Nothing remains to me but to seek the place of my birth, and pass the remnant of my days in the humble obscurity which it had been happy for me I had never emerged from. My little pension—the

reward for all the toils, the sufferings, and the services of this poor frame during twenty years, in various climes—will supply all my humble wants.”

“You are so candid with me, friend,” said the parson, “and seem so sensible of your own errors, that it would be at once unkind and ungenerous to dwell on them; but with your present sentiments, I feel no fears for your future conduct—the knowledge of our errors is the first step to their correction: but with your ardent mind, a mere existence would not satisfy you. Have you any object in view? Scarcely in the autumn of your life, your talents might yet be rendered useful to mankind and beneficial to yourself. Despair is unworthy the religious mind.”

“Alas! Sir, in that one word you have pronounced my condemnation. A religious mind! O Sir! I have never known or felt its consolations. You shall hear my humble tale. You must condemn, but you will pity me.”

The parson kindly interrupted the poor soldier by offering him the shelter of his hospitable roof. “After a long day’s travel,” said he, “even the three miles to Ashborne will be too much for you. Take off your knapsack, and consider this house your billet for the night.”

The veteran looked his thanks, appearing to feel more than he could express at such unexpected goodness. He silently followed his benevolent host into the house, and soon found himself seated in the parson’s kitchen, which, in such ancient houses, is generally the common eating-room: there, left to the comforts of a replenished pitcher, a cold gammon of bacon, and home-baked loaf, the gratified soldier forgot for the time his fatigues and his sorrows. Meanwhile, the good pastor returned to his embowered porch, to enjoy the luxury of his own benevolent feelings.

The sun was fast sinking in the West; his declining rays faintly tinged the violet-coloured outline of the distant hills, through an occasional break in which the sea showed its smooth and dark-blue surface; the blackbird and the thrush had chanted their evening homage to the spirit of departing day, and were now seeking their leafy shelter; the silence of evening already reigned around,—when the refreshed soldier, returning to his reverend host, ventured to offer his humble acknowledgments for his fare in terms of respect and gratitude; then, once more seating himself, at the parson’s desire, commenced his tale:—

“My father was for more than thirty years the master of our village school; with all the pride and fondness of a parent, he fancied he discovered in me, at an early age, indications of talent which he flattered himself he might live to see devoted to my honour and advantage. With this idea the good man placed me at the grammar-school at Tiverton, stinting himself of many of those comforts which his age and increasing infirmities required, to provide for my wants with liberality.

“It was my misfortune—for such I must ever consider it to be—to have been addicted from my boyish days to a species of reading which fired my mind with the ambition of attaining rank and honour, without previously preparing me for the boon of fortune by the wholesome precepts of religion and morality. When I was withdrawn

from school to assist my poor father in his humble duties, I spurned at the irksome task—became the tyrant of his little seminary ; and the once kindest and most indulgent of parents perceived, with sorrow and disgust, those indications of ungovernable temper of which my after-life exhibited such painful proofs ; and although an only child, he allowed me to depart without any visible signs of regret, when impatience of his parental advice induced me to abandon my home at the age of nineteen ! I enlisted in our county militia, parting with an offended, and I fear, unforgiving father, whom I was destined never more to see.

“ I joined the head-quarters of the regiment at Ospringe barracks, in Kent, in the autumn of 1806, and after three months' severe drilling was pronounced fit for duty ; but I was always a marked man. My superior education made me enemies amongst my humble comrades ; while it was considered as an aggravation of any little excesses which, when associated with such characters, I could not always avoid. I was, on the one hand, too much extolled for the ordinary performance of my duties as a good soldier ; and, on the other hand, too severely censured for any trifling lapse into irregularity of conduct.

“ Twice was I promoted from the ranks, and twice did I forfeit that promotion by my folly and presumption. This degradation, though in some degree deserved, laid the seeds of enmity in my mind against the commanding officer of my regiment, and an opportunity soon presented itself for the display of those feelings.

“ When the order reached the General commanding our district, allowing the men of the Militia regiments to volunteer into the Line, for which a liberal bounty was offered, I was one of the first to hold up my hand, and was consequently caressed and flattered by the officers sent to receive the volunteers ; but not content with abandoning my regiment as an individual, I wrote an address to the men of my late corps, inviting them to follow the glorious example. No less than two hundred took the bounty ! This defection having been attributed to my address, Lord —— our Colonel was mean enough to visit on my poor unoffending parent, before the end of that year, the offence of his erring son !

“ The scenes of licentiousness which ensued on this occasion were disgraceful to the character of our army, but they were encouraged, rather than repressed, by the field-officers of the line ; while the militia colonels, with few exceptions, opposed the measure with all their power, as striking at the root of the existence of that constitutional force, then allowed to be in the highest state of discipline and efficiency.

“ The regiment into which I volunteered was one of the oldest in the service, and as on its return from a distant service many vacancies remained to be filled, I flattered myself that I might aspire to a commission on the strength of that address by which its skeleton ranks had been so powerfully reinforced ; but, Sir, the moment I joined at head-quarters, my flattering dreams vanished into air. I was but one of the hundreds—a poor, unheeded, unnoticed volunteer !

“ The alarm of invasion from the opposite coast was at that time

kept alive by the government, not so much from a real apprehension of such an event, as to kindle a general enthusiasm throughout the country against the common foe. Many regiments were drawn towards the coasts of Kent and Sussex, while the whole of the volunteer and yeomanry corps were kept constantly on the alert.

"I was an attentive but impatient observer of all that passed, and could not at all times repress the expression of the contempt I felt at the various blunders committed by those in high military power, and the wanton profusion with which the public funds were lavished, from day to day, in the indulgence of every speculative whim or experiment which ignorance and presumption, panting for distinction, projected. At one time upwards of ten thousand men, civil and military, were employed, by day and night, throwing up works and redoubts along the coast; the whole of which were soon levelled to make way for that new-fangled but never sufficiently-proved defence—the Martello tower, of which many still stand as monuments of folly. Then, again, the injudicious night-alarms for testing the alertness of the troops, brought confusion and dismay upon the inhabitants; and the breakage of arms, loss of accoutrements, and not unfrequently bodily injury on the troops—disadvantages which were not repaid by any striking proof of the vigilance and good order of our army; while the plunder committed on the scattered property of the farmers and others, during the period of alarm, by midnight marauders, absolutely disgusted that class with these military experiments; and I verily believe that it would have required the actual presence of an invading Frenchman to rouse them to defence.

"The General who held the immediate command in that district, and who had always been distinguished as the bravest of the brave, almost degenerated into a mere martinet, harassing the troops not unfrequently for eight or ten hours in the day, in the monotonous movements of his new system—which, to his great mortification, he never saw carried into effect beyond the precincts of his local command! At length an order for foreign service reached our camp, and it was welcomed, with all its perils, by the shouts of thousands, who, wearied out with this inglorious but incessant toil, panted for the garland of victory or the peace of the grave.

"Our destination was of course, to us of the ranks, a profound secret. Soldiers have but to obey—not think; but it soon became evident that our force was destined for the North of Europe. You are aware, Sir," observed the soldier, "that the expedition to Sweden ended in failure and ridicule. Our General, when released from the personal restraint which his injudicious and almost puerile quarrel with the maniac monarch of that country involved him, returned to the Downs with his undiminished forces; and happy had it been for his fame and fortune as a soldier, had he pressed on the ministers of the day the immediate employment of his splendid force, where its services would have been crowned with success. But correspondence, defensive and recriminatory, the error of Sir John Moore's latter years, consumed the time when valuable action was most needful.

"A new field of glory had opened on the British arms. Already had Sir Arthur Wellesley planted his victorious standard on the soil

of Portugal ; but owing to the fears and vacillation of a timorous, divided cabinet, the laurels gained by the brave handful of Britons, who contested and won them on the fields of Roliça and Vimiero, were doomed to wither under the baneful councils of Cintra.

“ Had our army, powerful in numbers, in quality, and in spirit, been at once despatched to the reinforcement of Wellesley, instead of frittering away weeks in letter-writing, that disgraceful convention might have been averted, which allowed Junot and his plunder-laden horde to retire unmolested, and with ‘ all the honours of war !’ from the capital of Portugal. But we arrived only in time to share the disgrace of that vile compact, when it was apparent to the humblest musket-bearer in the ranks that the most complete victory was within the grasp of our generals, had not the most contemptible jealousies of etiquette blighted the more than half-gained harvest of honor.

“ The very circumstance of three commanders-in-chief of the British army in one day, threw an air of ridicule over the whole arrangement of the expedition, and created embarrassments of which the wily French Marshal did not fail to take advantage.

“ My regiment was one of the first from Sir John Moore’s army that joined the heroes of Vimiero, who then, one and all, eagerly looked forward to follow up their conquests ; but the paralysing hand of negotiation, like the simoon of the desert, arrested their bright career, and our army, now irresistible in strength, lay supinely on its arms, while its own degradation and the foe’s triumph was sealed in the halls of Marialva !¹

“ But I am tiring you, Sir,” said the soldier, “ with those tedious details of our momentary disgrace : those records of mortification have been nobly effaced by deeds of future glory—I should not now dwell on them—a more grateful theme awaits me.”

The attentive vicar entreated the intelligent veteran to proceed, who, thus encouraged, resumed his tale with a degree of animation of looks and manner, which, while it riveted the attention of the hearer, awakened a lively interest in the heart of the good pastor for the fate of the forlorn one.

The first sight I obtained of a French soldier was on an occasion which I never reflect on but with mortified feelings ; our regiment was ordered to take military possession of one of the forts on the Tagus. The lieutenant-colonel commanding was a soldier of the old school, who had a most rooted antipathy to every thing foreign ; and connected the name of Frenchman with all that was base and treacherous.

Notwithstanding that commissaries and interpreters had preceded us in our entry into the fort, to regulate the surrender and transfer of the ordnance and military stores, our over-cautious commander by his movements evidently betrayed suspicions of treachery. Although the grand gates were thrown invitingly open for our entrance in column, our battalion was halted when within two hundred yards of

¹ It was in the Quinta, or country-palace of the Marquis of Marialva, at Cintra, who was then an exile with the expatriated monarch of Portugal, that the Convention was signed.

the fort; and then having been formed into three divisions, the lieutenant-colonel manœuvred for nearly half-an-hour in front, and on the flanks of the works, taking a reconnoitring peep every minute at the formidable array within. The commandant of the French garrison was a choleric German, who, with the accustomed politeness of the nation he served, had prepared an elegant *déjeuné* in a *marquee*, pitched in the centre of the Place of Arms, for the entertainment of the British commander and his officers. Beholding these unmeaning manœuvres, he lost all patience, and despatched one of the interpreters to inquire the cause of the delay. "Ask the colonel," said he, "what the — he fears; here's the sun getting hotter, and the coffee cooler, every minute, and my brave troops under arms since daylight." The interpreter (who was one of those ignorant Portuguese, whom a slight knowledge of the English language had brought into employ with our army on its landing,) delivered the message in the angry commandant's own words, which not a little ruffled the temper of our lieutenant-colonel, as it was heard by all at the head of the battalion; we of the ranks exchanging looks, while the officers, in low whispers, indulged in observations not highly complimentary to their commander, who, although possessed of that unyielding and dogged courage so peculiar to our nation, was unlearned in all the science of war, but that of boldly facing the enemy in open battle. At length we entered, and formed in line in front of the French garrison, amounting to double our numbers, and which certainly made a splendid appearance. We were, of course, received with presented arms, a compliment which we instantly returned, being all on our mettle. I believe the salute was never given by any battalion with more grace or precision; and, what is still more peculiar to a British battalion, with perfect steadiness: indeed our ears were gratified by an exclamation of praise from the lips of the French commandant. Following the example of the garrison, we shouldered, and ordered arms, then stood at ease, while the relief of the various guards and sentries was in operation. This of course occupied a considerable time, during which the band of the French corps played several grand pieces of music, to which we could only respond by the "British Grenadiers," badly executed, by a very inferior corps of drums and fifes.

In the mean time the officers were enjoying the hospitality of the commandant, while we thought ourselves happy in being allowed to moisten our lips with a draught of wine from our canteens, which had been amply replenished that morning. The moment for the imposing ceremony of marching out, with all the "honours of war," at length arrived; previously to which the commandant approached the head of our regiment, and personally saluted our commander and his officers; he then went to the grenadier company of our battalion, (of which I was the second file,) and laying his hand with a respectful, though familiar motion on the shoulder of the first file, exclaimed, "Braave English!"—a compliment which, for the moment, won him the hearts of half the regiment, and had the effect of unbending the rigid features of our lieutenant-colonel. He then mounted his charger; his troops formed into columns, with bayonets fixed; artillery in front; matches lit; ball in mouth; drums beating; colours

flying, and band playing. In this proud order the French garrison marched out, under our general salute, the troops enthusiastically shouting *Vive l'Empereur!* We burned to give them one hearty English hurrah! in honor of our country; but British discipline forbade this burst of natural feeling.

After a variety of delays, prejudicial to the success of the campaign, the army, to the amount of twenty thousand, of all arms, set out on its ill-fated march for Spain, under the command of Sir John Moore. My regiment was one of the three composing the brigade of the late General Cameron; and having taken a northern route, we for some time occupied Zamora, a strong position on the Douro; but from whence we were forced to retire, on the calamitous retreat of the main army on Galicia, and seek our safety by a hasty retreat on Portugal. This was effected during the heavy rains of January, 1809, and under many privations; but our sufferings were as nothing compared with those endured by that devoted army from which we were severed. Notwithstanding that we retreated as fugitives towards our ships, apparently abandoning to its fate the country which we had roused to resistance against the common enemy, in every city, town, and village through which we marched, our troops experienced the most zealous kindness from the poor destitute inhabitants.

Arrived at last in the capital of Portugal, we looked from day to day to re-embark for England. The news of the disastrous, but still glorious death of Sir John Moore, and the embarkation of the remnant of his troops, had preceded our arrival; and although we shared neither its perils, its sufferings, its errors, or its eventual glory, our brigade was hailed as a preserved portion of that gallant body, by the still-confiding and loyal Portuguese.

Happily the opportunity soon arrived for proving the fidelity of Great Britain to their cause. On the resumption of the command of the British army by Sir Arthur Wellesley, our troops once more took the field. My regiment was one of those forming the advanced division in the destined attack on Oporto. On the 10th of May, we forced the passage of the Vouga, and the enemy fled before us; on the following day, the company to which I belonged, having been cut off from the battalion, by a spirited advance on a favourable position, was nearly sacrificed to superior numbers; but our captain nobly maintained the advantages of his post for a quarter of an hour, though his brave supporters on all sides were nearly hacked to pieces by the French cavalry, when at length our own coming up to our rescue, the enemy fell in heaps under the stroke of the British sabre. The cry was once more—"Advance!"

Our brave captain had received his death-wound while maintaining this unequal conflict; and ere I took a last look of his countenance, formidable even in death's embrace, I had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing him recommending to the notice of our general the brave survivors of his little band.

At the close of that day, I saw my name in orders as serjeant, and in that capacity became an humble assistant in the next day's battle—that which restored Oporto to the allies.

(To be continued.)

THE PACHA OF MANY TALES.—No. III.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S OWN."

"MUSTAPHA," said the Pacha the next day, when they had closed the hall of audience, "have you the other Giour in readiness?"

"Bashem ustun! Upon my head be it, your Highness. The Infidel dog waits but the command to crawl into your sublime presence."

"Let him approach, that our ears may be gratified. Barek Allah! Praise be to God. There are others who can obtain stories besides the Caliph Haroun."

The slave was ordered into the Pacha's presence. He was a dark man with handsome features, and he walked in with a haughty carriage, which neither his condition nor tattered garments could disguise. When within a few feet of the carpet of state he bowed and folded his arms in silence. "I wish to know upon what grounds you asserted that you were so good a judge of wine the other evening, when you were quarrelling with the Greek slave."

"I stated my reason at the time, your Highness, which was, because I had been for many years a monk of the Dominican order."

"I recollect that you said so. What trade is that, Mustapha?" inquired the Pacha.

"If your slave is not mistaken, a good trade every where. The infidel means that he was a Mollah or Dervish among the followers of Isauri."¹

"May they and their fathers' graves be eternally defiled," cried the Pacha. "Do not they drink wine and eat pork? Have you nothing more to say?" inquired the Pacha.

"My life has been one of interest," replied the slave, "and if it would please your Highness, I will narrate my history."

"It is our condescension. Sit down and proceed."

STORY OF THE SPANISH SLAVE.

MAY it please your Highness, I am a Spaniard by birth, and a native of Seville; but whether my father was a grandee, or of a more humble extraction, I cannot positively assert. All that I can establish is, that when reason dawned, I found myself in the asylum instituted by government, in that city, for those unfortunate beings who are brought up upon black bread and oil, because their unnatural parents either do not choose to incur the expense of their maintenance, or having in the first instance allowed unlawful love to conquer shame, end by permitting shame to overcome maternal love.

It is the custom, at a certain age, to put these children out to different trades and callings; and those who show precocity of talent are often received into the bosom of the church.

Gifted by nature with a very fine voice and correct ear for music, I was selected to be brought up as a chorister in a Dominican convent of great reputation. At the age of ten years, I was placed under the charge of the leader of the choir. Under his directions, I was fully occupied receiving my lessons in singing, or at other times performing the junior

¹ Jesus Christ.

offices of the church, such as carrying the frankincense or large wax tapers in the processions. As a child my voice was much admired; and after the service was over, I often received presents of sweetmeats from the ladies, who brought them in their pockets for the little Anselmo. As I grew up, I became a remarkable proficient in music: at the age of twenty, I possessed a fine counter-tenor; and flattered by the solicitations of the superior of the convent and other dignitaries of the church, I consented to take the vows, and became a member of the fraternity.

Although there was no want of liberty in our convent, I was permitted even more than the rest of the monks. I gave lessons in music and singing, and a portion of my earnings were placed in the superior's hands for the benefit of the fraternity. Independent of this, my reputation was spread all over Seville; and hundreds used to attend the mass performed in our church, that they might hear the voice of Brother Anselmo. I was therefore considered as a valuable property, and the convent would have suffered a great deal by my quitting it. Although I could not be released from my vows, still I could by application have been transferred to Madrid; and the superior, aware of this circumstance, allowed me every indulgence, with the hopes of my being persuaded to remain. The money which I retained for my own exigencies enabled me to make friends with the porter, and I obtained egress or ingress at any hour. I was a proficient on the guitar; and incongruous as it may appear with my monastic vows, I often hastened from the service at vespers to perform in a serenade to some fair *senhora*, whose *inamorato* required the powers of my voice to soften her to his wishes.

My *sedillias* and *canzonettas* were much admired; and eventually no serenade was considered as effective, without the assistance of the counter-tenor of Anselmo. I hardly need observe that it was very profitable; and that I had the means of supplying myself with luxuries which the rules of our order did not admit. I soon became irregular and debauched; often sitting up whole nights with the young cavaliers, drinking and singing amorous songs for their amusement. Still however my conduct was not known, or was overlooked for the reasons which I have stated before.

When once a man indulges to excess in wine, he is assailed by, and becomes an easy prey to, every other vice. This error soon led me into others; and, regardless of my monastic vows, I often felt more inclined to serenade upon my own account than for that of my employers. I had the advantage of a very handsome face, but it was disguised by the shaven crown and the unbecoming manner of cutting the hair; the coarse and unwieldy monastic dress belonging to our order hid the symmetry of my limbs, which might have otherwise attracted notice on the Prado. I soon perceived that although my singing was admired by the other sex, their admiration went no further. They seemed to consider that in every other point I was, as I ought to have been, dead to the world.

There was a young lady, Donna Sophia, who I had for some time instructed in music, who appeared to be more favourably inclined. She was an excellent performer, and passionately fond of the science: and I have always observed, your Highness, that between the real amateurs of harmony there is a sympathy, a description of free-masonry, which immediately puts them on a level, and on terms of extreme intimacy; so much so, that were I a married man, and my wife extremely partial to music, I should be very careful how I introduced to her a person of a similar feeling, if I possessed it not myself. I was very much in the good graces of this young lady, and flattered myself with a successful issue; when one day, as we were singing a duet, a handsome young officer made his appearance. His hair, which was of the finest brown, curled in natural ringlets; and his clothes were remarkably well-fitted to his slender and graceful figure. He was a cousin, who had just returned from Carthage; and as he was remarkably attentive, I soon perceived

that all my advances had been thrown away, and that I was more and more in the back-ground each morning that I made my appearance.

Annoyed at this, I ventured to speak too freely; and during his absence calumniated him to the Donna Sophia, hoping by these means to regain my place in her affections; but I made a sad mistake: for not only were my services dispensed with for the future, but, as I afterwards discovered, she stated to her cousin the grounds upon which I had been dismissed.

I returned to the convent in no very pleasant mood, when I was informed that my presence had been demanded by the superior. I repaired to the parlour, where he stated that my licentious conduct had come to his ears; and after much upbraiding, he concluded by ordering me to submit to a severe penance. Aware that disobedience would only be followed up by greater severity, I bowed with humility in my mien, but with indignation in my breast; and returning to my cell, resolved upon immediately writing for my removal to Madrid. I had not been there many minutes when the porter brought me a note. It was from Donna Sophia, requesting to see me that evening, and apologising for her apparent ill-usage, which she had only assumed the better to conceal her intentions; being afraid, at our last interview, that her mother was in hearing.

I was in raptures when I perused the note, and hastened to comply with her request. Her directions were to repair to the back door, which looked out upon some fields, and give three taps. I arrived, and as soon as I raised my hand to give the signal, was seized by four men in masks, who gagged and bound me. They then stripped off my friar's dress, and scourged me with nettles, until I was almost frantic with the pain. When their vengeance was satisfied, they cast me loose, removed the gag, and ran away. As I then suspected, and afterwards discovered to be true, I was indebted to the young officer for this treatment, in return for what I had said, and which his mistress had repeated. Smarting with pain, and boiling with rage, I dragged on my clothes as well as I could, and began to reflect in what manner I should act. Conceal my situation from the other members of the convent I could not; and to explain it would not only be too humiliating, but subject me to more rigorous discipline. At last, I considered that out of evil might spring good; and gathering a large bundle of the nettles, which grew under the walls, I crawled back to the convent. When I obtained my cell, I threw off my gown, which was now unbearable from the swelling of my limbs, and commenced thrashing the walls of my cell and my bed with the nettles which I had procured.

After a short time, I moaned piteously, and continued so to do, louder and louder, until some of the other friars got up to inquire the reason; when they found me, apparently, castigating myself in this cruel manner. When they opened the door, I threw myself on the bed, and cried still louder. This certainly was the only part of my conduct which was not deceptive, for I was in the most acute agony. To their inquiries, I told them that I had been guilty of great enormities; that the superior had reproved me, and ordered me penance; and that I had scourged myself with nettles; requesting them to continue the application as my strength had failed me. This injunction they were too humane to comply with. Some went for the surgeon of the convent, while others reported the circumstance to the superior. The former applied remedies which assuaged the pain: the latter was so pleased at my apparent contrition, that he gave me absolution, and relieved me from the penance to which I had been subjected. When I recovered, I was more in favor, and was permitted the same indulgences as before.

But I was some days confined to my bed, during which I was continually reflecting upon what had passed. I perceived, to my misery, the pale which I had placed between me and the world, by embracing a mo-

nastic life; and how unfit I was, by temperament, to fulfil my vows. I cursed my father and mother, who had been the original cause of my present situation. I cursed the monastic dress which blazoned forth my unhappy condition. Then I thought of the treacherous girl, and planned schemes of revenge. I compared my personal qualifications with those of the young officer; and vanity suggested, that were it not for my vile professional disguise, the advantage was on my side. At last I decided upon the steps that I would take.

As I before stated, my purse was well supplied from the lessons which I gave in music, and from assisting at the serenades. When I was sufficiently recovered to go out, I proceeded to a barber, and on the plea of continual head-aches, for which it had been recommended that I should shave my head, requested him to make me a false tonsure. In a few days it was ready, and being very well made, no difference could be perceived between the wig and my own hair, which was then removed. So far I had succeeded; but as the greatest caution was necessary in a proceeding of this nature, to avoid suspicion, I returned to the convent, where I remained quiet for several days. One evening I again sallied forth, and when it was quite dark repaired to the *fripperie* shop of a Jew, where I purchased a second-hand suit of cavalier's clothes, which I thought would fit me. I concealed them in my cell, and the next morning, went in search of a small lodging in some obscure part, where I might not be subject to observation. This was difficult, but I at last succeeded in finding one to let, which opened upon a general staircase of a house, which was appropriated to a variety of lodgers, who were constantly passing and repassing. I paid the first month in advance, stating it would be occupied by a brother, whom I daily expected; and in the mean time took possession of the key. I brought a small chest, which I had conveyed to my lodgings, and having removed my cavalier's dress from the convent, locked it up. I then remained quiet as before, not only to avoid suspicion, but to ingratiate myself with the superior, by my supposed reformation.

After a few days, I sallied forth, and leaving a note upon one of the most skilful perruquiers of Seville, desired him to call at my lodgings, at an hour indicated. Having repaired there, to be ready to receive him, I took off my monk's dress and false tonsure, which I locked up in my chest; I tied a silk handkerchief round my head, and got into bed, leaving my cavalier's suit on the chair near to me. The perruquier knocked at the appointed time. I desired him to come in, apologised for my servant being absent on a message, and stating that I had been obliged to shave my head on account of a fever, from which I had now recovered, requested that he would provide me with a handsome wig. I explained at his request the color and description of hair which I had lost; and in so doing, represented it as much lighter than my own really was, and similar to that of the young officer, whose ringlets had been the cause of my last disaster. I paid him a part of the price down, and having agreed upon the exact time at which it should be delivered, he departed; when I rose from my bed, resumed my monastic dress and tonsure, and returned to the convent.

During the whole of the time occupied by these transactions, I had been assiduous in laying up money, which before I had squandered as fast as I obtained it, and had realised a considerable sum. I could not help comparing myself to a chrysalis previous to its transformation. I had before been a caterpillar, I was now all ready to burst my confinement, and flit about as a gaudy butterfly. Another week, I continued my prudent conduct, at the end of which I was admitted to my superior, in whose hands I placed a sum of money which I could very conveniently spare, and received his benediction and commendations for having weaned myself from my former excesses. With a quickened pulse, I hastened to

my lodgings, and throwing off my hateful gown and tonsure, dressed myself in my new attire.

The transformation was complete. I could not recognise myself. I hardly could believe that the dashing young cavalier that confronted me in the mirror, was the brother Anselmo. "Is this a face," said I, communing with myself, "to be disfigured with a vile tonsure? are these limbs to be hid under the repulsive garment of a monk?" Again I surveyed myself, and it was with difficulty that I could tear myself away from contemplating my metamorphose. I was indeed a butterfly. At last, I determined upon sallying forth. I locked up my monastic dress and descended the staircase. I must acknowledge, that it was with trepidation I ventured into the street, but I had soon reason to take confidence, for I was met by one of my most intimate friends, who looked in my face, and passed on without the slightest recognition. Overjoyed at this circumstance, I took courage, and boldly proceeded to the Prado, where I was greeted with favorable glances from the women, and sneers from the men, both of which I considered equally flattering. In the evening, I returned to my lodgings, resumed the habit of my order, and gained the convent. I now felt that there was no chance of discovery, and anticipated the happiness which had been denied me. I subsequently ordered the most fashionable and expensive clothes, hired my lodgings for six months, assumed the name of Don Pedro, made the acquaintance of many young men, and amongst others of the officer who had treated me so ill. He took a fancy to me, which I encouraged to further my views. I became his confidant, he informed me of his amour with his cousin, adding that he was tired of the business, and wished to break with her; also, as an excellent joke, the punishment which he had inflicted upon the Friar Anselmo.

He was a great proficient with the small sword, an accomplishment, which of course had been neglected in my education, and which I accounted for by stating that until the death of my elder brother, I had been intended for the church. I accepted his offer to be my instructor, and my first rudiments in the science were received from him. Afterwards I applied to a professor, and, constantly practising, in the course of a few months, I knew from occasional trials of skill with the officer, that I was his superior. My revenge, which hitherto had been controlled, was now ripe.

But in narrating my adventures abroad, it must not be supposed that I neglected every thing that prudence or caution could suggest, to avoid discovery. On the contrary, now that I had the means of enjoying myself, I was more careful that I did not by any indiscretion excite surmises. I generally devoted four days out of the seven in the week to the convent and to my professional occupation as music-master. To increase the difficulty of identification, I became more serious in my manner, more dirty in my person, as the Brother Anselmo. I pretended to have imbibed a fancy for snuff, with which I soiled my face and monastic attire, and seldom if ever spoke, or if I did, in a very solemn voice. So far from suspicion, I every day gained more the good will of the superior. My absence in the day-time was not noticed, as it was known that I gave lessons in music, and my irregularity during the night was a secret between the porter and myself.

I hardly need observe that, as Don Pedro, I always lamented not having been gifted with a voice, and have even in the presence of my companions, sent a billet to Brother Anselmo to serenade a lady whom I courted as Don Pedro. I do not believe until ulterior circumstances, that there ever was the slightest idea that, under my dissimilar habits, I was one and the same person.

But to continue: one day the young officer, whose name was Don Lopez, informed me that he did not know how to act; he was so pestered

with the jealousy and reproaches of his mistress; and requested my advice as to how to proceed. I laughed at his dilemma. "My dear Lopez," replied I, "introduce me to her, and depend upon it, that she will give you no more trouble. I will make love to her, and pleased with her new conquest, she will soon forget you."

"My good fellow," replied he, "your advice is excellent: will you come with me this afternoon?"

Once more I was in the presence of her whom I had loved, but loved no more, for I now only felt and lived for revenge. She had not the most distant recognition of me. Piqued as she was with Don Lopez, and fascinated with my exertions to please, I soon gained an interest; but she still loved him, between the paroxysms of her hate. Trying all she could to recover him at one moment, and listening to my attentions at another, he at last accused her of perfidy, and took his leave for ever. Then her violence broke out, and as a proof of my attachment, she demanded that I should call him to account. I wished no better, and pretending to be so violently attached to her that I was infatuated, I took an occasion of his laughing at me, to give him the lie, and demand satisfaction. As it was in the presence of others, there was no recall or explanation allowed. We met by agreement, alone, in the very field where I had received my chastisement; I brought with me my monastic habit and tonsure, which I concealed before his arrival among the very nettles which he had gathered for my chastisement. The conflict was not long: after a few thrusts and parries, he lay dying at my feet. I immediately threw over my dress that of the friar, and exchanging the wig for the tonsure, stood by him. He opened his eyes, which had closed from the fainting, occasioned by the sudden gush from his wound, and looked at me with amazement.

"Yes, Don Lopez," said I, "in Don Pedro behold the Friar Anselmo; he whom you scourged with nettles; he who has revenged the insult." I then threw off the monk's dress, and exposed to him the other beneath it, and changing my tonsure for the wig, "now you are convinced of the truth," added I, "and now I have my revenge."

"I am, I am," replied he faintly; "but if you have slain me as Don Pedro, now that I am dying, I entreat you as Brother Anselmo, to give me absolution. Carry not your revenge so far as to deny me this."

I could not refuse; and I gave absolution in the one costume, to the man who had fallen by my hand in the other: for my own part, I thought it was an absurdity, but my revenge was satisfied, and I would not refuse him such a poor consolation.

A few minutes afterwards, he expired, and I hastened to my lodgings, changed my dress, and repaired to the convent, where, as Don Pedro I wrote to Donna Sophia, informing her of what had taken place, and of my having absconded until the hue and cry should be over. For three weeks I remained in the convent, or only appeared abroad as the Father Anselmo. I brought a considerable sum to the superior for the use of the church, partly to satisfy the qualms of conscience which assailed me for the crime which I had committed; partly that I might continue in his good graces.

At the expiration of the time I sent a note to the young lady, as from Don Pedro, acquainting her with my return, and my intention to call upon her in the dusk of the evening. I went to my lodgings, dressed myself as Don Pedro, and tapping at her door, was admitted; but instead of being cordially greeted, as I expected, I was repulsed, loaded with abuse, and declared an object of detestation. It appeared that, although in her rage at the desertion of her lover, she had listened to the dictates of revenge, now that he was no more, all her affection for him had revived. I returned her upbraiding, and quitted the room to leave the house:

but she had no intention that I should escape, and had stationed two of her relations below, ready to intercept me.

She called to them as I descended the stairs: when I arrived at the hall, I found them with drawn swords to dispute my passage. I had no resource but to fight my way; and charging them furiously, I severely wounded one, and shortly afterwards disarmed the other, just as the enraged fair one, who perceived that I was gaining the day, had run behind me and seized my arms; but she was too late: I threw her indignantly upon the wounded man, and walked out of the house. As soon I was in the street, I took to my heels, gained my lodgings, changed my dress, and repaired to the convent.

This adventure sobered me much. I now remained quiet for some months, never assuming my dress as Don Pedro; lest the officers of justice should lay hold of me. I became more rigid and exact in my duties, and more austere in my manner.

The several confessional chairs in our church were usually occupied by the senior monks, although when absent from sickness or other causes, the juniors occasionally supplied their place. One of the monks had been taken ill, and I knew that the mother of the young lady, who was very strict in her religious duties, confessed at that chair every Friday; I took possession of it, with the hopes that I should find out some means of prosecuting my revenge. The young lady also confessed at the same chair, when she did come, which was but seldom. Since the death of her lover, she had never made her appearance.

As I anticipated, the mother came, and after having run over a string of peccadilloes, for which I ordered a slight penance, I inquired, through the punctured communication on the side of the confessional chair, whether she had not children, to which she answered in the affirmative. I then asked when her daughter had confessed last. She mentioned a long date, and I commenced a serious expostulation upon the neglect of parents, desiring that her daughter might be brought to confess, or otherwise I should be obliged to inflict a penance of some hundred Pater-Nosters and Ave-Marias upon herself, for not attending to her parental duties. The old lady, who had no wish to submit to her own penance, promised to bring her daughter the next day, and she was true to her word. Donna Sophia appeared to come very unwillingly. As soon as she had taken her seat by the confessional chair, she made a confession of a hundred little nothings, and having finished her catalogue, stopped as if waiting for absolution.

"Have you made no reservation?" inquired I, in the low muttering tone which is used at the confessional; for although neither party can distinguish the person of the other, I did not wish her to recognise my voice. "Every thing," replied she, in a faint whisper.

"My daughter," replied I, "by your trembling answer, I know that you are deceiving yourself and me. I am an old man, and have been too many years in this chair, not to ascertain by the answers which I receive, whether the conscience is unloaded. Yours, I am convinced, has something pressing heavily upon it; something for which you would fain have absolution, but which you are ashamed to reveal. If not a principal, you have been a party to crime; and never shall you have absolution until you have made a full confession." Her heart swelled with emotion, she attempted to speak, and burst into tears. "These are harbingers of good," observed I; "I am now convinced that my supposition was correct: pour out your soul in tribulation, and receive that comfort which I am empowered to bestow. Courage, my daughter! the best of us are but grievous sinners." As soon as she could check her sobbing, she commenced her confession; narrating her penchant for me, her subsequent attachment to the young officer, my abuse of him, and the punishment which had ensued—his desertion, the introduction of Don Pedro, her pique at having in-

stigated him to kill her lover, his death, and all that I have narrated to your Highness.

"These are serious crimes, my daughter! grievous indeed; you have yielded to the tempter in your own person, caused the death of one man; you have led another astray, and have deceived him, when he claimed the reward of his iniquity; but all these are trifles compared to the offence upon the holy monk, which is the worst of sacrilege. And what was his fault? that he cautioned you against a person, whose subsequent conduct has proved, that the worthy man was correct in his suppositions.

"In every way you have offended Heaven: a whole life will be scarce sufficient for the task of repentance, laying aside the enormous crime of sacrilege, which, in justice, ought to be referred to the Inquisition: excommunication is more fitting in your case than absolution." I waited some time before I again spoke, during which she sobbed bitterly. "My daughter," observed I, "before I can decide upon what is to be done to save you from everlasting perdition, it is necessary that you humble yourself before the religious man, whose person you have abused. Send to the convent to which he belongs, and entreat him to come; and when you have confessed your crime, offer to him the same implements of punishment, which through your instigation were so sacrilegiously applied. Submit to his sentence, and the penance which he may prescribe. When you have done that, repair again to me. I shall be in this chair, the day after to-morrow."

The girl muffled up her face, waited a few minutes to compose herself, and then returned to her mother, who wondered what could have detained her so long.

That evening, I received a note from Donna Sophia, requesting me to call on the ensuing day. I found her in her room, she had been weeping bitterly, and when I entered coloured up with shame and vexation; but she had been too much frightened on the day before, to resist the injunctions which she had received: a large bundle of nettles lay on the chair; and when I entered she turned the key of the door, and falling down on her knees, with many tears, made a full confession. I expressed the utmost horror and surprise; she embraced my knees, implored my pardon, and then, pointing to the nettles, requested I would use them if I thought proper. Having said this, she covered her face with her hands, and remained on her knees in silence.

I must confess, that when I called to mind the punishment which had been inflicted on me through her means, and the manner in which she had attempted to betray me to my death, I felt very much inclined to revenge myself by scourging her severely; but although the affection I once felt for her had passed away, I had a natural tenderness for the sex, which made me abandon this petty revenge. My object was to remove her, so that I might not be recognised in my worldly attire; and she, I knew, was the only person who could prove that I had killed her lover. I therefore raised her up, and telling her that I was satisfied with her repentance, and, as far as I was personally concerned, forgave her ill treatment, desired her to repair to her confessor, who was the proper person to award a punishment for such a catalogue of heinous crimes. The next day I was in the confessional, when she narrated all that had passed: I then told her she had nothing to do, but to propitiate Heaven by dedicating her musical talents to its service; pointing out, that her only chance of salvation was from immediately taking the veil. I refused to listen to any other species of penance, however severe, for which she gladly would have compromised the sentence. Goaded by her conscience, miserable at the desertion and death of her lover, and alarmed at the threats of excommunication, in less than a week she repaired to the Ursuline Convent; and after a short probation, she took the veil, and was admitted as one of the sisterhood.

As soon as my only accuser was fairly locked up, I occasionally resumed my dress and wig. I say occasionally, because in the society which I chiefly delighted in, and in which I became the connoisseur of good wine, that I asserted myself to be, when your Highness overheard me, I had no occasion for it, being quite as well received when I sang and played the guitar in my monkish dress, as I should have been in my other. Besides which, I never had to pay when in that costume, as I was obliged to do when I sported the other; which was only put on when I wished to make myself agreeable to any fair one. I hardly need observe, that I took great care to avoid the society in the one dress which I mixed with in the other. This disguise I continued very successfully for three years, when a circumstance occurred, which ended in my discovery, and my eventually becoming a slave in your Highness's dominions.

For some time I had taught the niece of an elderly lady, who was of noble family and very rich. The aunt was always present at the lessons; and, knowing that she was very devout, I rejected all songs that were of an amorous tendency, and would only practise such as were unimpeachable. In my demeanour I was always sedate and respectful—full of humility and self accusation. When I received my money from the old lady, I used to thank her in the name of our convent, for whose use it was to be appropriated, and call her donation a charity, for which Heaven would reward her. Her confessor died, and the old lady chose me to supply his place. This was what I was anxious to obtain, and I redoubled my zeal, my humility, and my flattery.

It was not that I had originally any design upon the affections of the niece, although she was a very pretty girl, but upon the old lady's purse, for I knew that she could not last for many years. On the contrary, I was anxious, if possible, to have the niece removed, as it was supposed that she would inherit the old lady's doubloons; but this required time and opportunity, and, in the mean while, I assiduously cultivated the old lady's good graces. She used to confess once a week; and I often observed that she acknowledged as a sin, thinking too much of one who had led her from her duty in former days, and for whom she still felt too much worldly passion. One evening when the clock had struck ten, we laid down the cards, which we occasionally played, it being the day and her usual hour for confessing. Again she repeated the same offence, and I then delicately hinted, that she might be more at ease if she were to confide to me the circumstances connected with her compunctions. She hesitated; but on my pointing out to her that there ought to be no reservation, and that the acknowledgement of the compunction arising from a sin was not that of the sin itself, she acquiesced. Her confession referred to her early days, when, attached to a young cavalier, against the wishes of her parents, under a solemn promise of marriage, she had consented to receive him into her chamber. The intercourse continued for some time, when it was discovered. Her lover had been way-laid and murdered by her relations, and she had been thrown into a convent. There she had been confined, and the child removed as soon as it was born: that she resisted all the force and threats employed to induce her to take the veil; and at the death of her father had been released and came into possession of her property, of which they could not deprive her: that she made every endeavor to find out to where her child had been removed, and at last discovered that it had been sent to the Foundling Asylum; but this information was not obtained until some years afterwards, and all the children sent there at the period, had been dispersed. Never having married, her thoughts would revert to the scenes which had taken place with her adored Felix, although years had rolled away, and she felt that she was wrong to dwell upon what in itself had been so criminal.

I listened to her story with great interest, for the idea occurred to me,

that I might be the unfortunate object of their loves, and if not, that in all probability, the old lady might be induced so to believe. I inquired whether her child had any marks by which he could be recognised. She answered, that she made most particular inquiries of the people who attended her, and that one of the women had stated that the child had a large wart upon the back of its neck : this however was not likely to remain, and she had abandoned all hopes of its discovery.

I observed that warts were easily removed when contracted accidentally, but that those which appeared at the birth were no more to be removed than moles. I then turned the conversation, by stating that I could not consider her conduct criminal ; it was more than could be expected from human nature, that she should not retain affection for one who had lived with her as a husband, and died for her sake. I gave her absolution for half a dozen Ave-Marias, and took my leave for the night. When I laid on my pallet, I reflected upon what had passed ; the year and month agreed exactly with the time at which I had been sent to the Asylum. A wart, as she very truly observed, might disappear. Might not I be the very son whom she was lamenting ? The next morning I repaired to the Asylum, and demanded the date of my reception, with all the particulars, which were invariably registered in case of the infants being eventually claimed. It was in the month of February. There was one other entry in the same month, same day, and nearly the same hour as my own.

" At nine at night, a male infant left at the door in a basket, parties absconded, no marks, named Anselmo."

" At ten at night, a male infant brought to the door in a capote, parties absconded, no marks, named Jacobo."

It appeared then that there were two children brought within an hour of each other to the Asylum, and that I was one of them. In the evening I returned to the old lady, and accidentally resumed the subject of her not having made further search for her child, and asked if she had the precise date. She answered that she had it in her memory too well, that it was on the 18th of February ; and that when she referred to the Asylum, they had informed her that the children brought in February, had no marks ; that they had all been sent away, but where they could not tell, as the former governor had died, and he was the only person who could give the information. That either I or the other was her child was clear, but to prove which, was impossible. It however made me less scrupulous about my plan of proceeding, which was to identify myself with the child she had lost. It was useless to prove that I was sent in on that day, as there was a competitor ; besides which, my monastic vows were at variance with my speculation : I therefore resolved to satisfy her, if I could not satisfactorily prove it to myself or to the rest of the world, and I took my measures accordingly.

It was in my worldly disguise, that I determined to attempt my purpose ; and as it was necessary to have a wart on my neck, I resolved to obtain one as soon as possible. This was easily managed : a friar of the convent was troubled with these excrescences, and I jocularly proposed a trial to see whether it was true that the blood of them would inoculate. In a fortnight, I had a wart on my finger which soon became large, and I then applied the blood of it to my neck. Within three months I had a large wart on the back of my neck, or rather a conglomeration of them, which I had produced by inoculation, assisted by constant irritation ; during this period I was not so frequent in my attendance upon the old lady, excusing myself on account of the duties of the convent which devolved upon me. The next point was how to introduce myself in my other apparel. This required some reflection, as it would be but occasionally that I could make my appearance. After some reflection, I determined that the niece should assist me, for I knew that even if I suc-

ceeded in my plans, she would be a participater in the property which I wished to secure. Often left in her company, I took opportunities of talking of a young friend whom I highly extolled. When I had raised her curiosity, I mentioned in a laughing manner, that I suspected he was very much smitten with her charms, as I had often found him watching at the house opposite. An admirer is always a source of gratification to a young girl; her vanity was flattered, and she asked me many particulars. I answered them so as to inflame her curiosity, describing his person in a very favourable manner, and extolling his good qualities. I also minutely described his dress. After the music lesson was over, I returned to my lodgings, arrayed myself in my best suit, and putting on my curling ringlets, walked up and down before the window of the house. The niece soon recognised me as the person whose dress and appearance I had so minutely described, one moment showing herself at the window, at another darting away with all the coquetry of her sex. I perceived that she was flattered with her conquest; and after parading myself for a short time, I disappeared.

When I called the next day in my monastic costume, I had a billet-doux ready in my pocket. The singing commenced: I soon found out that she had a prepossession, from her selecting a song which in the presence of her aunt I should have put on one side, but it now suited my purpose that she should be indulged. When the aunt made her appearance we stopped, and commenced another: by this little ruse I became a sort of confidant, and the intimacy which I desired was brought about. When we had practised two or three songs, Donna Celia, the aunt, left the room: I then observed that I had seen the young cavalier whom I had mentioned, and that he appeared to be more infatuated than ever: that he had requested me as a favour to speak on his behalf, but that I had threatened to acquaint her aunt if he mentioned the subject; for I considered that my duty as a confessor in the family would be very irreconcilable with carrying clandestine love-messages. I acknowledged that I pitied his condition; for to see the tears that he shed, and listen to the supplications which he had made, would have softened almost any body; but that notwithstanding my great regard for him, I thought it inconsistent with my duty to interfere in such a business: I added, that he had told me that he had walked before the house yesterday afternoon, with the hopes of meeting one of the servants, whom he might bribe to convey a letter; and that I had threatened to acquaint Donna Celia if he mentioned the subject again. Donna Clara (for such was her name) appeared very much annoyed at my pretended rigour, but said nothing. After a little while, I asked her if she had seen him; she replied in the affirmative without further remarks. Her work-box lay upon the sofa, upon which she had been seated, and I put the note in it without being perceived. The lesson was finished, and I repaired to her aunt's apartments to pay her a visit in the quality of confessor. After half-an-hour's conversation, I returned through the saloon, where I had left Donna Clara: she was at her embroidery, and had evidently seen and read the note, for she coloured up when I entered. I took no notice, but, satisfied that she had read it, I bade her adieu. In the note, I had implored her for an answer, and stated that I should be under her window during the whole night. As soon as it was dark, I dressed myself as Don Pedro, and repaired to the street, striking a few notes on the guitar to attract her attention. I remained there more than half-an-hour, when the casement opened, and a little hand threw out a billet, which fell at my feet: I kissed it with apparent rapture, and retired. When I gained my lodgings, I opened it, and found it as favourable as I could hope. My plan then was to act as her confidant.

When I called the next day, I told her that, satisfied with the honorable intentions of the young cavalier, he had overcome my scruples, and I had

consented to speak in his behalf: that I thought it was not right; but the state of the young man was so deplorable, that I could not withstand his entreaties; but that I expected that no steps would be taken by either party without my concurrence; and with this proviso, if she was pleased with the young cavalier, I would exert my influence in their behalf. Donna Clara's face beamed with delight at my communication: and she candidly acknowledged, as she had before in the note, that his person and his character were by no means displeasing. I then produced another note, which I said he had prevailed upon me to deliver. After this, affairs went on successfully. I repeatedly met her in the evening; and although I at first was indifferent, yet I soon became attached from the many amiable and endearing qualities which love had brought to light. She one day observed that there was a strong resemblance between Don Pedro and me, but the apparent impossibility of a serious shaven monk; and a gay cavalier with his curling locks, being one and the same person, never entered her head. When I considered matters ripe, I called upon Donna Celia, and with the preamble that I had something of importance to communicate, informed her I had discovered that a young man was attached to her niece; and that I strongly suspected the regard was reciprocal; that I knew the young cavalier very well, who was very amiable, and possessed many good qualities, but there seemed to be a mystery about his family, as he never mentioned them. I ended by observing, that I considered it my duty to acquaint her with the circumstance; as if she objected to the match, or had other views for her niece, an immediate stop ought to be put to their correspondence.

The old lady was very much astonished at the information, and very angry that her niece should have presumed to make an acquaintance without her knowledge. I waited until she had said all she could think of, and then calmly took up the right of a confessor, pointing out that she had herself fallen into the same error in her youthful days; that the young man had confessed to me that his views were honourable; but had not an idea, at the time, that I was acquainted with the family. Donna Celia then appeared to be more pacified, and asked many questions: all that she seemed to object to, was the mystery about his family, which at her request I promised to clear up before any other steps should be taken. Cautioning her against any violence of language to her niece, I took my leave. As I went out I spoke a few words to Clara, informing her of the *dénouement* which had taken place, and recommending her by no means to irritate her aunt, but to be very penitent when she was re-proved. Clara obeyed my injunctions, and the next day, when I called, I found her sitting by the side of Donna Celia, who was apparently reconciled. I motioned Clara out of the room, when Donna Celia informed me that she had acknowledged her error; and as she had promised for the future to be regulated by her advice, she had overlooked her indiscretion. When she had finished: "Prepare yourself, Madam," said I, "for strange tidings—the ways of Heaven are wonderful. Last evening I had an explanation with the young cavalier, Don Pedro, and he proves to be—that son whose loss you have so much lamented."

"Merciful Heaven!" cried the old lady, and she fainted away. As soon as she recovered, she cried out, "Oh where is he? bring him to me—let a mother's eyes be blessed with his sight—let the yearnings of a mother's heart be recompensed in his embraces—let the tears of gratitude be wept upon his bosom."

"Calm yourself, my dear madam," replied I: "the proofs you have not yet seen. First be satisfied, and then indulge in your delightful anticipation. When I pressed Don Pedro upon the subject of his family, I told him candidly that his only chance of success was unlimited confidence: he acknowledged that he had been sent to the Asylum when an infant, and that he did not know his parents; that the mystery and con-

sequent stigma on his birth had been a source of mortification to him through life. I asked him if he knew his age, or had a copy of the register of his reception. He took it out of a small cabinet: it was on the 18th of February, in the same year that your child was sent there. Still as I was not sure, I stated that I would call upon him this morning, and see what could be done; assuring him that his candid avowal had created strong interest in his favour. This morning I repaired to the Asylum, when I examined the register. Two children were brought in on that night: here is the extract, and I feel much mortified, as you will observe, that no marks are mentioned. If, therefore, the wart you spoke of was not still remaining, the uncertainty would have been as great as ever. When I returned to him about an hour since, I renewed the subject, and stated that I thought it was the custom to make a note of any particular marks upon the children, by which they might be eventually reclaimed. He replied that it was customary when they were indelible, but not otherwise: that he had no indelible mark, although a large wart had been on the back of his neck as long as he could remember; 'but,' added he, 'it is of no use,—all hopes of finding my parents have long since been abandoned, and I must submit to my unfortunate destiny. I have thought upon what has passed, and I feel that I have acted wrong. Without family and without name, what right have I to aspire to the hand of any young lady of good parentage? I have made the resolution to conquer my feelings; and before the intimacy has been carried on to an extent that a rupture would occasion any pangs to her that I adore, I will retire from Seville, and lament in solitude my unfortunate condition.'

" 'Are you capable of making such a sacrifice, Don Pedro?' said I.—'I am, Father Anselmo,' replied he: 'I will always act as a man of honour and of family, although I cannot prove my descent.'

" 'Then,' said I, 'Don Pedro, do me the favor to call upon me this evening at my convent, and I hope to have some pleasing intelligence to impart.' I then left him to come here, and acquaint you with the joyful discovery."—"But why did you not bring him here immediately?" cried Donna Celia.

"Madam, I have important duties at my convent, which will occupy me with the superior till late at night. These must be attended to; and it is not impossible, that the affairs of our convent may require my absence for some time, as there are new leases of our lands to be granted, and I have reason to expect that the superior may despatch me on that business. I will acquaint the young man with what has been discovered, and will then send him to your arms; but it were advisable that you allow a few hours to repose after the agitation which you have undergone, and the affecting scene that will naturally take place. I wish I could be present; for it is not often, in this world, that we can witness the best affections of the heart in their virtuous action."

I then took my leave, requesting Donna Celia to inform her niece of the circumstances, as I presumed there would now be no obstacle to the mutual attachment of the young people.

My reason for an early departure was that I might arrange the story I should tell, when, as Don Pedro, my new mother would demand from me the events of my life. I had also to request leave of absence, which I obtained in the expectation of some property being left to the convent by an elderly gentleman residing at Alicante, who was expected to die, and from whom I produced a letter, requesting my presence. As I was on the best terms with the superior, and there was a prospect of obtaining money, his consent was given. That I should be there in time, I was permitted to depart that evening. I took my leave of the superior, and the rest of the monks, intending never to return, and hastened to my lodgings, where I threw off my monastic habit, which from that hour has never been resumed. I repaired to Donna Celia's house, was admitted

and ushered into a room to await her arrival. My person had been set off to the best advantage. I had put on a new wig, a splendid velvet cloak, silk doublet and hose; and as I surveyed myself for a second or two in the mirror, I felt the impossibility of recognition, mingled with pride at my handsome contour. The door opened, and Donna Celia came in, trembling with anxiety. I threw myself on my knees, and in a voice apparently choked with emotion, demanded her blessing. She tottered to the sofa overpowered by her feelings; and still remaining on my knees, I seized her hand, which I covered with kisses.

"It is—it is my child," cried she at last; "all powerful nature would have told me so, if it had not been proved," and she threw her arms round my neck, as she bent over me and shed tears of gratitude and delight. I do assure your highness, that I caught the infection, and mingled my tears with hers; for I felt then, and I even now firmly believe, that I was her son. Although my conscience for a moment upbraided me, during a scene which brought back virtuous feelings to my breast, I could not but consider, that a deception which could produce so much delight and joy, was almost pardonable. I took my seat beside her, and she kissed me again and again, as one minute she would hold me off to look at me, and then strain me in her embraces.

"You are the image of your father, Pedro," observed she, mournfully, "but God's will be done. If he has taken away, he also hath given, and truly grateful am I for his bounty." When we had in some degree recovered our agitation, I entreated her to narrate to me the history of my father, of which I had heard but little from the good brother Anselmo, and she repeated to me those events of her youthful days which she had communicated before.

"But you have not been introduced to Clara: the naughty girl little thought that she was carrying on an amour with her own cousin."

When Donna Celia called her down, I made no scruple of pressing the dear girl to my heart, and implanting a kiss upon her lips: with our eyes beaming with love and joy, we sat down upon the sofa, I in the centre, with a hand locked in the hand of each. "And now my dear Pedro, I am anxious to hear the narrative of your life," said Donna Celia: "that it has been honorable to yourself, I feel convinced." Thanking her for her good opinion, which I hoped neither what had passed, or might in future occur, would be the means of removing, I commenced the history of my life in the following words.

"Commenced the history of your life?" interrupted the Pacha. "Does the slave laugh at our beards? What then is all this you have been telling us?"

"The truth, your Highness," replied the Spaniard. "What I am about to tell, is the history of my life, which I invented to deceive the old lady Donna Celia, and which is all false."

"I understand, Mustapha, this Kafir is a regular Kessehgou,¹ he makes one story breed another; but it is late, see that he attends to-morrow afternoon, Bero! Go infidel, the muezzin calls to prayers."

The Spaniard quitted the sublime presence, and in obedience to the call of the muezzin, the Pacha and Mustapha paid their customary evening devotions—to the bottle.

¹ Eastern story-teller.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PAIN.

THERE is such a thing as having a genius for illness—indeed, I know one or two persons who, as the French doctor said, “are worthy to be ill;” but I am not one of these happy men. Every man has a talent—a gift of his own; I confess that I am but a poor creature at a fit of indisposition—a fellow of no mark or likelihood—one of the most unworthy of the “not worthies.” I cannot, for the life of me, wear a white night-cap, and look very deplorable; nor can I worry a patient friend, and put every body about me in pain with my pain. I have no genius for groaning, which is one of the dolorous delights of your fretful man in sickness; nor for swearing, which is as essential to a perfect assumption of illness as slops and other “soft appliances.” When in a fit of agony—and I have endured these admonitions to mortality—I have not a curse to swear by if it would cure me; and if the hero of a certain modern poem (which shall be nameless) is, as he sometimes is, remiss in his great office of suggester of all that is evil in the mind and mouth of man, and prompts me with nothing new in the way of execration, there I stick, I am dumb-founded, and look about me with a helpless sort of face: my “fool’s bolt” is shot, and my quiver of wrath is *minus* its only shaft.

I am unworthy to be ill; for the noise of children—their cheering and chirping, which to your irritable valetudinarian grates harsh thunder in his ear, is at that time music to me: their cheerful life dissipates the gloom of mine, and I smile at their laughing if I cannot do more than smile. Far from being maudlin, I am more sensible of mirth than at other times; whim-whams of all sorts present themselves to my fancy, and I cachinnate in the serious face of pain, and am any thing but decorous in the presence of so grave a personification of one of the numerous enemies of life. My medical man shakes his head like a phial with a potion in it, and says, “You are very ill, Mr. —.” “Yes, I am; and I have been laughing myself into a fit state of mind to be told so. I am reading Rabelais, and his account of the grand discovery of the scholar of Limousin, that ‘nothing was so injurious to the sight as bad eyes.’” Here Dr. D.— laughs, and I laugh; and on retiring he tells me that I ought to charge myself with medical attendance on myself, for that I perform half the cure by my own cheerfulness.

Far from being morose, I am never more gentle—never more easily touched with a kind look, an affectionate word, or the good-humour of those who are about me. I have then also a more vivid recollection of the many pleasant things which my friends O—, and J—, and B—, have said upon sundry pleasant occasions; laugh them over again, and set them and see them in new attitudes of humour, and find more humour in them and about them, than when they came fresh from the mint of their merry minds. If A. or Z. have a failing, I am abundant in excuses, and discover virtues which more than atone for them; and if W. is the only ill-tempered man among a circle of good-tempered men, I can perceive that it is only his singular way of showing how highly he appreciates their placability, and thoroughly English *bonhomie*.

I am unworthy to be ill ; for no sound, however harsh or grating, from scissor-grinding to sharpening a saw, sets my teeth or temper on edge at these times. Miss Thompson, next door, with the same white fingers, puts the strings of her harp and my heart in vibration at the same moment ; a double accompaniment, of which her warbling voice is worthy. The "stout gentleman" overhead, who walks ten miles per diem up and down his sitting-room, treads his carpet-course unreprieved and unbeseeched by me : I do not, for a moment, think him a domesticated elephant, and wonder how he has escaped the notice of the Zoological Society. Betty, that "wandering voice," who picks up every new ballad as she does her kitchen news, by hearsay, distracts not me by shrieking, in her very happy way, "My heart, my heart is breaking!"—she may break her heart, with all my heart, into the smallest possible state of Macadamization—it frets not me. The Italian professor of the barrel-organ makes his accustomed stand under my window, because I sometimes throw him out a few copper Georges, and exhausts his barrel of every air pricked thereupon : he disturbs me not—quite the contrary. I shake up the draught I am to take to the time of "Bobbing Joan," and toss it off to the tune of "Life's a bumper." The "stone-blind" and stone-deaf (I suspect) hurdy-gurdy woman gluts me with her ground music, and yet affects me not, unless it be with pity for the poor creature : I can even coolly contemplate the mechanical possibility of her vile instrument being turned to a double purpose,—grinding music and Mocha coffee-beans at one and the same time to one and the same tune. The butcher's boy may annunciate his morning-call with the usual one loud knock and particularly distinct two-syllable "Boot-char!" he is as welcome as ever : I have not a bone to throw at him, or at his dog, a circumspect animal with a stumpy tail and a turn for the genteel.

None of these things, which drive some sick men out of their seven senses, and turn some houses inside out, annoy me or bate one jot of my philosophy in the article of pain. Yet I am lineally come of an irritable family by the father's side. My grandfather, indeed, was a man "worthy to be ill." He, in his fits of the gout, would lay back in that easy chair which was partly the author of them, and swear at the motes as they fell through the sun-beams on his foot, with a vehement eloquence of invective which would have appalled Dr. Slop himself. But he had been a campaigner under the duke of Cumberland at Culloden and elsewhere ; and if he swore like a trooper, he had been a trooper, and his swearing was therefore strictly professional, and part of his military appointments. Bating his blasphemy, he was really a fine old fellow—a thorough-bred soldier of the old school ; upright as a ramrod, unbendable as a fire-lock, and with a pig-tail always in the attitude of "Attention." He used to say, when his gout came on, "Hah, this I got at Culloden." I, a small but teasing wit, once dared to insinuate that he got it rather at the "Cat and Mutton," a decent hostelry, where he smoked his pipe after dinner, drank his ten goblets of brandy and water, and

Shouldering his crutch, show'd how fields were won,

to certain unmilitary lookers-on. "Get out of the room, you reprobate!" roared out the old lion, and hurled his velvet cap after me, as if he was throwing a hand-grenade or a caltrop to perplex my "due feet" in their rapid retreat. But, peeping through the key-hole, I saw the old gentleman with every feature laughing, and his whole face shining with satisfaction at the gracelessness of his hopeful grandson. When I think of him, I feel that I am degenerate, and not worthy of my lineage from a man who did such eminent justice to an attack of gout.

Illness has its fashionable routine and its affectations as well as other matters of moment and no moment. Divest a modern fit of sickness of its externals, and, like Majesty under the same circumstances, it becomes a jest. Half an illness is, in many cases, made up of the appearance of being ill: snatch off the white night-cap from the head of the imaginary invalid, unmuffle the bell, un-white-kid the knocker, empty the gruel-basin, suffer Betty to take away the phials as a perquisite, pull up the blinds, take half the coals off the fire, and well ventilate the sick chamber, and your patient is so much better, that, in mere gratitude of heart, he talks of going to church regularly, and subscribing to three lying-in hospitals.

Ego.

BIOGRAPHY OF ODD FELLOWS.—No. I.

WE have no idea of recording in immortal biography the names of men who have nothing but a long list of empty titles to connect them with such an honour. We love to watch and write about nature, not to string foolish names. We leave to Sylvanus Urban, gent., the glory of recording the death of the Earl of Pottleborough, K. B., Baron Leatherhead, and *custos rotulorum*, &c. &c. &c.: who married Lady Piddletown, of the family of the Piddletowns, who came over with the Conqueror, and whose arms were a fool's-cap gules, upon a pig's head, erased sable, armed or—a lady of exemplary character and lofty attainments, at Pottleborough Hall; born August 20th, 1784, and buried by her disconsolate lord last year in Pottleborough Church, where a tombstone of white marble with blue veins is placed to her memory, unostentatiously engraved with gold letters. "Lady Pottleborough, born August 20th, 1784; died May 11th, 1830:"—a proof, as Urban well remarks, of the earl's good taste, and of a sorrow too deep for the stone cutter's art to convey. We prefer embalming the memory of characters, that, unlike his lordship, have been remarkable for something more than eating, drinking, and sleeping, or drinking, sleeping, and eating—of men who have moved in their own spheres, whether of the lofty or lowly, remarkable for daring peculiarity, or honoured by nature with unique accomplishments—bodies that move in eccentric orbits, to speak astronomically and tropically, and attract the eyes of star-gazers. Without further preface, therefore, we shall begin with John Howell, tailor, who died esquire, of Dane Hill, Margate.

Mr. Howell was well known for many years in London, to borrow the phrase of Tattersall's, as the "prime fit" of his day. He was of that class of character peculiar to England: having earned a fortune by industry, he held up his head and pursued the bent of his inclination with bold independence, though stamped with considerable eccentricity.

His customers were of the best class; he lived in the happy days when

the cash was forthcoming for his work ; and although a few of his customers, to use his own words, were rather "long-winded," and he considered it ungenteel to ask a gentleman for money, yet most of the names in his books were as good as the bank-directors. If any customer of property owed him 100*l.*, he would not take 99*l.* 19*s.* 11*d.* for the debt. "Some difference, now-a-days !" he would lately say, laughing over his pipe : "the unthinking dashing sparks whitewash their long accounts for twist, tape, and buckram." Mr. Howell did business for a number of gentlemen connected with the turf ; and the present Sir Henry Goodriche was one of his greatest patrons. He was of a facetious turn of mind, and the above connexion first gave him a taste for the sports of the field. He would often slyly get a day's sporting—cut the shopboard, give the steel-bar rest, put his measures on the shelf, secure his sheers, give his goose repose, and his pattern-card leave with his foreman.

Mr. Howell himself never neglected his toilet ; his clothes were always of the first quality and workmanship. He was aware that a "good appearance" in life had its weight with every class of society. He therefore, in his relaxations, dressed himself for the part—left the tradesman at home, assumed the gay, lively, sporting character, and entered into the spirit of the scene with as much importance as if he had been a great landed proprietor. He boasted of being a good shot, and of the armies of birds he had bagged in his time ; his description of a coursing-match was dramatic, and his ecstasy in relating his enjoyment on witnessing the hounds in full cry was almost without bounds.

He was a tradesman of the "old school" in his shop ; his cut was generally considered tasteful, and he was successful at pleasing his customers. During the time his hands were employed in measuring the bust of a nobleman, or the back of a tradesman, his tongue kept pace with his movements. He retailed a good stock of anecdotes of living persons, put forwards with the usual preface "it is said," "they do say," "I have heard," "but the story did not originate with me," &c. He was not wanting in that confidence in his own acquirements vulgarly called bronze ; he ingratiated himself with most of his customers by that quality, and he obtained the appellation generally of an eccentric fellow. He used to insist upon it that if a coat were made to fit a man, according to the shape which nature had given him, he never despaired of giving satisfaction to the wearer ; but if a coxcomb, whose limbs did not seem to belong to the same body, but looked as if they were picked up in a field of battle, wanted to be fitted with a fashionable coat, then arose the difficulty of his profession—his noblest intellectual exertion, to please his people who never could be pleased. The difficulty rested in the persons of such, but he never could convince them of it ; and those sort of creatures, whom he designated dandies, were mostly ill-formed fellows, padded into shape. We recommend the ladies to mind this hint.

For the first time in his life, although he had reached sixty years' experience in London, he found out that the metropolis was unhealthy ; but, luckily for Mr. Howell, he had "measured" his way so well through life, and played his cards with so much success, that he could retire to enjoy the "otium cum dignitate" attached to a property in the island of Thanet, where, among the vulgar, he soon acquired the appellation of "the old London buck." To the title he had not the slightest objection, except that he quarrelled with the word "old !" Sixty-one years had rolled over his brow, yet he was what might be termed a green old man. He never used the words of Goldfinch, "D—n trade !" lest he might be thought ungrateful to the source which gave him his fortune ; but to the latter part of the exclamation, "I am for life and a currie !" he clung with delight. And why not ? He was an Englishman, a native of the country where he won his gold : he felt the words of the poet, and showed he felt them :—

Honour and shame from no condition rise :
 Act well your part—there all the honour lies !

Independence was his boast, though won by his thimble. Honest Howell ! most high-minded of tailors ! thou wert greater than the autocrat of Russia—happier than a king ! Thou wert thine own master and an independent country gentleman, acquired without the pride of birth or the insolence of office, by honest industry.

Howell determined to live all the days of his life at Margate—

It is a pleasant place that Margate still,
 Where pleasure only hath her gentle sway ;
 And each may walk, or ride, or drive at will,
 With horse or donkey, through the public way.
 I like their little parties and excursions—
 Their trips to some sweet spot, by land or sea ;
 I like their sailing-boats, and the diversions—
 The laugh, the jest, the song—upon the way.

Of Mr. Howell it might now be said that if bodily activity and jollity of disposition had any tendency towards keeping “ the fleshly tenement ” in repair, no man ever exerted himself more than the “ old buck ” to realise the above character. It was his custom, during winter and summer, to rise every morning at four o’clock ; and his early habits in life having taught him to wait upon himself, he made his own fire, prepared his coffee, and afterwards saddled his horse. He then occupied his time until nine in riding through the villages in the isle of Thanet ; and frequently before breakfast he reached Canterbury and back again to Margate, a distance of thirty-four miles. He would then take what he termed his “ second breakfast,” and make a most hearty one. Immediately afterwards he changed his dress, saddled another of his horses, and rode again over the country for four hours. On his return home, he dressed himself for dinner. This meal, like the great Napoleon, he quickly despatched ; and afterwards, by way of attention to his two daughters, he generally took either one or the other of them out with him in his chaise, until the dusk of the evening. He thus tired two horses daily, and frequently took an extra excursion with a favourite donkey in the evening, as a make-weight to his day’s exercise ! He had a fine horse called Blucher, that he had taught to follow him every where like a dog, and it was as completely under his command as the best-trained animal in Ducrow’s wonderful stud. Howell’s day’s work was almost as diversified as Caleb Quotem’s. He was never idle, and the reproach of a “ stupid, sleepy fellow ” never attached to his character. For several years he was perpetual chairman of an evening club at the Queen’s Arms Tavern, Margate, the great resort of the cockney visitors during the season. The president’s chair he furnished at his own expense ; the candlestick which stood before him, and his own tobacco-pipes, were purchased by him. There he sat—alas ! poor Yorick !—the liveliest companion at all times. He sang his song, enjoyed his glass, cracked his joke, and was a capital finger-post to a landlord who wanted the glass to be pushed about, and his company kept together.

The wearing apparel of Mr. Howell was costly ; his extravagance this way had no bounds, and his ambition prompted him to keep the best wardrobe in the isle of Thanet. His wardrobe would have furnished twenty gentlemen with complete suits of clothes.

He was highly pleased on being told that his person resembled George the Third ; in consequence of which he had several wigs made, after the pattern of the late venerable monarch, called by the tonsors “ brown Georges.”

During the races at Margate, he always took great pains to make himself conspicuous. His tandem was attractive, and his horses would bear the nicest inspection. His postilion, called “ young Watercress,” was a poor ragged little urchin at other times, who procured his livelihood

by the sale of the above vegetable : upon these occasions he was elevated to perform and look the part of a first-rate servant. He was dressed in a handsome scarlet jacket, covered with silver lace ; leather brogues, white waistcoat, and a black velvet cap with a gold tassel of huge size upon it. He himself was a grandee of the first rank, decked out in purple velvet and gold lace, the brown " George " wig, and a white broad-brimmed hat. At a country race such a turn-out could not fail of producing an effect on the crowd. The country-folks were astonished, and could not keep their eyes off the tandem ; the gentry quizzed and smiled at the old man's vanity ; and the town's-people and sporting characters enjoyed the scene. Howell looked gravely and loftily, unmoved, enjoying the scene, and treating all the remarks upon himself with the most sovereign contempt. He drove up and down the course as much at his ease as at other times, nodding to one, chatting to another, laughing with a third person, and receiving the fulsome praises of the jokers at his person with all the nonchalance of the best-bred man. In this respect he was bronze itself—a perfect gentleman.

His disposition was rather amorous, and the gay, green old man was not destitute of gallantry. Charity teaches us to " tread lightly o'er the ashes of the dead." At the age of sixty-five, he received a hint by the beadle of the parish, conveyed almost in a whisper to him from the overseers of the poor, that the character of his " maid"-servant had been impeached by somebody, and that he alone could set the matter at rest. " Let it rest where it does," he replied with a smile, " and tell the troublesome fellows that whenever my maid calls upon them, to find her a resting-place ; I will pay for it. They may depend upon it, Master Beadle, that I shall be under no obligation to them for their kindness to me. So now you have got your answer, Mr. Beadle."

Although Howell was vulgarly called the ninth part of a man, he possessed proper notions of honour, and he would not be insulted with impunity. He was once grossly insulted by a powerful athletic person, nearly thirty years younger than himself. The aggressor wanted Howell to settle it on the spot *à la Cribb*. The old man observed that, having some years since injured one of his arms, his skull having also been trepanned, and his right leg seriously hurt when hunting, he did not consider himself a match for the aggressor at fisty-cuffs ; he therefore called him out to meet him on the Fort the next morning at five o'clock. Howell attended precisely at the appointed time ; but his antagonist overslept himself, and Howell retired from the field covered with glory !

During the winter-months he would take a trip to London for a day or two, to see some of his old acquaintances. At one of the well-known theatrical dinners at the Garrick's Head, Bow Street, he appeared like a veteran military officer, his breast almost covered with badges ; or, to use the words of a great amatory poet, like a house over-insured. On being recognised by one of his friends, who asked him, Howell, the meaning of his appearing adorned with so many " orders"—" Orders !" replied he, bursting out into a loud laugh, " these are not orders. Don't you see they are medals ? they have been voted to me for the service I have seen. This is my Noble Grand's medal, belonging to the order of Odd Fellows ; the second is the gift from the Noble Druids ; the third is a present from the Bucks' Lodge, &c. &c. I am also a Loyal Briton, a Knight of the Cauliflower, an Old Codger, an Eccentric, an Independent John, and a Philanthropic. I belong to these societies ; and have I not a right to put on all my medals to pay respect to this company ?"

For the last ten years of his existence, he was as well-known to the annual visitors of Margate as the lighthouse itself. Take a walk upon the pier, a stroll on the jetty, promenade the libraries, or view the steamers start for London or return to Margate—if you did not run against old-Howell it would be considered a rarity indeed ! In his house

and gardens at Dane Hill, he displayed great eccentricity by the manner in which they were furnished and laid out. Even his weathercock was a sporting character, and each of the vanes exhibited subjects connected with the field.

The loss of his wife and daughters affected him considerably : but the death of his last daughter, a short time before his own, shook him fearfully. He told the writer of this sketch last September, on the jetty at Margate, "That his health was excellent, but his spirits were fast leaving him, and, in spite of his fortitude, at times he had great difficulty in rallying them ; yet," said he, "I will not meet troubles half-way, and I will endeavour to prove myself game to the end of the chapter." What philosopher of antiquity ever said more to the purpose ?

Five years ago, so little did he fear the approaches of death, that he sent for Mr. Merrall, carpenter, opposite the theatre at Margate, to measure him for his coffin ; or, to use his own words, to provide him with his last surtout. It was made of mahogany, extremely handsome, with hinges to the lid, and a lock and key. A square plate of glass was also fixed in the lid ; but over which was placed, at his death, a solid plate of brass, and the following inscription was engraved upon it when the coffin was made :—

JOHN HOWELL,
Died 18
Aged Years.

The blanks, of course, were filled up with "Died May 31, 1831, aged 70 years." Numerous curious visitors at Margate took a peep at the coffin during the different seasons, no applications being refused by the maker of it while it was with him. Howell's eccentricities never deserted him ; and within two days of his death he sent the following serio-comic message to the above architect of his coffin :—"Mr. Merrall, I have sent a *bob* for your man to get my house ready for me ; let him dust it well, and also clean the handles." Talk of Sir Thomas More on ascending the scaffold, after this !

He was buried in the old church-yard on the 7th of June. The hearse was followed by two mourning-coaches, containing neighbours. A vast number of the inhabitants collected round his grave, to pay him the last tribute. If Howell did not obtain so high a character at Margate as the late Beau Nash did at Bath, he nevertheless was as important a personage in his way ; and Napoleon is not more connected with the history of the world, than Howell with that of the town of Margate. Peace to his manes !

O.

SONNET.

OH ! blame me not for tears, nor think therein
A sullen peevishness or sorrow dwells ;
Earth and its gayest flowers all begin
To weep when day has look'd his last farewells :
Even the moon—she's but the memory
Of sun-light gone—a sad reflection gleaming
Through the pale dews of eve, like joy with me
O'er the dim twilight hours of absence streaming :
Its raptures soften'd into melancholy,
Like a gay valley distanced into gloom ;
A blue tranquillity, that seems more holy
Than when it shone in all its sunniest bloom.
If thus joy turn to tears in being remember'd,
May I not weep—my May being all December'd ?

W.

THE VILLAGE POET ;

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

THE country and the town are certainly two different worlds, and it has always struck me that the town looks like age, and the country like youth ; the one full of dry and withered cares, the other all thoughtless freshness and unchecked rejoicing. After a long gay season in town, urged to that point where amusement becomes fatigue, and society is lost in crowd, we set out a few days since for our dwelling in the country. It is a new acquisition ; and, in addition to all the pleasures of change, the pleasures of novelty were before us. Every thing was new, and from the furniture in the house to the walks in the grounds all possessed that particular charm which the whole world has for us in childhood, and which we seldom meet with afterwards—It was all new. The days too were fine and clear and fresh ; and after the long, cold, grey winter, the bright rejoicing aspect of the spring with the air, and the verdure and the music of nature, all in their first tenderness, woke up the feelings of past years, and kindled all the warm enthusiasms of early youth. It is wonderful how much the soul is made the slave of its material companion, and how the finest and most ennobled feelings of the heart are modified and changed by the sensations of the body ; how pain and discomfort and sickness will crush the benevolences and sympathies of the spirit ! and how health and enjoyment will open the floodgates of our better feelings, and pour a tide of generous emotions upon our fellow men ! Is it that in bright scenes and happy sensations, the silent consciousness of the profuse bounty of God towards ourselves whispers that the best offering of gratitude is kindness towards our fellows ? I know not ; but would any one tempt me to do them ample service, let them come to me at a moment when nature is bright around me, and not when like a crushed snake I wreathe through the ponderous rubbish of a vile city.

I had walked along through the manifold paths by the side of the brook, and had gazed upon the lapse of its clear sportive waters as they danced onward over the rocks and falls, like a cheerful spirit through the complicated obstructions of the world. A thousand moral images had floated across my thoughts, and a thousand vague undefined sweet dreams, too formless to be classed as ideas, had wandered through my brain, while the music of the birds fell thrilling upon my ear, heard but not distinctly marked. In short, I had drunk a long mingled draught of bland sensations, with that thirsty eagerness which pauses not to discriminate but feels that all is most refreshing, and had returned home satisfied with nature, when, as I entered the drawing-room, a servant put into my hands a little blue-covered duodecimo, with a note written in a somewhat feeble and tremulous hand. An old man he said had brought it, calling himself Andrew Scott ; and ceasing his information there, he left the room. The note had the never-to-be-mistaken air of a petition, and the book was evidently a book to be subscribed for. My feelings however were so far relaxed by my communion with the many bright things around me, that had it been a rail-road or a joint-stock company, or any other thing that is bad, I do not believe I could have refused to subscribe.

Three and sixpence or four shillings, for such appeared the extreme of the book's value in square inches, was nothing in my mood at that moment, and when I found by the note that Andrew Scott was a poor self-taught poet in the sear and yellow leaf of life, who published his little productions by subscription, my mind strove to grope its way on through the dim future; and as I thought that in all the changes of human fate, and the perverse decrees of destiny, I might one time be glad to do the same, it is wonderful how the spring of fellow-feeling expanded my benevolence. Never dreaming that the poor man was waiting in the kitchen, I threw myself down, and I am afraid, with some of the careless nonchalance of self-satisfied superiority, opened the book and began to read, not fearing to enjoy that laughing triumph of vanity which the sight of inferior efforts in in our own pursuits too frequently procures us. As I read, however, I stood rebuked, for little of such triumph could be derived from the lines which first met my eye; they were the description of a horseman pursuing his way towards his home after a long absence and many painful occurrences, and ran precisely as follows:

The sun goes down from his joyless race,
And the dull cold day is waning apace,
But lingers yet the yellow glare
Of eve o'er fields and forests bare.

Sore beat all day with the dusty wing
Of October winds in his travelling,
Still follows yon rider the way of the sun,
Though the hoar-dawn saw his course begun:
And now he has gained the toilsome height,
Long seen afar in the western light;
Now urges his wearied steed again,
And onward to the distant plain.
A city in view; its structures proud,
Reel dimly descried in the yellow cloud,
That hovers o'er tower and battlement,
Like some woe or plague by the Almighty sent.

As I read on I found the poems generally very unconnected in their structure, sometimes weak and often ill-arranged, but full of bursts of poetical genius, which had it been cultivated by a classical education, and brought up in the sunshine of prosperity, might have rivalled that of many a famous bard. The description of a son waking from troubled sleep under the glance of his mother, who had been watching and praying beside him, struck me much:

——— that eye is raised,
And stedfastly on Ruth it gazed,
At once it gave its fullest light,
As if no shade had been there that night:
It seemed as if breathings of love so deep
Had rung like a peal through the realms of sleep,
And waked him at once ———

Nor was occasional humour wanting in the village poet, though it appeared to me as I read on, that had Burns never existed, the humour might have taken a different garb. One sample, and my criticism is over—"Address to a tooth on its coming out:"

Ah! little tool o' purest bane,
Thy last grip now alas is gane;
We met, I wot, in twanging pain,
An sae we part;
Thou'lt ne'er resume thy place again,
Oh wa'es my heart! &c.

I rang the bell. "When will he come again?" I demanded. "He is here now, sir," was the reply. "Show him in:" and in a moment afterwards Andrew Scott stood before me. Fancy had, in a single instant, between the servant's going and the poet's approach, conjured up the fine tall figure of a man, bent but not broken with age; the bright flashing eye, the cheek withered but not blighted with time, the white scanty hair, the high majestic forehead, with something poetical in the very poverty of the garb, and the dignity of genius in the mien: and thus the enchantress had called "Andrew Scott." Amongst all her manifold and thorough-paced lies, never did Dame Imagination manufacture a more barefaced and impudent falsehood. Alack and a-well-a-day! in what pitiful dwelling-places will genius make her abode—like contentment, the tenant of the most uninviting abodes! I beheld a small insignificant man, terribly shaken with the palsy, his face withered like an antique pippin, his hair of a pepper-and-salt grey, his features in no degree remarkable, and his garb somewhat more philosophical than becoming. His eye, indeed, was the redeeming point; and while he spoke, it would sometimes kindle under the shaggy eyebrow that overhung it with the quick light of keen intelligence, sometimes twinkle with a glance of roguish fun that belied the wintry coldness of his brow.

I spoke kindly to the old man of course, bought his little book, and asked his history, his station, and his prospects. He now fills, it seems, the most unpoetical office of parish beadle, and the most untuneful one of parish bell-ringer, both of which in a remote sequestered spot like this are somewhat more laborious than profitable. When I asked if he had wooed the Muses early, he replied, indeed he had; that when scarcely fifteen, as he used to roam by the banks of the stream which flows below my house, the spirit of the old minstrels seemed to waken in his bosom, and he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came. The temptation of a red coat however, together with glory and a shilling a-day, lured him away from the happy scenes of his youth, from his calm valley and poetical stream, to hostile struggles in the plains of America, the war-whoop, the tamahawk, and Ticonderoga.

After fighting several battles, and being hurried through several campaigns, he returned to his native country and his native village, and, with the help of poverty, a wife, and children, easily forgot that there was such a thing as poetry in existence. At length he obtained his present official situations, which, though not precisely sinecures, put him somewhat more at his ease. It was then that the thirst for Helicon returned upon him; and his account of the first renewal of his poetical attempts, when nearly fifty, and of the first encouragement they met with, is somewhat curious.

"About that time, sir," said he, "there was a kind of a massacre

at Warsaw; and any thing that hit my fancy very strongly when I was young, used just to get into verses; so this time it did the same, and I sat down and wrote a great deal against the Empress of Russia—and very violent I was. But after it was done, I folded it up and put it in my waistcoat-pocket; and on the Saturday, when I went to the Manse, Mr. Balfour, a fine man, who was minister then, was standing at the kitchen fire, with his back to it and his coat-tails over his arms, ye ken. After he had spoken to me a bit I just put my hand in my pocket for a bit of tobacco, and, in drawing it out, the paper with the verses fell down without my seeing it; but the minister noticed and took it up; and seeing that they were verses in my handwriting, he asked me whose they were. So I thought a bit, and then I told him; and when he had read them through like, he said they were not that bad, and advised me to gather as many as I could and publish them. He said too, that he would take some of the copies, and get other of his brother ministers to do the like; and he got me a dictionary and Burns's Poems from Edinburgh; and I set to work."

Such was the story of Andrew Scott, the village poet; and praise and patronage, though they had not mended the holes at his elbows, had made him perfectly contented with his own productions, if not with his own lot. Indeed, contentment of any kind is a great blessing; and to be contented with oneself is perhaps the next gift in grade to being contented with our state. "God send us a good conceit of ourselves," was an old Scotchman's universal prayer; and Andrew Scott has sufficient of that good quality to make him happy, but not obtrusive. He is now past seventy; and how long he may go on bell-ringing and verse-making it is difficult to say, but certainly so much fancy at such an age, and such powers under such circumstances, almost call for regret that his genius had not been noticed at an earlier hour. I do not know, indeed, whether talents like his under the influence of a cultivated education more frequently blossom or wither; yet still it seems hard, with aspirations of a higher kind, and genius which raises one above one's state of birth, to be tied down to manual labor and daily drudgery through a long life. Had Andrew Scott met with patronage, and received a classical education in his youth, his genius perhaps might have been lost while his taste was improved; but had it been preserved, he might have effected something to honour his country and himself. Was the risk worth while? I do not know.

J.

THE METROPOLITAN.

MAY, 1831.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

COLONEL NAPIER'S History of the Peninsular War. Vol. III.

NAPIER'S History of the Peninsular War is an admirable production; and at a stroke levels all others before it. None can compete with it, with the shadow of a chance; and Southey's lumber, especially, may now be laid up in ordinary. Napier is a soldier and a scholar; he shared in the conflict, and has himself seen much of what he describes—he has a personal acquaintance with the whole theatre of action—he has measured the resources of both invader and invaded—has been entrusted with communications from leading personages of all parties; and happily possesses tact and judgment, professionally, to estimate purpose, plan, and execution. With equal ease and precision he grasps a general principle, and seizes the smallest detail; and with equal *gout* relishes a moral as well as a military argument—a measure of politics, or a manœuvre of tactics. His fine manly spirit carries him safely and firmly over the most slippery ground; and though leaning to the critical, and, of course, occasionally churlish, he can praise and liberally too; but it must be well deserved, before he confers it. His toil and his efforts are spent wholly in the search and ascertainment of facts: to report them presents to him no difficulty whatever; for whether they tell for or against the dead or the living, the great or the small, at home or abroad, is a matter of no importance at all—it forms no part of his consideration, and he risks with indifference even the hazard of personal resentment. His tone is that perfectly of a man who has no cotemporaries; he thinks of nothing but exhibiting his facts, and enforcing his own convictions. The settled purpose of his soul is, not merely to detail the succession of events, that anybody might have done, as many have done, and well-done; but to trace, as they occur, their causes, and weigh their consequences—to balance probabilities, and compare resources with effects—to take into view collateral influences, as well as direct impulses—to discuss men as well as measures—the motives of those who command, and the talents of those who execute—to expose the sources of failure, as well as of success—to tell, in short, the whole story of the war, with the thousand whys and wherefores, that protracted a struggle, which the insurrection of an universal people promised to terminate in six months—to as many years.

Spain had a population of ten or twelve millions—uniform, with the exception of a few nobles, and passionate in their hatred of the French. Why did not she repel at once an invading and insulting enemy? Portugal, with scarcely three millions, was thrice overrun by overwhelming forces, yet threw them off her soil again—suffered less than Spain, and was in all respects, more efficient in the war, than her more powerful neighbour—how was this? England entered heart and soul into the contest—she had money or, what *then* came to the same thing, credit at command; and was ready to employ it all in aiding the Spaniards—why was her *assistance* thrown away, and nothing done but what she did herself? Why were her commanders, confessedly brave and skilful, when they might have had a hundred thousand troops, never entrusted with more than forty? and how was it, at last, that with so insignificant a force, they drove the enemy before them, and cleared the country of its invaders?

These are questions which involve every point of interest in the war; and they are such as Colonel Napier's work answers distinctly, boldly, and satisfactorily. If ever man had the means, he has. His materials were abundant; he has had access to private papers, and communion with those who were nearest the gods; his own experience is considerable; his judgment is sound; and he has a tongue to express its dictates, and a spirit to abide by them. He searches and shifts with indefatigable diligence; and discloses as fearlessly as he pronounces strongly and sternly. He has, what will be called, his bias, or his partiality; he detests, for instance, the Spaniards; but it is for insolence, inertness, want of cordial co-operation with their allies. It is unfair to call that prejudice, which is the result of research; not a principle taken up at random, or in heat, but a cool conclusion forced upon his conviction by dint of irresistible evidence. He tells his tale consecutively, and some-

times anticipates his testimony ; but he has examined the whole before he wrote a word ; and he has so often made good his particular opinions, that we have the most perfect reliance, the strength of his facts will finally support his general sentiments. Napoleon is, in his eyes, the first of human beings for vigor, for sagacity, for solidity of talent : Wellington the next ; and occasionally, Wellington balances the scale. Had Napoleon been at liberty to concentrate his efforts upon Spain, and carry his own views, in his own person, into effect, a few months would have swept the Peninsula of every English soldier that was ever in it ; but he had enemies in the north, as well as in the south ; and, during the Spanish war, lost half a million of men, who had never crossed the Pyrenees. On the other hand, had Wellington been furnished by the grudging cabinet of England with larger forces, or been zealously backed by the jealous Spaniards, he would have seized upon the opportunities presented by the divisions of the French marshals, and closed the gates of Spain upon their master long before he did. But war is not a conjectural art—'Fortune rules in war,' is the sentiment of Colonel Napier ; and of Tacitus before him : the finest combinations are baffled by occurrences too delicate to be discerned, or too capricious to be guarded against. Not, that experience is thrown away in war, or that caution goes for nothing ; but that readiness of expedient on the spur of the occasion is often found of more importance, than the best-considered provisions ; something unexpected is for ever turning up, as must be the case where human wills are at work. That makes all the difference between life and mere mechanism.

Passing by the guilty deed of invasion, a few words will show the sources of Napoleon's failures. Murat precipitated measures and exasperated the Spanish nation by the seizure of Madrid ; Savary was feeble, and mistook his instructions ; Dupont dastardly or treacherous ; Joseph was alarmed, and, by his retreat, all but cooped up the French in a corner of Spain. Napoleon arrived in person on the scene at this critical moment ; in a few weeks he replaced his brother in Madrid—impelled his forces onwards—spread them across the country, and drove the English in haste towards the coast. Suddenly, before he could complete his purpose, he was recalled by the brewing of a new war in Austria. He left behind him Soult, an able second, but only a second ; though he compelled the English, after the loss of their brave commander, to take refuge in their ships. Soult was then directed to invade Portugal ; but he was three months in accomplishing, what Napoleon, in person, would have done in a month, or not at all—And why ? Simply, because the Emperor's unrelaxing energy and commanding influence forced all, wherever he himself appeared, to combine, and contribute their best efforts ; while, in his absence, one marshal thought himself as good as another, and as well entitled to command. They might not refuse to act, but they acted reluctantly ; which in war is often, nay generally worse than not acting at all. Portugal, to the Douro, was at last, fully in Soult's hands ; but before he was in a condition to advance upon Lisbon, landed Sir Arthur Wellesley, in command of an English force, and he was forced to retreat again. The English troops were upon him almost before he was aware of their landing. How was this ? Treachery was in his camp : the superior officers were conspiring to seize him, make terms with the English commander, place St. Cyr at their head, march to Paris, and force a change of system upon Napoleon. The plot was detected in time to defeat it, but Soult was paralyzed ; his own staff withheld information of Wellesley's approach ; he was deceived, and finally compelled to abandon his conquest. Wellesley had the king, with Jourdan and Victor on the other frontier of Portugal, in the valley of the Tagus, and dared not pursue Soult farther, nor was their any immediate object of importance to call for farther pursuit.

The battle of Talavera within a few weeks was fought, and Wellington's subsequent position on the Guadiana, though to the sacrifice of his own troops, checked the advance of the French into Andalusia ; but the contemptuous neglect of Cuesta and the Junta compelled him, at last, to give up for the present the prosecution of the war in Spain, withdraw to Portugal, and confine his efforts to the defence of that country. His withdrawal was the signal for Joseph's rapid advance upon the south ; and the French troops, from north to south, were generally triumphant—the Spaniards were everywhere disunited and ineffective. The Peninsula was lost, but for the occupation of Portugal by the English, and the Portuguese troops disciplined by English officers ; and to wrench this remnant from the grasp of Wellington, Massena took the command of a considerable force destined to sweep over, for the third and last time, that ill-fated country. Massena had not been before in the Peninsula, and was a stranger to the jealousies of the French marshals. He was of superior rank too, and any of them might serve under him. They did so, but greatly to their own annoyance : he had solicited the command. Napoleon himself was engaged with his new marriage ; and political matters required his presence, is may well be supposed, at Paris. Massena accordingly prosecuted his mission ; drove the English back to their lines at Torres Vedras—was baffled by those lines, of the existence of which he knew nothing till he was close upon them ;

and, after a series of impotent efforts, gave up the matter in despair; and, within ten months of his entrance into the country, evacuated it again.

This was Wellington's best triumph; and the details occupy the greater part of that portion of Colonel Napier's third volume, dedicated to what concerns the English troops. Wellington had had no easy time of it, while the French were gathering on the frontiers, or collected in the heart of Portugal. From the time he first took upon him the defence of Portugal, after quitting his position on the Guadiana, to the expulsion of Massena's forces, nearly eighteen months had elapsed; during the whole of which long period no combat of any importance had occurred, except that of Busaco, in the retreat. At home, in consequence, he was subjected to the most annoying constructions, indolence, incompetence, pleasure: every thing of an invidious caste, except, we believe, treachery, was imputed to him. The very ministers partook of the general impatience and distrust; and one of them, urging him to activity, bade him do anything, provided he spilt blood. His own officers worried the government with remonstrances—all were in despair; and, but for his brother, who fortunately, or rather it should be said, *wisely*, held the office of Foreign Affairs, he must have sunk under the general combination. The lines of Torres Vedras saved him—saved the ministry themselves—saved Portugal, and ultimately Spain itself. He has deservedly all the merit of those lines, and the happy consequences of his own foresight. The evacuation of Portugal turned the scale once more in his favor. He was quickly in a position to make more dazzling movements; and the impatience of the grumbling public was indulged with event and variety.

Meanwhile, in the south, Badajos had been lost; and Beresford was commanded to attempt the recapture. Soult, it was quickly learnt, was advancing from Seville, resolved to raise the siege, and drive Beresford across the Guadiana. Wellington hastened to the scene; but arrived, unluckily, too late. As Soult approached, Beresford found he must fight or decamp. Prudence bade him retreat; but the popular cry was for battle, and he had not pluck enough to resist. He picked out his own ground near the village of Albuera, about seven or eight miles from Badajos; encountered the enemy, and reaped an equivocal victory with the loss of 7500 brave fellows—the most disastrous event of the whole war, and the least serviceable. It was a gratuitous destruction. Colonel Napier's volume closes at this point of the story; but no portion of it will present a more complete specimen of the writer's sagacity, fairness, spirit, and perhaps severity, than his remarks upon Beresford's battle of Albuera: and we quote, accordingly, a few of them.

'No general ever gained a great battle with so little increase of military reputation, as Marshal Beresford. His personal intrepidity and strength, qualities so attractive for the multitude, were conspicuously displayed, yet the breath of his own army withered his laurels, and his triumph was disputed by the very soldiers who followed his car. Their censures have been reiterated, without change and without abatement, even to this hour; and a close examination of his operations, while it detects many ill-founded objections, and others tainted with malice, leaves little doubt that the general feeling was right.

'During the progress of the siege, either the want of correct intelligence, or a blunted judgment, misled the marshal. It was remarked that, at all times, he too readily believed the idle tales of distress and difficulties in the French armies, with which the spies generally, and the deserters always, interlarded their information. Thus he was incredulous of Soult's enterprise, and that marshal was actually over the Morena before the orders were given for the commencing of the main attack of the castle of Badajos. However, the firmness with which Beresford resisted the importunities of the engineers to continue the siege; and the quick and orderly removal of the stores and battering-train, were alike remarkable and praiseworthy. It would have been happy if he had shown as much magnanimity in what followed.'

Blake and Castanos, who co-operated with Beresford before Badajos, were both for fighting; they could not, they affirmed, retire the way they came; and, if their troops were marched into Portugal, they would certainly disperse. Beresford, too, backed the opinion, by arguing that it was unwise to relinquish the hope of capturing Badajos; and, if they retreated into Alentejo, they would only be pursued, and compelled to fight, probably, under more disadvantageous circumstances.

'But these plausible reasons were but a mask: the true cause why the English general adopted Blake's proposals was the impatient temper of the British troops. None of them had been engaged in the battles under Lord Wellington. At Busaco, the regiments of the fourth division were idle spectators on the left, as those of the second division were on the right, while the action was in the centre. During Massena's retreat they had not been employed under fire, and the combats of Sabugal and Fuentes Onoro had been fought without them. Thus a burning thirst for battle was general, and Beresford had not the art either of conciliating or of exacting the confidence of his troops. It is certain, that if he had retreated, a very violent and unjust clamor would have been raised against him; and this was so

strongly and unceremoniously represented to him, by an officer on his own staff, that he gave way. These are what may be termed the moral obstacles of war. Such men as Lord Wellington or Sir John Moore can stride over them; but to second-rate minds they are insuperable. Practice and study may make a good general as far as the handling of troops and the designing of a campaign; but that ascendancy of spirit which leads the wise, and controls the insolence of folly, is a rare gift of nature.

'Beresford yielded with an unhappy flexibility to the clamour of the army, and the representations of Blake, for it is unquestionable that the resolution to fight was unwarrantable on any sound military principle.

'Marshal Beresford had fixed upon and studied his own field of battle above a month before the action took place; and yet occupied it in such a manner as to render defeat almost certain; his infantry were not held in hand, and his inferiority in guns and cavalry was not compensated for by entrenchments. But were any other proofs of error wanting, this fact would suffice, he had a greater strength of infantry on the field of battle scarcely four miles long, and three times the day was lost and won, the allies being always fewest in number at the decisive point. It is true, that Blake's conduct was very perplexing; it is true that General William Stewart's error cost one brigade, and thus annihilated the command of Colonel Colborne, a man capable of turning the fate of a battle, even with fewer troops than those swept away from him by the French cavalry: but the neglect of the hill beyond the Albuera, fronting the right of the position, was Beresford's own error and a most serious one; so also were the successive attacks of the brigades, and the hesitation about the fourth division. And where are we to look for that promptness in critical moments which marks the great commander? It was Colonel Hardinge that gave the fourth division and Abercrombie's brigade orders to advance, and it was their astounding valour in attack, and the astonishing firmness of Houghton's brigade in defence that saved the day; the person of the general-in-chief was indeed seen everywhere, a gallant soldier! but the mind of the great commander was seen nowhere.

'Beresford remained master of the field of battle, but he could not take Badajos, that prize was the result of many great efforts, and many deep combinations by a far greater man: neither did he clear Estremadura, for Soult maintained positions from Llerena to Usagre. What then did he gain? The power of simulating a renewal of the siege, and holding his own cantonments on the left bank of the Guadiana; I say simulating, for, if the third and seventh divisions had not arrived from Beira, even the investment could not have been completed. These illusive advantages he purchased at the price of seven thousand men. Now Lord Wellington fought two general and several minor actions with a smaller loss, and moreover turned Massena and seventy thousand men out of Portugal!

'Nevertheless, all circumstances considered, they were not and could not be equal to a second desperate struggle, a renewed attack on the 17th would have certainly ended in favor of the French; and so conscious was Beresford of this, that, on the evening of the 16th, he wrote to Lord Wellington, avowing that he anticipated a certain and ruinous defeat the next day. The resolution with which he maintained the position notwithstanding, was the strongest indication of military talent he gave during the whole of his operations; had Soult only persisted in holding his position with equal pertinacity, Beresford must have retired. It was a great and decided mistake of the French Marshal not to have done so. There is nothing more essential in war than a confident front; a general should never acknowledge himself vanquished, for the front line of an army always looks formidable, and the adversary can seldom see the real state of what is behind. The importance of this maxim is finely indicated in Livy, where he relates that, after a drawn battle, a god called out in the night, the Etruscans had lost one man more than the Romans! Hereupon the former retired, and the latter, remaining on the field, gathered all the fruits of a real victory.'

We have scarcely noticed Colonel Napier's sentiments relative to the Spaniards. They have boldly asserted, that the deliverance of the Peninsula was the work of their hands. 'This assertion,' says Colonel Napier, 'I combat;' and in the earlier volumes, as well as in the present, he has furnished evidence enough, it might have seemed, to satisfy the most incredulous. It, however, is not so. Prejudice is as stubborn as fact; and Colonel Napier has found it necessary to repel the charge of misrepresentation. Its eloquence will alone entitle the extract to notice.

'I have been charged with incompetence to understand, and, most unjustly, with a desire to underrate the Spanish resistance; but it is the province of history to record foolish as well as glorious deeds, that posterity may profit from all: and neither will I mislead those who read my work, nor sacrifice the reputation of my country's arms to shallow declamation upon the unconquerable spirit of independence. To expose the errors is not to undervalue the fortitude of a noble people; for in their constancy, in the unexampled patience, with which they bore the ills inflicted alike by a ruthless enemy, and by their own sordid governments, the Spa-

niards were truly noble : but shall I say that they were victorious in their battles, or faithful in their compacts ; that they treated their prisoners with humanity ; that their Juntas were honest or wise ; their generals skilful ; their soldiers firm ? I speak but the bare truth, when I assert, that they were incapable of defending their own cause ! Every action, every correspondence, every proceeding of the six years that the war lasted, rise up in support of this fact ; and to assume that an insurrection so conducted did, or could possibly baffle the prodigious power of Napoleon is an illusion. Spain baffle him ! Her efforts were amongst the very smallest causes of his failure. Portugal has far greater claims to that glory. Spain furnished the opportunity ; but it was England, Austria, Russia, or rather fortune, that struck down that wonderful man. The English, more powerful, more rich, more profuse, perhaps more brave than the ancient Romans ; the English with a fleet, for grandeur and real force, never matched, with a general equal to any emergency, fought as if for their own existence. The Austrians brought four hundred thousand good troops to arrest the conqueror's progress ; the snows of Russia destroyed three hundred thousand of his best soldiers ; and finally, when he had lost half a million of veterans, not one of whom died on Spanish ground, Europe, in one vast combination, could only tear the Peninsula from him, by tearing France along with it. What weakness, then, what incredible delusion to point to Spain, with all her follies, and her never-ending defeats, as a proof that a people fighting for independence must be victorious ! She was invaded, because she adhered to the great European aristocracy ; she was delivered, because England, enabled that aristocracy to triumph for a moment over the principles of the French revolution.'

In any thing relative to Spain, especially on military matters, Colonel Napier's remarks are deserving of close attention. He has no confidence in the efficiency of the Guerilla system ; and, at a moment, when the same species of warfare is likely to be attempted in Poland, and is indeed by some warmly urged, Colonel Napier's reasonings against it claim particular consideration.

'It was in the provinces lying between France and the Ebro that the Guerilla system commenced. It was in those provinces that it could effect the greatest injury to the French cause ; and it was precisely in those provinces that it was conducted with the greatest energy, although less assisted by the English than any other part of Spain : a fact leading to the conclusion, that ready and copious succours may be hurtful to a people situated as the Spaniards were. When so assisted, men are apt to rely more upon their allies than upon their own exertions. But, however, this may be, it is certain that the Partidas of Biscay, Navarre, Arragon, and Catalonia, although they amounted at one time to above thirty thousand men accustomed to arms, and often commanded by men of undoubted enterprise and courage, never occupied half their own number of French at one time ; never absolutely defeated a single division ; never prevented any considerable enterprise ; never, with the exception of the surprise of Figueras, to be hereafter spoken of, performed any exploit seriously affecting the operations of a single "corps d'armée."

'It is true, that if a whole nation will but persevere in such a system, it must in time destroy the most numerous armies. But no people will thus persevere ;—the aged, the sick, the timid, the helpless, are all hinderers of the bold and robust. There will, also, be a difficulty to procure arms, for it is not on every occasion that so rich and powerful a people as the English, will be found in alliance with insurrection ; and, when the invaders follow up their victories by a prudent conduct, as was the case with Suchet and some others of the French generals, the result is certain. The desire of ease, natural to mankind, prevails against the suggestions of honor ; and, although the opportunity of covering personal ambition with the garb of patriotism may cause many attempts to throw off the yoke, the bulk of the invaded people will gradually become submissive and tranquil. It is a fact that, notwithstanding the violent measures resorted to by the Partida chiefs to fill their ranks, deserters from the French and even from the British formed one-third of their bands.

'To raise a whole people against an invader may be easy, but to direct the energy thus aroused, is a gigantic task, and, if misdirected, the result will be more injurious than advantageous. That it was misdirected in Spain was the opinion of many able men of all sides ; and to represent it otherwise, is to make history give false lessons to posterity. Portugal was thrown completely into the hands of Lord Wellington ; but that great man, instead of following the example of the Supreme Junta, and encouraging independent bands, enforced a military organisation upon totally different principles. The people were, indeed, called upon and obliged to resist the enemy ; but it was under a regular system, by which all classes were kept in just bounds, and the whole physical and moral power of the nation rendered subservient to the plan of the general-in-chief. To act differently is to confess weakness : it is to say that the government being unequal to the direction of affairs permits anarchy.

The Partida system in Spain was the offspring of disorder, and disorder in war is weakness accompanied by ills the least of which is sufficient to produce ruin. It

is in such a warfare, that habits of unbridled license, of unprincipled violence, and disrespect for the rights of property are quickly contracted, and render men unfit for the duties of citizens; and yet it has with singular inconsistency been cited, as the best and surest mode of resisting an enemy, by politicians, who hold regular armies in abhorrence; although a high sense of honor, devotion to the cause of the country, temperance, regularity, and decent manners are of the very essence of the latter's discipline.

Regular armies have seldom failed to produce great men, and one great man is sufficient to save a nation: but when every person is permitted to make war in the manner most agreeable to himself, for one that comes forward with patriotic intentions, there will be two to act from personal interest; in short, there will be more robbers than generals. One of the first exploits of Espoz y Mina was to slay the commander of a neighbouring band, because, under the mask of patriotism, he was plundering his own countrymen: nay this, the most fortunate of all the chiefs, would never suffer any other Partida than his own to be in his district; he also, as I have before related, made a species of commercial treaty with the French, and strove earnestly and successfully to raise his band to the dignity of a regular force.

St. Cyr, a man of acknowledged talents, has published similar sentiments. After considerable experience of this mode of warfare, while in Catalonia, he comes to the conclusion, that the evil was greater than the benefit.¹

Crotchet Castle; by the author of "Headlong Hall." Hookham.

We imagine that such of our readers as peruse this clever little work need not be told who is its author. Mr. Peacock has exhibited much humor, a little playful satire, and matter whence a good moral or two may be extracted touching the times. He will lose none of the favor of his former admirers by this book. If man and his aspects and pursuits be matter of profitable study, the author has not labored to acquire them in vain. We are puzzled for an extract, and had better we believe leave it alone, where a perusal of the whole will best show the drift of the author's design and the mode of its execution.

The Moorish Queen; a Record of Pompeii; and other Poems. By ELEANOR SNOWDEN, author of "The Maid of Scio." Whittaker and Co.

Miss Snowden is no stranger to the public: her *Maid of Scio* has already appeared in print, and evinced much poetic feeling. The present volume does her no discredit, and will afford pleasure in the perusal.

Framlingham: a Narrative of the Castle. In four Cantos. By JAMES BIRD. Baldwin and Cradock.

We are almost overwhelmed with the number of poetical works which pour in upon us. As the march of mind extends, the productions of the Muse keep pace with it. Unfortunately, writers of considerable powers of fancy do not always select subjects interesting to readers in general. Local poetry, like the present, must be confined in attraction to the neighbourhood where the scene is laid, unless it involve, in the way of illustration, spirited verse, which is adapted to please any where. Mr. Bird has given many good lines in the present production, and we think those who are acquainted with the spot he describes, will set a value on his work; for ourselves we confess, we are not of this number. We do not mean that there is no power in the volume, but that to us it is misplaced. Poetry is a universal language, and to succeed must take its themes from appropriate subjects, or be able to invest those which are not in themselves generally interesting, with the hidden charm which high genius alone can impart. It is a very common mistake, the imagining that others must feel upon a favorite topic as we do ourselves, but it is a very fatal one. We recommend Mr. Bird to give us credit for speaking the fact when we say this. His work is deficient in interest and that power of affording pleasure, which are always the requisites of the labors of the Muse, and one of the causes of this deficiency is in the nature of his subject.

¹ Our Reviewer differs in his opinion of this work from some writers of the day; and, among others, from one in the 'Athenæum.' Apropos, of this independent publication, which, under its present spirited management, has truly taken to itself the merit of having led the way in resisting that pernicious influence over writers and periodicals which had been rapidly gaining ground—an influence which bid fair to make periodical literature nothing but an instrument for deluding the public, a tool for the sole interest of the sordid trader, and an incalculable evil to literary men. We yield every credit to the spirit of this well-conducted publication for its exertions which place the public deeply in its debt. We know how difficult it is to break the shackles of powerful pecuniary influence mis-directed; but the honor and credit is proportionally great.

Summer and Winter Hours. By H. G. BELL. Hurst and Co.

This is a volume of very superior poems to those which issue so frequently from the modern press; and, though their author speaks of them only as "an intimation of his poetical existence," they will well repay the reader's perusal of them. In the ballad—that style so much neglected in the present day for the puling of ladies' boarding-school sentimentality—Mr. Bell, in our opinion, exhibits striking talent. We know not how we can better give our readers an idea of his power this way than by quoting him; for so similar is the generality of modern poetry, and so high, despite numerous exceptions to the contrary, is its general character, that it is no easy matter to discriminate the exact peculiarities, whether good or bad, of each writer. The following we select, not because it is the first in the volume, but because we like it; it is called

"THE UNCLE."

I had an uncle once—a man
Of threescore years and three—
And when my reason's dawn began,
He'd take me on his knee,
And often talk whole winter nights
Things that seem'd strange to me.
He was a man of gloomy mood,
And few his converse sought;
But, it was said, in solitude
His conscience with him wrought,
And there, before his mental eye,
Some hideous vision brought.
There was not one in all the house
Who did not fear his frown,
Save I, a little careless child,
Who gambol'd up and down,
And often peep'd into his room,
And pluck'd him by the gown.
I was an orphan and alone—
My father was his brother,
And all their lives I knew that they
Had fondly loved each other;
And in my uncle's room there hung
The picture of my mother.
There was a curtain over it;
'Twas in a darken'd place,
And few or none had ever look'd
Upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale, expressive smile
Of melancholy grace.
One night, I do remember well—
The wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors
It sounded drearily—
I sat and read in that old hall,
My uncle sat close by.
I read, but little understood
The words upon the book,
For with a side-long glance I mark'd
My uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame
In strong convulsions shook.
A silent terror o'er me stole,
A strange unusual dread,
His lips were white as bone, his eyes
Sunk far down in his head;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze
Of the unconscious dead.
Then suddenly he turn'd him round,
And drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face—
Perchance my eyes might fail,
But ne'er before that face to me
Had seem'd so ghastly pale.

"Come hither, boy!" my uncle said—
I started at the sound,
'Twas choked and stifled in his throat,
And hardly utterance found—
"Come hither, boy!" then fearfully
He cast his eyes around.
"That lady was thy mother once,
Thou wert her only child—
O God! I've seen her when she held
Thee in her arms and smiled;
She smiled upon thy father, boy,
'Twas that which drove me wild!
"He was my brother, but his form
Was fairer far than mine;
I grudged not that,—he was the prop
Of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was to him
A token and a sign.
"Boy! I had loved her too,—nay more
'Twas I who loved her first;
For months—for years—the golden
Within my soul was nurst; [thought
He came,—he conquer'd,—they were
My air-blown bubble burst! [wed—
"Then on my mind a shadow fell,
And evil hopes grew rife,
The damning thought stuck in my heart,
And cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved,
Should be another's wife!
"By Heaven! it was a fearful thing
To see my brother now,
And mark the placid calm which sat
For ever on his brow,
That seem'd in bitter scorn to say,
'I am more loved than thou!'
"I left my home—I left the land,—
I cross'd the raging sea;
In vain, in vain—where'er I turn'd,
My memory went with me;
My whole existence night and day
In memory seem'd to be.
"I came again, I found them here—
Thou'rt like thy father, boy,—
He doated on that pale face there;
I've seen them kiss and toy;
I've seen him lock'd in her fond arms
Wrapt in delirious joy.
"He disappear'd,—draw nearer, child,—
He died—no one knew how;
The murder'd body ne'er was found;
The tale is hush'd up now;
But there was one who rightly guess'd
The hand that struck the blow.

" It drove her mad ; yet not his death—
No—not his death alone,
For she had clung to hope when all
Knew well that there was none ;
No, boy ! it was a sight she saw
That froze her into stone.

" I am thy uncle, child ;—why stare
So frightfully aghast ?
The arras moves, but know'st thou not
'Tis nothing but the blast :
I too have had my fears like these,
But such vain fears are past.

" I'll show thee what thy mother saw,
I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest-laden night
Suits with the purpose best.
Come hither,—thou hast often sought
To open this old chest :

" It has a secret spring, the touch
Is known to me alone ;"

Slowly the lid is raised, and now—
" What see you that you groan
So heavily ?—that thing is but
A bare ribb'd skeleton."

A sudden crash,—the lid fell down,—
Three strides he backwards gave,
" O God ! it is my brother's self
Returning from the grave !
His grasp of lead is on my throat—
Will no one help or save ?"

That night they laid him on his bed,
In raving madness tost ;
He gnash'd his teeth, and with wild
Blasphemed the Holy Ghost ; [oaths
And, ere the light of morning broke,
A sinner's soul was lost !

The Quarterly Journal of Education. No. II. C. Knight.

The second number of this work is before us, printed under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. We hail its appearance as we hail every work which contributes to the downfall of ignorance and prejudice. The various works and systems published upon education peremptorily require an examination into their merits, and we are heartily glad to see a publication commenced for this purpose. Every teacher and schoolmaster should be in possession of this book, as a guide in the business of education—a pilot to steer him clear of those erroneous school works, which time has made sacred in the eyes of those who take usage for reason, and are able in their own eyes to reconcile barbarism with common sense.

1. Murray on the Diamond. Longman and Co.
2. Murray on Aërial Electricity. Whittaker and Co.
3. Murray's Researches on Natural History. Whittaker and Co.

These are three little works of which we can say no more than that they are calculated to convey considerable information on the subjects of which they treat. The "Memoir on the Diamond" is interesting, and while perusing it one cannot help wondering how it became so highly estimated in times when its peculiar chemical properties were unknown. Perhaps it was for the refractive quality it possesses, and the estimation in which it was held by the Jews for their sacerdotal ornaments. The recommendation of parageles, in the "Treatise on Aërial Electricity," is well deserving attention. The Researches in Natural History are worthy of being added to others on similar subjects.

The Old Man of the Mountain, the Love-charm, and Pietro of Abano. From the German of TIECK. Moxon.

The works of Tieck are little known in England, though he is a very original writer, and possesses a rich fancy. His admirers in Germany exalt him to the skies, while another party of his countrymen deny his claim to originality. It is exceedingly difficult to judge of an author's merits from a translation. The present seems well-executed. The "Old Man of the Mountain" is a story particularly German, and the "Love-charm" still more so. There is a great deal of imagination displayed in them, and some of that philosophy bordering upon mystery which is prevalent in German authors, half images expressed in the way of Wordsworth's,

Along the line of limitless desires.

Thus we are told that life "runs along in a narrow line between truth and fancy,—between reality and delusion." The reader will find these tales well repay his perusal ; there is much beauty in many parts of them.

Raphael's Witch, or, the Oracle of the Future. By the author of the "Prophetic Messenger," &c. &c. Wright.

A little work designed to amuse an evening party by answers to questions pretended to be dictated by the stars. It will afford an hour's amusement to a young party round a winter's fire. In these days, when superstition is so rapidly losing its hold upon mankind, to turn its follies into a source of innocent recreation may be a mode of further accelerating its extinction. This book calls for no other remark.

The Playwright's Adventures. By FREDERICK REYNOLDS. Longman and Co.

Here we have an old friend with a new face, who will not be criticised too severely we suppose, for we must first inform the reader that he has deprecated the severity of the critics by a dedication to the "conductors of the press." This was politic in all events, and savours a little of that finesse in which every writer of the stage should be an adept. We must, however, give the author the credit of having produced an annual, for such it is intended to be, which is not compiled from the labors of others, but is wholly his own. It is in fact a little novel; amusing enough, straining here and there at wit, which we hold should flow equably and smoothly from the witling in all cases. We recommend authors to avoid interweaving stale stories into their narratives. The incident of the peer and the £1000 note is half a century old; we have heard it told a dozen times in the last dozen years. However, these are but slight blemishes in such a work. There is a vast deal of truth in the exposure of the humbug of managers, actors, and others connected with the stage, for which the public is indebted to Mr. Reynolds. The system so ruinous to dramatic literature, and which, indeed, will effectually prevent its revival while it continues to exist, is well exposed. Mr. Vivid, the son of an Isle of Wight Esculapius, is the hero of the story,—a stage-stricken youth who manages to fall in love with a peer's daughter, or the daughter with him. The lady, as all peeresses ought to do, marries. Her husband is a naval captain, who is ordered from the church-door on board ship, and gets so fatigued during a storm in the Levant, that he in consequence gives up the ghost. By this means Lady Morden remains to her first lover pure as the snows of Melville Island, and in the end marries Vivid, determined not to die like the "gentil Margot" recorded in the French epitaph. There are a number of amusing incidents in this little volume, and it has the merit of setting rather a puzzling example to the editors of many of our annuals, who would find it beyond their power to send out an original volume a twentieth part of the size of the present on every New Year's day, but who easily furnish from the pens of boarding-school misses and sucking authors a tolerably decent quantity of print. As a light book for a journey-reading, we are bound to say the Dramatic Annual meets its object. It is amusing light reading too for a winter's fire-side. There are wood-cuts humorously designed, that the decorations, without which we suppose an annual cannot be an annual, may not be wanting.

A Year in Spain. By a Young American. In Two Volumes. Murray.

This is a very entertaining work, calculated to make us acquainted with many of the habits and localities of the people and country which its author visited. Our traveller left Rousillon in October, 1826, and entered Catalonia by the Pass of Junquera. Thence he proceeded to Barcelona, Tarragona, Valencia, Ocana, Aranjuez, and Madrid. After a residence of some months in the capital of Spain, our American traveller set out for New and Old Castile; and after two short tours returned to Madrid, which he finally quitted for Cadiz and Gibraltar, by Ocana, Val de Penas, Baylen, Cordova, and Seville. He was twice attacked by robbers; and in one instance the postillion and conductor of the diligence were murdered. These volumes abound in scenes which are strongly indicative of the bad state of Spain. The wretched situation of that noble country, and the detestable character of the government, appear in every page. Nature has done every thing for the country, which man degrades. We do not mean by this the Spanish people, who possess the first qualities for stamping a nation with greatness; but we refer more immediately to the despotism of the king and his minions, and to the influence of the priesthood, or rather of the superstitions which they uphold. Many of the priests personally appear, notwithstanding, to be amiable men. The mal-administration of the laws, or rather the want of any laws but the will of the monarch and of his corrupt agents are fearfully exemplified in the impunity with which the most atrocious crimes are perpetrated. At Aranjuez our traveller picked up a Cicerone in the person of an acute but friendless orphan boy only twelve years of age. He had never known his father, and his mother was murdered, no one knew why, by one of the royalist volunteers.

"I was greatly struck with the solitary and unfriended condition of this poor boy, and determined to employ him the next day in showing me the wonders of Aranjuez. In returning towards the posada our road lay through the market-place. It was thronged with laborers, returning from their work in the palaces and gardens, and who paused in groups to talk over the gossip of the day. All the men wore the undress of royalist volunteers. I had no where seen so many of these birds of evil omen. In one group near which we passed, I noticed a stout, powerful man with thick hair and long black mustaches. His jacket was hanging carelessly from the left shoulder, and a red cockade of most royal dimensions was stuck under the ribbon of his hat. He followed us with his eyes as we went by, and when we had turned a corner, the boy drew towards me and said, "It was he who killed my mother!"—
"Es el, quien mató á mi madre!"

Some of the most pleasing descriptions, for we might swell this notice with disagreeables, are those of the characters of many individuals whom our traveller encountered, and the remains of noble edifices erected in past times, rivalling any in Europe. We cannot refrain from copying his account of a celebrated brotherhood near Cordova.

'I found the hermitage situated upon one of the wildest ledges of the mountain. It is bounded on the southern and eastern sides by a precipice of a fearful depth, and on every other hand the world is as effectually shut out by an irregular wall connecting and binding together the scattered rocks which had been rudely thrown there by the hand of Nature. Having rung at the gate, I was presently reconnoitred through a small grated window by one of the hermits with a pale face and a long beard. He asked what I would have in a tone of meekness. I told him that I had come to see the Desert of Cordova. He disappeared to ask the permission of the chief brother, and soon after returned to give me admittance. My first sensation, on entering, was one of most pleasing disappointment. I had expected to find every thing within dreary and graceless, as became the abode of austere misanthropy; but instead of that, there were fifteen or twenty little white-washed cottages, nestling among the rocks, and almost overrun and hidden amid vines, fruit-trees, and flowers. Nature here was as savage as without. The rocks and precipices were of equal boldness; but man had been busy, and the rain and the sun had lent their assistance. Indeed, vegetation could nowhere be more luxuriant, and the plants and flowers had a richness of color and of perfume that could scarce be surpassed.

'On approaching the cottage of the hermano mayor or chief brother, he came to the door to receive me, signed the cross over me, and pressed my hand in token of a welcome. Like the other hermits, the hermano mayor wore a large garment of coarse brown cloth, girded round the middle with a rope, and having a hood for the head. The only covering of his feet consisted of a coarse shoe of half-tanned leather. Yet was there something in his appearance which would have enabled one to single him out at once from the whole fraternity. He had a lofty and towering form, and features of the very noblest mould. I cannot tell the curious reader how long his beard was; for after descending a reasonable distance along the chest, it returned to expend itself in the bosom of his habit. This man was such a one as, in any dress or situation, a person would have turned to look at a second time; but as he now stood before me, in addition to the effect of his apostolic garment, his complexion and his eye had a clearness that no one can conceive who is not familiar with the aspect of those who have practised a long and rigid abstinence from animal food and every exciting aliment. It gives a lustre, a spiritual intelligence to the countenance, that has something saint-like and divine; and the adventurous artist who would essay to trace the lineaments of his Saviour should seek a model in some convent of Trappists or Carthusians, or in the ethereal region of the Desert of Cordova.

'When we were seated in the cell of the superior, he began at once to ask questions about America; for I had sent in word that a citizen of the United States asked admission, having ever found this character to be a ready passport. He had been on mercantile business to Mexico many years before, and had come away at the commencement of the revolution. He felt anxious to hear something of its present condition, of which he was very ignorant; and, when I had satisfied his curiosity and rose to depart, he gave me a little cross of a wood that had grown within the consecrated enclosure, and had been rudely wrought by the hands of the hermits. He told me that, if troubles and sorrows should ever assail me, if I should grow weary of worldly vanities, if the burden of existence should ever wax heavier than I could bear, I might leave all behind and come to their solitude, where I should be at least sure of a peaceful and a welcome home. Then, ordering a brother to show me every thing, he uttered a benediction, and bade me "Go with God!"

We have only space to add further, that we have derived much pleasure and information from perusing these volumes.

The Animal Kingdom. Class Reptilia. As arranged by the BARON CUVIER. Vol. IX. Whittaker and Co.

This scientific and useful work has at length reached its ninth volume, and does honor to the spirit with which it was begun and continued. We are fatigued with the perusal of flimsy works of fiction, one imitating the other in never-ending succession. The want of demand for works of science has not kept pace with the boasted march of intellect, and we hail every work of the present class which issues from the press as a species of treasure. Natural history, that mine of pleasing research, open to the humblest class and elevating to all, is, with the single exception perhaps of astronomy, best calculated to point out to the mind the grandeur and wisdom of the Deity. Cuvier has opened new mines of study in the laborious examination and classification of animals, as well among those which now exist, as those which in all probability perished or became extinct at the flood. The present

volume of this excellent work contains an account of the class *Reptilia*. It commences with a comparative view of the sub-genera of the tortoise, which we were astonished to find so numerous. The sub-genera are five, distinguished by the forms and teguments of their carapaces and their feet. The first of these sub-genera is the *emys-concinna*; 2d. *chelonina-virgata*; 3d. *testudo-depressa*; 4th. *tryonix-gangeticus*; 5th. *chelis-fimbria*. These are accurately described, with their distinguishing habits and characteristics, independently of the information conveyed to the eye by the accurate engravings which adorn the volume. The *sauria*, or crocodile tribe, are next considered—a formidable and powerful reptile race. This order includes all the lizard tribe, of which there is a great variety, concluding with the chameleon. The third order of reptiles is the order *ophidia*, and includes serpents. The whole of this frightful order is described with great exactness, the venomous and those destitute of poison; the boas, vipers, adders, cobras, *crotoli*, &c. The fourth order of reptiles is *batrachia*; including frogs, toads, salamanders, pipas, and reptiles of the like genus. This work, when complete, will be the best work on natural history we possess. Buffon is becoming obsolete from the discoveries which have been made since his time, superseding or correcting much which he laid down. Buffon was also too much given to erect theories, and draw conclusions closer allied to his own brilliant fancy and views, than built on the foundation of truth, the only basis for the philosopher worthy the science. Cuvier is free from these defects, and his researches have conferred upon natural history a higher consequence than it ever before possessed by the publication of his fossil remains.

Italy. By JOSIAH CONDER. 3 Vols. 12mo. Duncan.

The compiler of that most excellent work the "Modern Traveller," has here presented us with three volumes of very useful information upon Italy. We are willing to take his own words, and to consider them as "a condensation of our knowledge of Italy, drawn from the most authentic sources, and reduced by a careful collation, to distinctness and accuracy." We have read them through with much attention, and can recommend them as the most useful work yet published, with the objects they have more immediately in view. Their portable size recommends them for the traveller's portmanteau, and we venture to affirm that he will not repent making them his companions. There is no authority within his reach, that Mr. Conder does not seem to have consulted. He takes precisely that view of Eustace, which every man of sound sense should do, and exhibits numerous errors of this self-sufficient writer, who gives us Italy as he chooses to represent it, not as it was or is. Our elder travellers have been consulted; also Simond, Millin, Forsyth, Williams, Bell, Lady Morgan, Brockedon (for the Alps), and other modern writers and tourists. Mr. Conder's account of Piedmont and Savoy is the best we have seen. Too little has been written on this romantic region, so worthy of a wise government, and so miserably misgoverned. Among the great men it has produced, we do not find the name of a truly great character worthy to be enrolled with the noble in mind of any nation—Count Santorre di Santa Rosa. On Lombardy and the Venetian States, now bowed into the dust beneath the odious leaden yoke of Austria, this work is more especially valuable. The second volume cannot fail to be an excellent guide to the scenes and sites of note throughout that fertile and fine region. It was no easy task to reconcile the conflicting statements of the numerous travellers, whose works Mr. Conder had to master in the progress of his labors; some contradictory, others prejudiced; many unable to assign true causes for things, which, in their haste or ignorance they slurred over, remained to be set right by the editor of these volumes. When he alludes to the difficulty of his work, we feel that he does it with reason, and that no one but himself can measure the pains he encountered in pursuing his task. If any thing might have been dispensed with in these volumes, it is the historical accounts of the earlier ages of the more celebrated places described, which are more properly history than topography, but it is perhaps an addition, which may be valuable to many persons, and will at all events aid the associations with the past, pleasingly painful, to which the reflective and educated mind is prone in such localities—

— to track

Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a land
Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,
And is the loveliest, and must ever be
The master mould of Nature's heavenly hand.

Mischief. A Poem. Moxon.

If there be one trouble greater than another in this world of trouble, it is reading poems which do not repay the labor of perusing them. The present is an imitation of Byron's *ottava rima* productions, Beppo and Don Juan, one or both. It has neither novelty nor interest of any kind to reward the trouble of reading it or the infliction of hearing it read.

The Science of Book-keeping exemplified in JONES'S English Systems of Single and Double Entry and Balancing Books.

Various as may be the views formed of the systems of Book-keeping elucidated by the author of this elaborate work, there can be but one opinion as to the obligations due to Mr. Jones by the commercial and trading classes for his persevering attempts to introduce sound and accurate knowledge of a science so exceedingly important to all whose pursuits render its practice necessary. We consider ourselves justified in warmly recommending it for practical adoption in every counting-house into which a good and perfect system of Book-keeping has not already found its way. Mr. Jones's English Systems of Single and Double Entry are susceptible of adaptation to every conceivable variety of commercial dealing, and, with such modifications of form as circumstances may require, will be found of easy application by an intelligent book-keeper; they may be safely adopted as the best, the most accurate, and the most perfect ever presented for public adoption.

The Works of LORD BYRON. Vols. 5 and 6. Murray.

The public are already well acquainted with the four volumes of Lord Byron's Works which were published by Mr. Murray. We have now to announce two additional volumes, containing all the works of the noble Bard, (not included in the first four,) except *Don Juan*, of which Mr. Murray has always declined being the publisher.

At this time of day it would be superfluous, and even impertinent, in us to criticise what the public have so long stamped with their approbation; and our principal reason for speaking of these two additional volumes is for the purpose of noticing their extreme cheapness and elegance. This is the more to be wondered at, when we know for a fact that the copyright of these two volumes cost Mr. Murray the extraordinary sum of nearly Four Thousand Pounds!

The Life of Thomas Muir, Esq. Advocate, Younger of Huntershill, &c. &c. By PETER MACKENZIE. Simpkin and Marshall.

Nothing could be more seasonable than this publication, bearing, as it does, directly on the grand question of reform, which now absorbs the attention, not only of this kingdom, but of the whole civilised world. It is the life of a man who fell a victim to that system of persecution by which reform was stifled in this country, after the demand for it had been stimulated by the first revolution in Ireland, and which would assuredly follow a failure of reform in the second instance, with all the aggravated atrocity that would spring from the presumption of a final victory. It is a specimen of the manner in which the Dundases and M^{rs} Queens of that period could, without remorse, violate all the sanctities of public and private life in order to wreak a sort of instinctive vengeance on the purest morality and patriotism that ever adorned the country.

The reply made by corruption to the abstract reasonings of liberty is, that "the system works well;" that, although it may have entailed on posterity a debt of eight hundred millions, nevertheless it is, at the worst, only a fiscal one; and that it is, in fact, the means of securing that constitution which guarantees life, liberty, and property to individuals. This is, we confess, a practical argument, and therefore, instead of dealing in general reasonings, we are enabled, unfortunately, to present to our readers a particular case in point,—one which embodies all that is pure, talented, and noble in patriotism, on the one hand; on the other, all the malignity, sophistry, and chicanery that were ever arrayed on the side of political guilt.

Although the elder generation of public men in this country is familiar with the character of this great man, whilst all Scotland honors him with a deepening veneration, we shall, for the sake of our younger readers, briefly sketch the outlines of a career as romantic in its details as it was august in its principles. For many particulars we must, however, refer to the work before us, which faithfully and enthusiastically records those facts which we have the means of confirming from private sources.

Thomas Muir, of an ancient and honorable family, residing on his paternal estate, was a profoundly educated and eloquent member of the Scottish bar; a man of unimpeachable morality and ardent piety, who, for lending a volume of Paine's Political Works to a friend as a matter of curiosity, and with a declaration that "it might be dangerous to persons of weak minds," and for arguing that the House of Commons was venal and corrupt,—in other words, for saying and doing no more than is now said and done by the bulk of the community, and for saying and doing which the present ministry have been heaved over the great sand-bar of corruption into the haven of power and reformation,—by the spring-tide and concurring movement of a united people,—was prosecuted by the Dundas faction, convicted by the evidence of the scullion, the priest, and the hair-dresser, whom the dainties of the treasury had enticed from the crumbs that fell beneath his table; found guilty by a jury

packed according to a law, (now, happily for Scotland, repealed,) composed of a majority of placemen and others, whose names yet rot upon the pension-list; sentenced by judges who rivalled Jeffreys in the scurrility of their language and the iniquity of their decisions, — sentenced—to what? A man of genius, learning, piety, patriotism,—a man seemingly ordained by the hand of God to rank among the saviours of mankind, — for no other reason than lending a volume and advocating parliamentary reform, — to be transported for fourteen years to Botany Bay; a sentence which was actually carried into effect after he had ate, drank, slept, and worked in irons, among common felons, on board the hulks in the Thames. During this ignominy we learn that he had no other consolation than was afforded by his pocket Bible and his conscious rectitude; whilst his persecutors “in purple and fine linen” were chanting hypocritical strains over the downfall of the atheistical reformers.

We must refer to Mr. Mackenzie’s work for the details of his voyage to Sidney; his rescue thence in a vessel despatched by the immortal Washington; his shipwreck and miraculous escape on the coast of America; his entertainment by a tribe of Indians less barbarous than the faction that had transported him; his journey alone and on foot upwards of four thousand miles across the American continent; his detention by the Spaniards at Mexico, and transmission to Europe in irons; the capture of the Spanish vessel by Lord St. Vincent; his escape, under the supposition that he had been killed in the action; and his final deliverance by the interposition of the French government, which received him with public honors. All these things, with his death in consequence of the wounds he had received, we can only glance at, as simple and undeniable facts which blacken the administration of Pitt with colors that only suit its true character; showing the real spirit of the party, and what public men may expect if the present opportunity for reform should be lost. We have at last fairly thrown the monster; and, while it is down, it will only be our own fault if we do not destroy it.

When we read the overpowering arguments and commanding rhetoric of Thomas Muir’s defence, and bear in mind that he died at the age of thirty-three, we are indignant at the loss which literature has incurred; but we are convinced that he did not murmur at his martyrdom when we read the prophetic language with which he addressed the judges on receiving sentence: “Were I to be led this moment from the bar to the scaffold, I should feel the same calmness and serenity which I now do. My mind tells me that I have acted agreeably to my conscience, and that I have engaged in a good, a just, and a glorious cause,—a cause which, sooner or later, must and will prevail, and, by a timely reform, save this country from destruction.”

It is gratifying to read of the sympathy extended at the time to the sufferer, especially of the exertions made in parliament to procure a reversal of the proceedings, and, above all, to find among the most prominent speakers on that occasion our noble premier, then Mr. Grey, and the Lord High Commissioner, then Mr. Adam.

The motion was supported by Sheridan, Fox, and others, in a way that could only be answered by the votes of a profligate majority. In the Lords, Earl Stanhope singly divided on behalf of justice and humanity.

In the first year of William and Mary there were no less than four acts passed reversing the proceedings against Ald. Cornish, Alice Lisle, Algernon Sydney, and Lord Wm. Russel. It now remains for us only, by a solemn legislative act, to reverse the sentence of Thomas Muir, to honor the bills drawn by him on the justice of posterity, and to set such a stigma on the unprincipled lawyers of the High Court of Justiciary as may make them wither in conspicuous infamy, and convince all who suffer in a righteous cause that the God of nature, who stimulated them to make sacrifices, will assuredly raise up others to appreciate them and to vindicate their fame.

View of Ancient and Modern Egypt: with an outline of its Natural History. By the Rev. MICHAEL RUSSEL, LL.D. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

An exceedingly interesting volume, well compiled from every source attainable, ancient and modern, and condensed into a reasonable and portable compass. Here we have the accounts of ancient historians, the statements of travellers and of men who visited this wonderful country in our day down to the lamented Belzoni, placed in a lucid form before us. Again we are charmed to peruse the conjectures and facts—scenes and records relating to the most wonderful nation of the earth. We survey with feelings of pleasing astonishment, not unmingled with melancholy, the wrecks which time seems to abandon to solitude, without the power of operating their destruction. The history of Egypt in Holy Writ is one of our earliest acquirements, and, in latter life, we find it the theme of the traveller’s tale, and that some new discovery respecting it is of constant recurrence—perhaps even its literature is about to be developed. The most immutable of human works are before us in this little volume. Edifices and sculptures that have preceded all

history may be seen by the eyes of living men, testifying the power of a people which seems to have outdone every other in the magnitude of their labors, and from whom it is probable every art and science have been derived. Dr. Russel has executed his task to our satisfaction, with diligence and judgment. His book is designed to be a popular one, and we have no doubt it will become so. Whether it be from our attachment to the very name of Egypt, or from what cause we know not, but we find it hard to lay down any work which treats of that country, and Dr. Russel's we ran through with great interest. It recalled all the separate works we had read and refreshed our memory with their principal facts. To all, situated as we are, this volume will prove equally agreeable, while to strangers to the East it will convey every information they can desire in an abridged form.

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 Rev. A. Olivant's Sermons. 8vo. 8s.
 The Evangelical Spectator, Vol. III. 12mo.

VOYAGES, TRAVELS, &c.

Denham and Clapperton's Travels in Africa. 4 Vols. 18mo. 20s.
 Burne's Visit to the Court of Sinde. 8vo. 9s. 6d.
 Shepherd's Account of St. Vincent. 8vo. 12s.
 Hall's Fragments of Voyages. 3 Vols. 18mo. 15s.
 Recollections of Seven Years' Residence at the Mauritius, or Isle of France. By a Lady. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 A Tour in the Holy Land, &c. By the Rev. R. Morehead, D.D. 8s. 6d.
 Travels and Researches of eminent English Missionaries. 1 vol. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
 Four Years in the West Indies, in 1826-7-8-9. 8vo. with seven lithographic views. 24s.

WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. John James Audobon has announced an Ornithological Biography, or an Account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States of America; accompanied by Descriptions of the Objects represented in his splendid Work, entitled, "The Birds of America," and interspersed with Delineations of American Scenery and Manners.

Captain Marryat, the Author of "The King's Own," has another Work ready for Press, to be entitled "Newton Forster; or, The Merchant Service." It will form 3 vols. post 8vo.

Mr. W. Brockedon, Author of "The Passes of the Alps," has issued Prospectuses and Specimens of a new illustrated Road-Book of the Route from London to Naples; to contain Twenty-four highly-finished Views, from Original Drawings by Prout, Stanfield, and Brockedon. The whole to be engraved in the best line manner by William and Edward Finden. And on completion of this Work, which is to form five Parts, it will be immediately followed by a similar Volume, illustrative of a different line of return from Rome to England, by Venice, Milan, Geneva, Basle, and the Rhine.

The History of Poland, from the earliest period to the present times, with a Narrative of the Recent Transactions, from the pen of a distinguished Polish Nobleman, will be published early in the month. It will form one volume 8vo., illustrated by Portraits of Kosciusco and the President of the National Government (Prince Czartoriski): also an accurate Map of Poland, including its ancient boundaries.

The first Historical Novel ever published in this country on the subject of Russian History, is on the eve of publication. It is entitled "The Young Muscovite; or, The Poles in Russia," and is edited by Captain Frederick Chamier, R.N. It will form 3 vols. post 8vo.

We understand that a new weekly publication on the plan of the Court Journal is about to be established by the gentleman who, up to the present month, has been the Editor of that Paper.

A Portrait of the late Lieut.-Col. Denham, the African Traveller, from the picture of T. Phillips, Esq. R.A. is on the eve of publication, engraved in Mezzotinto on Steel by Mr. Bromley, Junr.

The First Volume of "Roscoe's Novelist's Library," containing DeFoe's Robinson Crusoe, (to be completed in Two Volumes,) with a Life of De Foe, written

expressly for this Edition, will be published on the 2nd of May. The Work will be printed in monthly volumes, uniformly with the Waverley Novels, and beautifully illustrated. It will embrace Smollett, Fielding, Goldsmith, Sterne, Swift, Le Sage, Cervantes, and all the great Classical Novelists.

In the Press, and will be published early in May, in 3 vols. post 8vo. "The Staff Officer; or, The Soldier of Fortune," a Tale of Real Life.—"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues." By Oliver Moore.

Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty are in the Press, including the Constitutional and Ecclesiastical History of England, from the decease of Elizabeth to the abdication of James II. By Robert Vaughan, author of "The Life and Opinions of Wycliffe."

Spain in 1830. By Henry D. Inglis, author of "Solitary Walks through many Lands," will shortly appear.

Plantæ Javanicæ Rariores, descriptæ iconibusque illustratæ, consisting of illustrations of the Rarer Plants contained in the Herbarium collected by Thomas Horsfield, M.D. in the Island of Java, selected and described by Robert Brown, Esq.

A view of the General Tenor of the New Testament, regarding the Nature and dignity of Christ, from the various Passages relating to that Subject. By Joanna Baillie, author of "The Martyrs," and "The Bride."

A Treatise on Mental Derangement, considered in all its bearings—Statistical, Pathological, Preventive, and Curative. By Dr. Uwins.

A New Novel is forthcoming, by the author of "De l'Orme," entitled Philip Augustus.

In the Press, and will be published early in May, in 3 vols. post 8vo. "The Club Book;" consisting of Original Tales by the following Authors:—Allan Cunningham, Esq. Author of *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*—John Galt, Esq. Author of *Annals of the Parish*—Lord Francis Leveson Gower, Author of the Translation of *Faustus*—James Hogg, Esq. Author of the *Queen's Wake*—Theodore Hook, Esq. Author of *Sayings and Doings*—G. P. R. James, Esq. Author of *Richelieu*—A. Picken, Esq. Author of the *Dominie's Legacy*—Mr. Power, Author of *The Lost Heir*.

"Otto's Compendium of the Pathological Anatomy of Man and the Inferior Animals;" translated from the German, by N. Lister, M.D. and John F. South; with additional Notes, is nearly ready.

A system of Endowments for the Provident Classes in every station of life, exemplified by the Rules of the Southwell Endowment Society. By the Rev. John Thomas Becher, M.A.

An account of the Dynasty of the Khajars, from a Manuscript presented by his Majesty Feth Ally Shah, in the Year 1811, to Sir Harford Jones Brydges, Bart. with Historical Notes and an Introduction.

"The Parliamentary Pocket Book, or Key to both Houses of Parliament," which has been so long in preparation, will appear immediately. It will contain an Abstract of the Reform Bill, with all the changes up to the day of publication.

Preparing for publication, "The Canon of the Old and New Testaments ascertained;" or, the Bible complete without the Apocrypha, and unwritten Traditions. By Archibald Alexander, D.D. With Introductory Remarks by John Morison, D.D. of Trevor Chapel, Brompton.

A familiar Summary of the Law of Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes, with an Appendix, containing Forms and Tables of Stamp Duties, &c. &c. 18mo. 2s. forming No. III. of the "Familiar Law Adviser."

The Laws relating to Benefit Societies and Saving Banks, being a familiar Summary of the Two Consolidating Acts on these Subjects, with Notes, 2s. forming No. IV. of the "Familiar Law Adviser."

The Freemason's Pocket Companion, royal 32mo. Price 3s. in Masonic blue cloth.

We are glad to learn that the Fifth and Sixth Parts of Mr. Booth's Analytical Dictionary of the English Language are now passing through the Press. We have been favored with a copy of a new work by the same author, on "The Principles of English Composition." The book came too late for this month's review, but shall be attended to in our next.

In the Press, and very shortly will be published, (dedicated by permission to Dr. Jarvis,) A Picturesque Pocket Companion to Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and the parts adjacent, illustrated by one hundred and twenty engravings on Wood, drawn and engraved for the work by G. W. Bonner. In this little volume will be given an engraving of every object of interest on the River, commencing with the New London Bridge.

Also, a second edition of *The Gentleman in Black*; a humorous story, with illustrations by George Cruikshank.

FOREIGN.

De la Restauration et de la Monarchie Elective, ou Réponse à l'Interpellation de quelques Journaux sur mon refus de servir le Nouveau Gouvernement. Par M. de CHATEAUBRIAND. 24 Mars 1831.

As a political character M. Chateaubriand has, in every circumstance of his life, shown great skill when opposing the prevailing doctrines of government; but his incapacity as a statesman has been as universally acknowledged both by his friends and his enemies. Endowed by nature with great talents, a lively fancy, and great facility of composition, he can ably employ arguments familiar to every one, and render them more forcible and impressive by the power of eloquence and the boldness of metaphors, which constitute the prominent part of the style of this writer. But, as it is infinitely easier to detect error and show inconsistency in others, than to avoid those faults in ourselves, particularly when excessive self-conceit overpowers sober reason; so M. Chateaubriand, when at the head of the administration under Louis XVIII. proved himself incompetent for a place of so high trust. His words were often fair, his acts as often wrong; the unjustifiable and unprincipled expedition against the liberty of Spain, and in support of the tyranny of Ferdinand, has stamped an indelible stain on the character of this person, whose conduct in public life has presented a glaring opposition with his principles as a political pamphleteer. It is with M. Chateaubriand's politics, as with his logic and style,—sound reasoning mingled all along with the most paltry sophistry, and from just premises wrong conclusions; appropriate and energetic expressions followed by uncouth and ridiculous metaphors, and puerile antitheses.

After a silence of six months, which must be considered long for such a man, M. Chateaubriand comes forth at last, and in the humble shape of a short pamphlet, he publishes a sort of sermon on the actual state of France, wherein he blames all parties in the strongest language, and modestly bestows praise on nobody but his ownself. We cannot but approve him in so doing, and this for the plain reason that the noble viscount is alone of his opinion. He adds, that this production will be his last political tract, and is to be considered as a sort of political testament; but we conceived some doubts as to the sincerity of this declaration, when we read (pag. 48) the following words which sounded to us rather ominous: "*Ma voix sera peut-être importune: mais que l'on se console; on l'entend pour la dernière fois dans les affaires politiques, toutes choses demeurant comme elles sont.*" As it is pretty certain that matters will not long remain exactly as they now stand, I think we may as certainly look for many succeeding homilies from his inexhaustible pen.

The main object of Viscount Chateaubriand in the present publication is to attract notice, and to throw on the soil of France seeds from which at no remote period, (as he fancies,) he may reap a plentiful crop of glory and profit; for he does not like the one without the other; and on this point no man has principles more fixed and consistent than the noble ex-peer and ex-minister. In his quality of a poetical writer of prose, M. Chateaubriand begins by an artful fiction. He fancies that the public prints and the nation in general were extremely anxious to know, why he refused his support to a revolution, the principles of which were identical with those he had professed and propagated. "*On a demandé pourquoi je refusois de servir une révolution qui consacre des principes que j'ai défendus et propagés.*" (pag. 1.) The fact is, that nobody cared about M. Chateaubriand's opinions on the revolution of July 1830, nor showed the least curiosity to ascertain what line of conduct he was likely to pursue. As to his being thought of to support the government of Louis Philippe, our author must have been under the influence of some of those dreams to which he is very subject, to have conceived such an idea. I take it for granted that the fascinating vision arose from the gloomy halls of Holyrood House. As M. Chateaubriand says in his pamphlet, that his intention is to quit France, where he now considers himself a stranger, we hope he will choose Edinburgh for his place of residence. By another fiction the Viscount, supposing his readers totally deficient in the recollection of events in which M. C. took a very active part, boldly asserts that he was favorable to and contributed to propagate the principles, for which the heroic people of Paris fought so bravely in the memorable week of July 1830. What were these principles? The liberty of the press, and the strict observance of the constitution. To be sure, M. Chateaubriand has more than once, and very ably, defended the liberty of the press, the palladium of all liberties; but he was a party to the Congress of Verona, where the Allied Sovereigns set down—as a fundamental principle of the Holy Alliance—the abolition of all constitutional governments, and of freedom of the press throughout Europe. Moreover, is not the present M. Chateaubriand the very same who sent an army to Spain, to overthrow the constitution of the Cortes? Could Metternich, Castlereagh, Nesselrode, or Polignac, have done worse? To talk of attachment to liberal principles, of respect for constitutions founded on a free representation of the people, after having disgraced his country and himself by such infamous and atrocious deeds, is truly preposterous, and it requires no com-

mon degree of self-assurance to attempt by such barefaced assertions to make atonement for past and irretrievable offences.

M. Chateaubriand, having taken time to consider what was going on in France and abroad since the late revolution, and to meditate on future prospects, conceived the flattering hope of governing the French Nation during, and perhaps after, the minority of the child, whom he calls Henry V. To prepare for an event that would render the noble Viscount the happiest and greatest of men, he has imagined a plan which evinces ability, but the accomplishment of which can hardly be effected by a man so well known to all political parties as M. Chateaubriand. On Charles X. and his stupid son he has no reliance; he knows besides, that neither the father nor the son can reign over France, the Duke of Bordeaux being the only pretender of the Bourbon family that has any chance; it is to this child that our *pretender-regent* turns his views. To pave the way to a third restoration, he begins by attacking and abusing the actual government of France; he then attempts to court the favor of the nation by affecting to sympathise with its generous feelings, and stands forth as one of the boldest champions of the actual patriotic opposition to the present and past administrations, which, since the glorious revolution of July, have rendered themselves in the highest degree unpopular. Finally, taking for granted that if the present king falls, M. Chateaubriand's pupil will succeed him on the throne, he makes his efforts to conciliate the patriots by abusing in the most gross language, and in the most explicit and strong terms, the pure royalists, taking care at the same time to set off to the best advantage all the good that was effected by Louis XVIII. or that took place under his reign, claiming of course the best part of it to himself; thus holding forth the prospect of an era of felicity, prosperity, and national glory, when Henry the Fifth shall become king of France, with M. Chateaubriand for his tutor: this will be a new golden age! To crown the work, our author terminates his sermon, as he himself calls it, by the chivalrous assurance that if Henry comes (as did Louis XVIII. twice) escorted by foreign armies, he will abandon the royal child. "*Aujourd'hui je sacrifierois ma vie à l'enfant du malheur; demain, si mes paroles avoient quelque puissance, je les emploierois à rallier les François contre l'étranger qui rapporteroit Henri V dans ses bras.*" It ill suits a man who twice in the course of two years (1814 and 1815) co-operated with the foes of France in the invasion of his country, to protest his determination to oppose them if they come as protectors of the new pretender. And how can he ever return to France, unless brought by invading and victorious foreign armies? M. Chateaubriand well knows it. A few quotations would enable the reader to judge of the accuracy of our remarks on this pamphlet, had we room. We have dwelt upon it, because it must be considered less as the production of its author, than as a sort of ostensible manifesto, concerted with the principal leaders of the pretender's party in France, and at Holyrood House. To give a favorable idea of the moral strength of that party, M. Chateaubriand insinuates that the mere existence and residence out of France of the Duc de Bordeaux, keeps the actual government in awe, than which there cannot be a greater falsehood.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURE, ENGRAVING, &c.

MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE.—This artist has undertaken to illustrate the Bible, and there is no work better adapted for the display of his extraordinary powers. The shadowy grandeur, the wild picturesque scenery, sketched in the holy volume in a few words of simple import, yet productive of the sublimest impressions, seem to belong to that branch of the art in which Martin excels all the other artists of his time. The creation and the events recorded in the books of Moses offer an infinite variety of subjects for illustration. Mr. Martin has begun with Genesis chap. iii. v. 6. The plate is one of the best of its size which we have seen from his hand. The light and shade are admirably managed. Nothing can be more beautiful, and at the same time natural, than the landscape with the two openings disclosing the most varied and rich scenery with the Alpine distances, glowing in light and contrasting finely with the shadows in the foreground. The second engraving, "*The spirit of God moving on the face of the waters,*" upon the light being called into existence, is very fine; but the personification of the Deity, though borne out by the example of some of the oldest and highest artists, to us diminishes the effect of the whole. If we could call the relation of the supernatural appearance in Job a personification, it is the only one we can admit in such a case, but painting cannot touch it: "*A spirit stood before me, but I could not discern the form thereof.*" Allegory is now deservedly rejected in painting, and the embodying to sight the Being who is every where in the mind's association, whom no man can behold and live, is in our view far better left to the imagination than the senses. We promise the public and ourselves great pleasure from contem-

plating this work in its progress, and still more on its completion, when it will form an invaluable illustration of the portions of the Bible which are least likely to be treated so well by any future artist; certainly by no one who is destitute of the great imaginative powers of the present artist.

LONDON BRIDGES.—New London Bridge and its approaches have now arrived so near to completion, that the Committee for superintending its erection have resolved to open it with all due ceremony on the 18th of June. Thus, within the short space of less than six years has the finest modern bridge in Europe been completed; the first pile for the coffer dam between the first and second arches on the Southwark side, having been driven on the 15th of March, 1824, and the first stone laid on the 15th of June, 1825.

The plan and elevation, which we have given, are drawn from accurate measurement, by the surveyor of the Port of London, from documents obligingly furnished by Mr. Rennie, the engineer of the bridge. Therefore, though on a miniature scale, they may be relied on as accurate.

The bridge consists of five elliptical arches executed in granite. The centre arch is one hundred and fifty-two feet in span, and twenty-nine feet six inches in height, being one of the largest elliptical stone arches ever executed.¹

The piers on each side the centre arch are twenty-four feet in width, and the arches north and south of them are one hundred and forty feet span, and twenty-seven feet six inches rise. The piers on either side of these arches are twenty-two feet each, the extreme or land arches one hundred and thirty feet span, and twenty-four feet six inches rise, and the abutments next the shore are seventy-three feet each at the base.

The piers have massive plinths, and gothic-pointed cutwaters. The arches are surmounted with a bold projecting block cornice, which corresponds with the line of roadway, and are covered with a plain blocking course by way of a parapet, which gives the whole a simple grand character. On either side of each extremity, are two straight flights of stairs, twenty feet wide, leading to the water.

The width of the water way of the new bridge, is six hundred and ninety-two feet, the length of the bridge including the before-mentioned abutments, is nine hundred and twenty-eight. The width of the bridge from the outside to outside of the parapets is fifty-six feet, and the total height above low water mark fifty-five.

The foundations of the piers are formed of piles, chiefly of beech, pointed with iron, and driven from the interior of the coffer dams, to a depth of nearly twenty feet into the stiff blue clay forming the bed of the river. On the upper surfaces of these piles are laid two rows of horizontal sleepers about twelve inches square, which are covered with beech planking, six inches thick, on which is constructed the lowermost course of masonry.

A brief but comprehensive history of the causes which led to the erection of this new bridge was engraved on a highly polished brass plate, and deposited in an airtight cavity of the stone. The inscription is in Latin on one side of the plate, and in English on the other.

During the progress of excavating the foundations for the new bridge, several reliques of ancient days were discovered. Among them were coins of Augustus, Vespasian, and other Roman emperors; Venetian tokens, Nuremburg counters, and some tradesmen's tokens. There were also various rings and buckles of wrought and engraved brass and silver; some ancient iron keys and silver spoons; the remains of a dagger which had once been engraved and gilt, and an iron spear-head, engraved on the shaft, many of which are in the possession of Mr. R. F. Newman,

¹ Among other large elliptical stone arches, may be enumerated:—

	Length of the chord or span. F. I.	Versed rise or height. F. I.
The bridge of Neuilly, over the Seine at Paris, built by Perronet in 1774, of the following dimensions,	127 10	31 10
That of Mantes, over the Seine, built also by Perronet in 1765,	127 10	38 3
— of Vizile, over the Romanche, at Briançon, built by Bouchet,	137 4	38 3
— of Gignac, over l'Erault, at Gignac, built by Garipuy in 1793,	159 8	53 1
— of Blackfriars, over the Thames, built by Mylne in 1771,	100 0	41 6
— of Castle Vecchio, over the Adige, at Verona, built in 1354,	159 10	53 3
— projected by Perronet over the Seine, at Melun,	159 10	14 10

the comptroller of the Bridge-house estates. There are also in the newly established corporation library at Guildhall, some ancient carved stones, with dates and other inscriptions, found in taking down some of the arches of the old bridge, to enlarge the water-way.

In the Hamilton room, No. XII. of the Gallery of Antiquities in the British Museum, case No. II. is a very beautiful antique silver figure of Harpocrates, that was presented to the Museum by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, who had purchased it.

Since the death of the elder Mr. Rennie in 1826, whose original design was ordered by the Committee of the House of Commons to be adopted, the works have been carried on under the superintendence of his son, the present Mr. John Rennie. Messrs. Jolliffe and Banks are the contractors. The original amount of the contract was 426,000*l.* and 30,000*l.* for the necessary alterations, and repairs to the old bridge. The amount of these contracts was afterwards increased to 506,000*l.* by the addition of 8000*l.* for additional centering, and of 42,000*l.*, both granted by the Lords of the Treasury for making the bridge six feet wider, namely, two feet in the road-way, and two feet in each foot path.

In the present session of Parliament a new bill was passed for widening the approaches to the new bridge; by which the church of St. Michael, in Crooked Lane, was to be pulled down, and the narrow defiles of the old bridge widened and straightened.

Old London Bridge, according to the history of that ancient structure, written and published in 1736, by Hawkmere, the pupil of Sir Christopher Wren, was begun in 1176, and finished in 1209. Like other bridges of that period, it was built on wooden piles driven into the bed of the river, to what was in those days considered to be a sufficient depth. The wooden platforms on these piles, to support the stone piers, seems, from the evidence laid before the select committee of the House of Commons, in Nov. 1814, by George Dance, Esq., and other able engineers, to have been laid at different heights above low water, probably increasing as the level of the water was raised by the progressive contraction of the river, caused not only by the construction of the wooden stilts on which they are placed, but by the further contraction occasioned by the necessary enlargement of the starlings, arising from the bed of the river, wearing down below what they had deemed an expedient depth for the feet of their piles. Thus the causes and effects reciprocally combined to increase the difficulties of completing the bridge, which had obviously been great, and attended with many partial failures. This appears to have been the case from no two arches being alike, as well as from the long period which the work occupied in its completion, and which after all was so unstable, that in seventy-three years after its completion, five of the arches fell.

Although no precise knowledge can now be obtained of the wood-work on which the piers of London Bridge were constructed; yet so much general information on the subject is given in Dr. Hutton's *Tracts on Mathematical and Philosophical Subjects*, under the head of "*Queries concerning London Bridge*," with the answers by the late George Dance, Esq., that the surveyors laid the substance of it before the committee, as the most satisfactory evidence that could be acquired.

They divided this information into ten heads, which were considered to be so complete, that no subsequent investigation could essentially add to the knowledge thus attained, excepting adding to it that which arose from the removal of the pier and starling, under the present great arch in 1759, which was given at large by the late Mr. Mylne, in his evidence before the House of Commons in 1799, on the improvement of the Port of London, which is given in full in the parliamentary report of that commission.²

The width of the old bridge in its original construction, was from twenty to twenty-four feet, exclusive of the pier, upon which a chapel was built, according to the custom of the times. The great contraction of the water-way, by the progressive advancement or enlargement of the starlings to secure the foundations of the bridge, necessarily produced a greater excavation in the contracted passages, and brought on the necessity of throwing stones into them, to prevent the foot of the starlings from being undermined, and thus a fall of water was naturally caused.

In 1760 and 1761, the masonry of the ancient city gates having been sold by auction, were repurchased by the corporation, on the recommendation of Mr. Smeaton, and were thrown into the Thames, in and about the starlings, to support the piers, which

¹ In 1746.

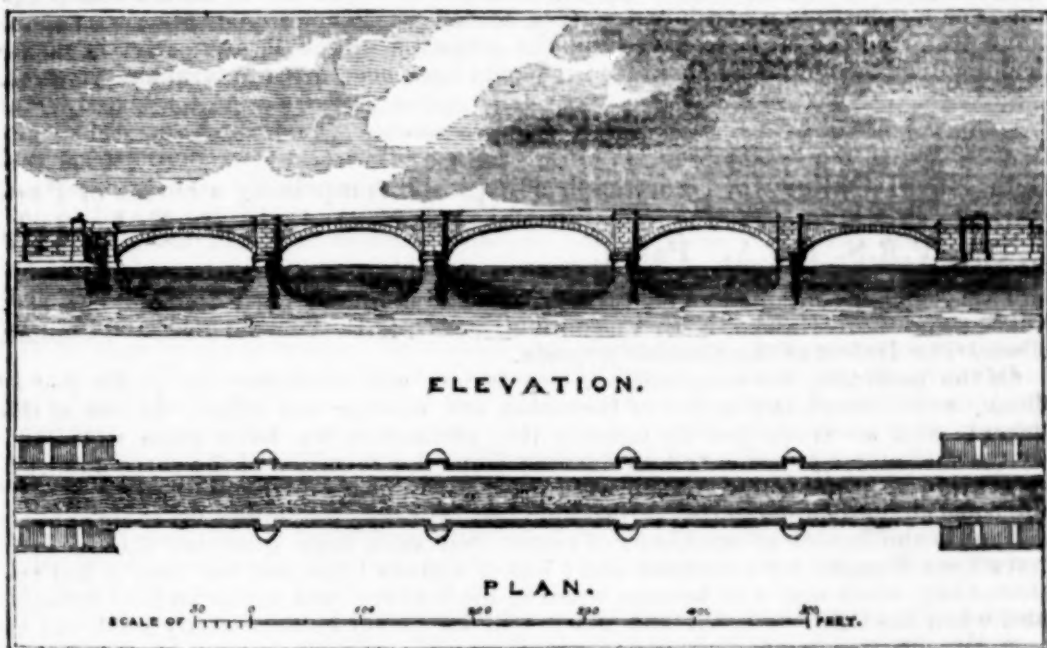
² A great deal of light has been subsequently thrown on the construction of the old bridge, by the demolition of two of the piers for widening the water-way, during the progress of the new works. The piles appear to have been driven in to the level of low water-mark pretty thickly, and then their interstices filled to the same level with flints and stone. Upon this was laid the first courses of stone externally, and flint and mortar, such as may be seen in old baronial castles, internally. The latter is more hard than stone itself, and as durable. For this information we are indebted to Mr. Knight, the resident and ingenious superintendent of the works.

were found to be in a very defective state. From that time, till within the last six years, when the ancient water-works were removed, such and similar repairs were annually made to the old bridge, and since that time to the present it has been kept up by a contract between the corporation and the contractors for the new bridge.

The building of the new bridge was then officially referred to Parliament, by order of the corporation, in February, 1823, when a select permanent Committee, from the whole body of the Common Council, was elected to superintend the works. This committee provided a Bill, which after much discussion in the committee of the House of Commons, finally received the Royal assent on the 4th of July, 1823. Several acts to amend the original act have been since passed, and the works have now arrived at the state described in the beginning of this article.

It is feared by some persons, that the upper navigation of the Thames will sustain injury, when the old bridge is removed, by letting off the head of water which is now kept up by the bridge, and also that there is a probability of the various embankments above the bridge being overflowed in high spring-tides.

The work of taking away the old bridge will be one of some labor and difficulty. From the opinions of Mr. Telford, Dr. C. Hutton, and others, the tides will rise higher and fall lower, when the old bridge is taken away. A similar circumstance took place in the Cashen river, in Kerry, which falls into the sea near the mouth of the Shannon: a bar was lately cut across by Mr. Nimmo, to make a more direct navigation. The upper part of the river was thereby lowered between three and four feet at low water, and at high water it is raised so as to overflow the marshes more than before, and the direct stream is now cutting a new channel through the sandy shoals above the bar.



LITHOGRAPHY.—One of the most extraordinary specimens of lithography from the office of R. Martin, Holborn, which we have ever seen, has been put into our hands by that lithographer. It is a composition designed to exhibit the perfection to which the art has been carried, and in beauty of execution we have seen nothing excelling it. Lines exquisitely minute are clearly defined in it, and the most elaborate efforts of the graver imitated so closely as almost to defy detection. The progress made in this art within a few years is astonishing, and in the specimen before us, we confess, our utmost expectations have been outdone. There is the capital of a Corinthian column; a map of a river and its vicinity; and the interior of a Gothic edifice, which stand prominent specimens in this unique impression.

FINE ARTS.—PUBLICATIONS.

Compositions of the Acts of Mercy. Drawn by the late **JOHN FLAXMAN, Esq. R.A.P.S.** Engraved by **F. C. LEWIS.**

This work is a valuable legacy bequeathed to the admirers of the fine arts, by one whose name and genius will always be upheld to admiration, as long as the human heart is capable of venerating the purest combinations of sublimity and

beauty—of grandeur and simplicity. The work consists of eight exquisite designs, illustrative of the *Acts of Mercy*,—viz.

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Instruct the Ignorant. | 5. Comfort the Afflicted. |
| 2. Feed the Hungry. | 6. Go to the House of Mourning. |
| 3. Clothe the Naked. | 7. Comfort the Fatherless and Widow. |
| 4. Visit the Sick. | 8. Deliver the Captive. |

Independently of the pervading originality of idea—such as could have occurred to no artist of inferior genius to Flaxman—there is a variety of execution manifested in these designs, which, considering the apparent similitude of some of the subjects, is truly surprising, and serves as an indication how fertile in resource, and how mighty in power was the mind which could give birth and being to such glorious conceptions. Had Flaxman never given any other work to the public, these designs alone would have stamped him as a great magician in his art.

It would be idle to attempt a description of these engravings, which are most delightfully aquatinted by Mr. Lewis. We can only say, they will form a rare acquisition to the portfolios of all who not only admire the genius of this great artist, but are also charmed by the contemplation of —

“ figures dumb and motionless,
But which address themselves with strongest eloquence
Unto the gazer's heart.”

Their beauties are innumerable, their faults scarcely worth mentioning. One circumstance, however, we must advert to: in the first design, “Instruct the Ignorant,” a beautifully simple pyramidal group, representing an old man reading from a volume to a youth and maiden seated on either side of him, we should have preferred the latter to have held the situation of the former, who is rather leaning over the old man's shoulder; it would have been more natural and graceful.

The Naval Gallery of Greenwich Hospital; comprising a series of Portraits and Memoirs of celebrated Naval Commanders. By H. LOCKER, Esq. F.R.S. F.S.A. Part I.

This Number contains five engravings, consisting of four portraits, and one sea-piece: viz. Lord Hawke, K.B. Viscount Bridport, K.B. Admiral Benbow, Captain Cook, The Defeat of the Spanish Armada.

Of the portraits, for composition, expression, and character, we prefer that of Cook, even though the names of Reynolds and Kneller are affixed to two of the others: and we trust that in forming this estimation we have been unbiassed by the feeling we experienced in turning from the memoirs of the three admirals to those of the navigator, a feeling mingled with pleasure, regret, and hope;—of pleasure at the contemplation of intellect and bravery, employed for their noblest purpose—the benefit of mankind; of regret that such high qualities should ever have been engaged for a contrary end; and of sincere hope that the time is fast approaching, when man will become wiser in his bravery, and better in his intellect, and when the titles of honor and glory will no longer be necessarily held out as inducements to acts of injury and destruction.

In the portrait before us of Cook, there is an expression of deep and absorbing thought, but we miss that “sternness” which we find his widow has complained of, and Mr. Locker acknowledges. We quote the passage, were it only for the sake of the concluding sentence:—

“The fine portrait from which our engraving is made, has a sternness of expression, which sometimes overspread his manly countenance, when deeply engaged in thought. And doubtless while Mr. Dance was busy with his features, the mind of our great navigator was ‘occupied in great waters.’ But though subject to some slight quickness of temper, nothing was more foreign to his nature than severity. His widow, who preserves all her faculties on the verge of ninety, has more than once expressed to the author of this memoir her regret that a portrait, in all other respects so perfect, should convey this erroneous expression to the eye of a stranger. For she, with the tenderness peculiar to her sex, regards him still with the lively recollection of a husband, uniformly kind and affectionate, and of a father dearly loving his children.”

The defeat of the Spanish Armada is a clever and spirited etching; a little confused, but, considering the reduced size of the print, and the bustle of the scene, that fact is hardly to be censured.

The literary part of the work is executed with impartiality and correctness, and these qualities are all we have a right to look for in a compilation like the present, which is necessarily so compressed as to exclude much opportunity for fine writing. There are, however, scattered throughout the work several pleasant anec-

dotes, domestic as well as historical, and here and there the author displays a vein of epigrammatic humour.

In conclusion, we would suggest that it might be an advantage, if the series of portraits and memoirs could be given in their chronological order; at any rate, it would be an assuredly favorable improvement to give, attached to each engraving, the size of the original picture. We dismiss the work with our best wishes.

MUSIC.—ITALIAN OPERA.

Audire est operæ pretium.—Hon.

An Opera we certainly have this season—but, in the name of all that is musical, what kind of one? M. Laporte must surely be disrespectful to the public and blind to his own interest, if he thinks he can succeed by the style of management he has adopted this year. With the exception of Mrs. Wood, whose appearances were hastily and shamefully got up on the part of the *entrepreneur*, we have not had a female singer fit to be even among the chorus-squallers until Lalande arrived; and then, lo and behold! we find *she* has been engaged at a low salary, because she is in an uncertain state of health, and probably will disappoint the public two nights out of three! Of the Madame Vesperman whose arrival in this country was preceded by a flourish of trumpets, we can only say that it is possible she might sing pleasingly in a nut-shell; but her voice was such a crazy slack-wire, that taste or style were afraid to venture upon it in a large space. Miss Fanny Ayton again—there is a *prima donna*—a very pretty lively actress—but—but *voilà tout*—she has no ear (although she has two)—she sings most outrageously sharp, the very worst kind of out-of-tune singing. If Miss Ayton could correct some unpleasantness in her speaking voice, if she could euphonise it a little, she would make an excellent English actress of light parts. She has vivacity and ease of deportment, and an occasional piquancy which could not fail to recommend her in smart comedy. Of Madame Meesi as a *prima* we say nothing—in a like way we are silent as to Signora or Mademoiselle Feliani. Mademoiselle Beck has come to us without any previous name or puffing; but we think that if she were to have fair play, she would prove to be more than mediocre. Her singing with Lalande in *Semiramide* (at a short notice too) was very creditable. The female chorus-singers are either inefficient in themselves or ill-directed by the chorus-master. Having thus briefly dismissed the female part of the opera, *passons-nous maintenant* to a review of the male-contents of the establishment. Lablache, the “*fragore gravi strepitans*,” Lablache (*bellua vasta*) is a tower of strength in himself: his versatility is wonderful; old or young, serious or comic, *c'est égal*, he is always perfect; but if we were to select any of his performances which we might hold as most admirable, it would be his Geronimo and Geronio, in “*Il Matrimonio Segreto*,” and “*Il Turco in Italia*.” In these he is beyond all praise or rivalry. He is a capital musician, a rare accomplishment in an Italian singer. We regret his temporary absence, and shall hail his return with unmixed pleasure. We wish he may bring over a *prima donna* with him.

Of Signor David, whose continental fame has been so loudly rung in our ears, we confess we cannot consider him a singer possessed of any of the ordinary requisites of voice, tune, style, or expression. He can hardly be called a tenor, for he is eternally making *roulades* (or rather a *roulade*, for he has but one) in an extremely high and disagreeable *false* *falsetto*; he seldom sings in tune, and as to style and what he thinks expression, we never heard such outrageous excess before. In Pacini's cavatina “*Il pianto soave*,” he was a perfect bedlamite. In his acting too he is objectionable; in his duet-singing he never looks at the object he is addressing: if he had to ask a signora for her hand, he would assuredly make the request to the audience on the side opposite to her: this frequently produces most ludicrous effects. But enough—he is gone, and we hope we shall never have our ears so molested again. Of Curioni this season we are inclined to think much better than usual. In the first place, he has practised his voice during the winter most sedulously, (a wonderful feat for him,) and in the next place his true tenor tone had the advantage of being contrasted with David's “scrannel pipe.” We are glad to see Santini back again. His Figaro is, we think, his best part; there is that restless liveliness about him constitutionally, which enables him to personify the mercurial barber with perfect ease. While in comedy his acting and bustling amuse us to almost a neglect of his voice, in opera seria its oracular and mysterious tone gives solemnity and grandeur, particularly to the concerted pieces. With him Lablache, and, though last not least, our old friend (now we believe naturalized) De Begnis, we could “do business in the veins of the earth,” if we had some female first-rates and a musical manager.

The novelties produced as yet in the way of new operas have been little or nothing. Pacini's foolish, insipid “*L'Ultimo Giorno de Pompeii*,” was a wretched

failure, as it deserved to be. The only striking feature in it was the representation of the volcano at the conclusion in flames—a very proper place for such a production as the opera to terminate. We understand there are many things in store for us in the course of the season; so we shall live on the "*spes incerta futuri*." An opera, entitled "*Geraldo*," the production of an amateur of the sister kingdom, is actually in rehearsal, and is spoken of in very strong terms of approval by competent judges. It is a bold attempt, and ought to be encouraged if it were for nothing but the national glory of it. The *libretto* is also by the musician, and contains, from what we have learned of it, a series of most interesting dramatic effects.

The Ballet department of this season has in individual instances produced us some interesting novelties. Kenilworth is got up in a very superior style of splendor and effect. The dresses, with the exception of Brocard's first dress, are correct and most magnificent. The scenery at this house is improving; but it is a "consummation devoutly to be wished for" by all opera-goers, that the stage "were worthier." Of a verity it is curtailed of fair proportions, and very often huddles singers, figurantes, &c. in a confusion that cannot well be "worse confounded."

Madame Montessu is a wonderful dancer, and with an ungracious figure contrives to be graceful. Still her forte is execution, and not style. She certainly has a power of making one say to oneself,—“What would this woman be if she had not been a dumpy one!” The artificial attainments of her profession she has accomplished *à merveille*; but “there is something more exquisite still,” which, like poetic spirit, is not made but born. The same opinion applies to her brother, M. Paul. But let us suddenly abandon art for nature, at least beauty; and describe the incomparable “*la gracieuse Taglioni*,” which we cannot do better than by quoting an eminent critic of other days, who certainly, in speaking of Venus, had “*devancé son siècle*,” and had a perspective glimpse or dream of our modern Terpsichore, or rather EUTERPE, for we are pleased with the latter Muse's name as applied to Taglioni, and think it most expressive of her powers. Her form, from her first appearance, manifested she was more than mortal; but though she was certainly a goddess, the poet does not make her known to be the goddess of beauty until she moves. All the charms of an agreeable person are then in their highest exertion—every limb and feature appears with its respective grace. It is from this observation, that I cannot help being so passionate an admirer as I am of good dancing. As all art is an imitation of nature, this is an imitation of nature in its highest excellence, and at a time when she is most agreeable. The business of dancing is to display beauty, and for that reason all distortions and mimeries, as such, are what raise aversion instead of pleasure: but things that are in themselves excellent, are ever attended with imposture and false imitation. Thus, as in poetry, there are laborious fools who write anagrams and acrostics; there are pretenders in dancing, who think merely to do what others cannot, is to excel. Such creatures should be rewarded, like him who had acquired a knack of throwing a grain of corn through the eye of a needle, with a bushel to keep his hand in use. The dancing on our stages is very faulty in this kind; and what they mean by writhing themselves into such postures as it would be a pain for any of the spectators to stand in, and yet hope to please those spectators, is unintelligible.

Charming Taglioni! you never offend us in this way—you are as graceful as a swan's neck, as proudly graceful too. Yours is not merely the simple grace, the uneducated modest beauty of a timid nymph; there is the rapture of a Muse about you, and a melancholy expression (if we can apply such a term to your dancing, we certainly can to your long-lashed eyes) that creates before us a twilight of enjoyment, far more exquisite than the glare and display of the mindless caperers we have so frequently looked upon!

The critic quoted above, happily adopted the lines from Virgil,

“*Vera incessu patuit Dea*:”

and we repeat them as a valedictory echo to the “*prima donna*” of dancers.

Mademoiselle Clara is a very pretty—pretty? psha! what have we to do with her beauty—we mean she is a very—that is—beautiful dancer, and will soon be at the top of her profession.

M. Lefebvre has not been duly appreciated. He is graceful and active, and reconciles us more to male posture-difficulties than even Paul himself! In these days of reform, it would be well if some original would start a total revolution of the dancing system, and substitute grace for agility. The King's Theatre should disdain a rivalry with Astley's Amphitheatre.

MUSIC.—PUBLICATIONS.

Songs for the Grave and Gay. By T. H. BAYLY, Esq. Purday.

It would be quite erroneous to say “Mr. Bayly's Muse,” for he seems to have employed the whole nine in his service. It would be much better for his fame,

however, if he were diligently and faithfully to cultivate the affections of but one ; for in very few instances do we find Pope's maxim of only one subject suiting with one genius, either wrong or misapplied. In a peculiar style of song-writing, which we will venture to call domestic lyrics, Mr. Bayly is very felicitous. There is a deal of tenderness and high-toned or deep-toned (for we avail ourselves of the equivocal latinism of the words) feeling and expression in his productions of this class. There he is at home. He is not so happy where he roams abroad into the romance and loneliness of the higher regions of fancy. The sentiment of the ball-room belongs to him : he is not a poet of the mountain or the moor, nor has he that lofty elegance of thought, which nothing but Nature in her solitude can inspire.

The volume before us contains many pretty things, "Romance for me" to wit. Mr. B. has entitled his work "Songs for the Grave and Gay ;" the name pleases us, but we should be sorry to agree with his insinuation that "Grave" has the fearful odds of nine to one against "Gay," unless the former be taken in a substantive sense, and then indeed we confess its omnipotence. There is, in fact, but one decidedly gay song in the volume. Of the grave, "Upbraid me not" is the smoothest and best written. Mr. B. should attend a little more to the music of his lines, not the music to them, which in the present work is, generally speaking, well attended to by the anonymous musician. The *ensemble* of our opinion is, that this is a neat little bagatelle, likely to set many a fair hand and sweet voice in musical motion, and many a heart to the tune of "*Di tanti palpiti*."

DRAMATIC REVIEW.

THERE is scarcely a critic of the present day that does not lament the degraded state into which dramatic writing has fallen ; and it certainly is a curious fact, that while almost every other branch of literature has made gigantic strides towards superior excellence, the drama alone seems to have retrograded. Numerous are the reasons which our cotemporary critics have assigned for this : some have sought for them in the decline of dramatic taste in the public ; some in the little patronage and scant payment of dramatic authors ; others in the ill judgment of managers in their choice of the manuscripts presented for their perusal.

In reply to these reasons we will simply state, that there has very seldom been a good new play well represented without receiving its due meed of public patronage ; that authors are now as well paid as they were in the best days of the drama ; and that managers must look to their treasury as the criterion by which to form their judgment as to the pieces they accept ; and while that presents but a "beggarly account of empty boxes" when the legitimate drama is performed, who can blame them for attempting to fill their houses, and save themselves from ruin by other means ?

The size of our national theatres is certainly a great drawback upon the effect of dramatic representation ; but we do not think that in any of these circumstances are to be found sufficient reasons for that complete dearth of original dramatic genius which characterises the present times. We mean this observation only as it relates to "genius," for there is a great deal of dramatic cleverness afloat, as may be seen in many of those ingenious adaptations from the French which form the principal features of our modern dramatic productions.

The facility with which these pieces are adapted to our own stage, and the prolific source provided by our inventive and indefatigable neighbours in their almost nightly production of new dramas, is, perhaps, in itself one great reason why none of our dramatic authors give themselves the trouble to be original. These gentlemen are looking to money more than fame ; to the quantity of their pieces more than their quality ; and who can wonder at their choosing the most facile method of accomplishing their object ? Who would be at the trouble of invention while there are so many pieces ready-made to their hands ? and, in spite of all the hacknied assertions of these adapters, that they have "only taken an idea from a fresh piece to work upon," or "that they have been merely indebted for a hint, a scene, or a character," we have seldom found, on comparison, any difference whatever between the original dramas and the English adaptations, that entitle them to any other distinction than that of free translations. This method of borrowing from our neighbours is not at all of modern date, a number of scenes in some of our best stock plays of the last age may be traced to the same source ; but while we have thus been indebted to the French for so many of our plots, incidents, aye and dialogue too, we must not forget that the great improvement in the construction of their drama has been adopted in imitation of our own. Determined as they were to abide by what they called "*les trois unités*," their plays were cold in comparison with those which they have produced since : in imitation of the English, they have broken through the iron fetters of Aristotle. And surely if the imagination is called upon to believe for the moment in the identity of the character, and the reality of the circumstances repre-

sented on the stage, it may very well stretch a little further and give credence to the passage of time and to the change of place.

It has often occurred to ourselves that the present dearth of new and original dramas, more particularly of comedies, may be traced to the modern state of society itself; which, from being so completely generalised, presents none of those individual characteristics which were so prevalent when greater distinction in manners and dress existed. Formerly almost every class of society was distinguishable by their appearance and by their character—your buck—and blood—your fine Sir Charles Grandison or Lord Townly gentlemen—your jockey Goldfinch—were all so many types of their different species—but these differences are now extinct—your city apprentices and your Bond-street loungers—your cockney and your gentleman—your boniface and his tapster are scarcely distinguishable from each other. The lower orders have imitated the higher, and, as Liston says, “*vice versa*,” till the two extremes have met, and society presents but one undistinguishable mass of people all dressed and behaving alike, and all imitating each other till the distinctions between them are lost. This generalisation has very much increased of late years, so that there are few characters that present themselves for the delineation of the dramatist. Reynolds has frequently said that he drew many of his theatrical portraits from his friends—from the members of his cricket and other clubs. Major Topham alone, we believe, furnished him with five or six of his sketches. But how few men of our own day present any distinguishing trait that would make them fit characters for the drama. Our friend Frederick Reynolds, in his *Dramatic Annual*, reckons the star system among the causes of the decline of the drama, and has attacked it so pungently that two or three of those who have profited by this pernicious system to their own fortune and their manager’s ruin, have almost threatened him to become “*shooting stars*” unless he retracts. We quite agree with Mr. Reynolds as to the pernicious effects of this ruinous system; since the introduction of which, the theatres have literally been kept open for the benefit of a few of the principal actors and actresses, while their humbler brethren are starving on stipends lessened by the enormous salaries given to the “*stars*,” and manager after manager has been condemned to learn the secrets of other “*prison houses*” than the theatres.

Another reason for the present state of the drama is the habit which all modern authors have adopted of writing for particular actors; depending for the success of their pieces more upon the popularity of one performer than upon the real merits of the drama; which is thus not only sacrificed to the prominence of this individual character, but is necessarily withdrawn on the retirement or death of the artist for whom this character has been written. This is one of the evils arising from the star system, and must be amended before we can hope for any improvement in the productions of the stage.

Upon all these subjects we shall “*touch by turn*,” and though we shall always be delighted to give the due meed of praise to the activity of a management, the talent of an actor, or the genius of an author, we shall castigate with an unsparing hand those systems which are likely to militate against the progress of our favorite amusement.

Military reviews were instituted for the purpose of the troops marching before the general officer, who is to depend upon their services in the field; we shall therefore, in our dramatic review, imitate this military system, and place the effective corps of dramatic writers of the present day in marching order before us. There are few, alas, who stand forward in the field with any prominence. Colman with his Pangloss, Caleb Quotem, and John Bull, is fallen into the “*sear and yellow leaf*,” and is by the pantomime wand of the Lord Chamberlain turned from a dramatic author to a dramatic censor; and from his own *license*, which he took pretty freely, to the duty of licensing others, which he does not do so freely. Reynolds, with his *Dramatist*, sponge, &c., and Morton, with his *Mrs. Grundy’s*, are turned into mere readers of the plays of others—and we are sorry for it; for although it is the fashion to designate the comedies of these gentlemen, long farces, yet they were *English*; and in the whole effective corps of dramatic writers, we can find none to supply their places. Morton does still occasionally “*boil up*” three or four French pieces into an English farce, but this is all: we must therefore place these gentlemen with laughter-giving O’Keefe, in the veteran battalion, and turn to those who still present their *pieces* to the audience of our theatres. Among the veterans, too, we must rank Mr. Arnold, who has given us one excellent comedy, and several very good operas.

In Tragedy we have, at present, only MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES and MISS MITFORD; of whom, the former is by far the most successful, having given us two or three original dramas, that are likely to keep the stage, and become the rivals of our best stock pieces. His *WILLIAM TELL* is, up to the end of the fourth act, one of the best of our modern dramas. The fifth act must necessarily form a bathos from the principal incident of the story, being of such intense interest, and occurring at the end of the fourth. This gentleman has had a play upon the subject of our English

Alfred, in Drury-Lane Theatre these five years; and we are at length promised its performance. Miss Mitford has likewise two tragedies said to be treated very capriciously; but into this we must enquire.

These form nearly the whole of our dramatic strength in Tragedy, unless the late successful attempt of Mr. Kenney in his adaptation of Victor Hugo's play of *Hernani* entitle him to a niche in the temple of Melpomene. KENNEY's first production of "*Raising the Wind*" still continues one of the best farces on the English stage. Some few of his other pieces are original, but in latter years he too has devoted himself to the French theatre, and has given us only adaptations—but he certainly has the tact so to Anglicise these pieces as to hide their French origin. Nobody is so clever in grafting English character upon French plot, while the general run of his dialogue is by far the best of any of the dramatists of the day.

POOLE ranks next to Kenney, and has given to many of the French productions very pleasant English dresses. Poole is a miniature painter in the drama—his effects are not produced by breadth of light and shade, but by the neatness of his touch; his points are all well studied and seldom fail—and then they come upon us so slyly. It was once remarked of Poole in society, that he "said his good things as though he were picking a pocket," and he carries this into his dramatic writing: we imagine him waiting behind the scenes with his demure face watching the effect of the jokes he sprinkles over his pieces and quietly chuckling at their effect.

In adding PLANCHÉ to this list we have named the three most successful adapters of the day. Planché perhaps beats the other two in his judgment; by the exertion of this quality he seldom—indeed in fact—never fails. He is what the actors call a "safe author," and in many instances has been eminently successful. He understands the stage perfectly—knows what will tell with an audience—is a good getter-up of his own pieces, and seldom leaves any thing to chance, or omits any extraneous circumstance of costume or scenery that can add to their effect. What a pity with all this requisite knowledge that he should never be original! What a pity that he confines himself to translation, and that his utmost flight should be the "marrying a couple of French pieces into an English farce." Planché's poetry is the best of any of them; still his writings all show cleverness and not genius.

PEAKE on the contrary shows decided genius for dramatic composition, and is certainly the most generally original writer of the day. Unlike Poole, Planché, and Kenney, he depends upon breadth of effect; all his pieces are highly dangerous, and yet many of them are amazingly effective. Peake does not care risking damnation, so that there is a hope of outliving it; no fears prevent an attempt at a laugh. He is, if any thing, too fond of a joke, and he will have it; but he is treading most successfully in the steps of O'Keefe. If Peake would work up his dialogue as industriously as he does his jokes, he would leave his cotemporaries far behind him; but while his pieces give so much entertainment to his audience, they, as yet, do not add much to the literature of the day.

MONCRIEF ranks next to Peake in originality, but he has greatly spoiled himself by the French. The construction of Moncrief's mind is essentially dramatic; his head is a dramatic mill from which every story that he hears and thinks about, emanates in a dramatic form. He is perhaps the most ingenious of them all in weaving together a tissue of incidents tending to one general catastrophe, and in amplifying those mistakes which create so much effect on the stage. Had Moncrief been a steady man and a studious writer, he would most likely have become one of the first dramatists of the day.

Pocock, who has lately returned from his "*otium cum dignitate*" again to try the boards, writes like a man of fortune—idly, and as though he did not care about it. When his *Hit or Miss* came out, it was hit or miss with himself, and the profit was of consequence to him. A good fortune is no spur to genius.

DIMOND is a pretty rather than a powerful author—he was cradled in flowers—and we know his productions by violets, lilies, and dewdrops which he sprinkles over them—yet several of his earliest pieces have kept the stage to the present day.

Of BUCKSTONE, who is just springing into notice, we had great hopes; but having heard that several of his most successful pieces have been the productions of other pens, though represented under his name, we are cautious of encouraging him. In this observation we do not allude to the *Ice Witch*, but to his former pieces. Now, as we know that two or three of the best characters in these pieces were his own, although the bulk of the drama was perhaps borrowed from other persons, we would advise him either to rely upon his own strength, or candidly avow the truth, which is sure to be known; and, when known from other sources than himself, is fraught with great mischief to his reputation.

We believe we have enumerated most of the authors who are before the public in the great theatres. In the minors many are struggling into dramatic existence, hoping for some fortunate chance that may transplant them to arenas of more

consequence, and of greater pay. The names of Lunn, Jerrold, Raymond, Rodwell, Barnett, with several others, are already beginning to be known to the theatrical public.

The present season, like that of Christmas, is always ushered in at our theatres with what are denominated Easter pieces. These are filled with guns, trumpets, processions and scenery, and are professedly got up at a great expense for the attraction of the holiday folk, and the pleasure of the children, to whom the season presents an apology for a week's idleness. With no other object in view, these pieces are not often submitted to the strict laws of criticism. They are generally intended to please children, and they seldom attain any thing more than the end for which they are designed; and the judicious spectator is only sorry that so much good scenery and such expensive costumes should be wasted on pieces of no more dramatic merit than Easter pieces generally possess. The *Ice Witch*, at Drury Lane, and *Neuha's Cave*, at Covent Garden, the first by Mr. Buckstone, and the latter by Mr. Peake, have been the pieces got up for this Easter; and by the former having already been withdrawn from the bottom of the bills (a true criterion with every one "knowing" in theatricals,) while that at Covent Garden still shines in large type, we should imagine Mr. Peake's to have been the most successful. The managers, however, have not this season confined their exertions to the production of Easter pieces alone. A new Opera of Spohr's was announced at the bottom of the Covent-Garden bills, while the underlining of the Drury-Lane bills bespoke an activity in the management of that theatre which we have not witnessed for years; four new pieces being actually announced as forthcoming during the present month. This is indeed finding food for the critics, even to a surfeit—and, what is rather surprising, the underlined promises have been kept—for four new pieces have been actually produced at Drury-Lane Theatre, since the re-opening at Easter, and all with some degree, and two with a great portion of success. Our limited space will not allow us to enter into any elaborate criticism of so many pieces; we shall therefore only select those which form the principal features of these dramatic novelties, and content ourselves with some remarks on "*The Pledge, or Castilian Honor*," at Drury Lane, and the Opera at Covent Garden.

This tragic drama is an adaptation by Mr. KENNEY, of Victor Hugo's '*Hernani, ou L'honneur Castillan*,' which was first represented in February, 1830, at the *Théâtre Français*. We believe that this is the first attempt of Mr. Kenney in the tragic walk of the drama, at least we have no recollection of him in any thing else than comedy and farce; and we confess ourselves surprised at the strength he has exhibited in the poetry of the present drama, which has been crowned with complete success—a success arising first from the intense interest excited by the incidents and situations, and secondly by the nervous style in which the dialogue of the original has been rendered, and improved. *Hernani* was produced in Paris with the avowed intention of bringing to issue the great contest between the adherents of the classic and romantic schools; the consequence of which is, that the play has been made alternately the subject of eulogium or abuse, and of fair criticism or of burlesque parody. The author determined upon a dramatic exposition of the principles of the romantic school by themselves, instead of that alliance between the schools of Aristotle and Shakspeare, which are so incongruous in their union as to annihilate the merits which each of them may possess when unshackled by the other. Carrying the present principles of liberty into literature, the author puts forth his work in professed advocacy of "*le principe de la liberté littéraire*."

Hugo seems to intend this as the first of a series of dramas in which he proposes to establish the principles of his school, since he says, "*Hernani n'est jusqu'ici que la première pierre d'un édifice qui existe tout construit dans la tête de son auteur, mais dont l'ensemble peut seul donner quelque valeur à ce drame*." In the separation of these schools the author is perfectly right; for the wildness of Shakspeare can never be grounded upon the cold unities of Corneille and Racine; nor Calderon mingle peaceably with Voltaire, till "the advent of a dramatic millennium."

Mr. Kenney has very closely followed his original; at least we could detect no difference in the action of the English drama from that of the French piece, excepting a short scene between Donna Zanthé and her Duenna, at the commencement of the second act, the utility of which we confess we could not see.

The scene of the drama is Saragossa, and about the year 1519 is the period to which the poet has carried us back. The play opens at night—a light is burning in the chamber of Donna Zanthé, a Duenna enters with a stealthy step, a knocking is heard at a secret door—she hurries to open it; a Cavalier forces his way into the apartment, (not the expected one) and orders her, on pain of death, to conceal him, that he may witness the intended interview between Donna Zanthé and Hernani. Scarcely is he concealed, when Donna Zanthé enters, followed by her lover, dressed as a mountaineer. The broken and natural dialogue, which ensues between the lovers, reveals that Hernani, though formerly in the possession of rank and affluence, is now a proscribed bandit, commanding a mountain horde. Poor and

proscribed as he is, however, he is still dearer to Donna Zanche than all the world; and she soothes his impetuosity and jealousy by announcing her resolution to follow him, whatever may be his fate, to the mountains or the scaffold, in spite of her hand being destined by the king, Don Carlos, to an aged kinsman of her own, Don Leo. Moved by this, Hernani seems on the point of disclosing his real rank, when he is interrupted by the sudden appearance of the stranger from his concealment. Hernani, incensed at his intrusion, and still more at the familiarity with which the stranger treats his mistress, draws upon him, and a fight is on the point of commencing at the moment that the aged lover of Donna Zanche, the fiery old Leo, bursts in with a torrent of eloquent abuse against the intruder—when, to the surprise of all parties, the stranger steps forward and announces himself as Don Carlos, king of Spain, come to confer with Don Leo, and proclaims Hernani as one of his suite, by which means his retreat in safety is effected. This circumstance, however, seems only to add fresh fuel to the hatred with which the King already seems to be regarded by Hernani.

During the confusion of the last scene, Hernani and Donna Zanche had found an opportunity of concerting their escape the next night by means of a signal which unfortunately for the lovers is overheard by the king, who by this time has also become enamoured of the lady, and the determined rival of both his subjects.—Act 2d opens with Donna Zanche waiting for the signal which is to draw her from her father's house. This signal is given by Carlos, and on descending into the court, she finds herself in the grasp of the king instead of the embrace of her lover. In her struggle she becomes possessed of the king's dagger, and defends herself until Hernani arrives to her rescue. Donna Zanche rushes into his arms, and the proscribed reproaches the king with his base attempt.

After his unmeasured reproaches he attempts to force the king into a combat; but Carlos, preserving a provoking air of royal superiority, refuses to sully his royal sword by crossing it with that of a rebel. Hernani is too noble to assassinate him, and the king departs—but before the lovers can take advantage of the moment for escape, the alarm-bell of Saragossa is heard, and the glare of torches and approaching footsteps compel Hernani to fly, and Donna Zanche to retreat to her own house. Act 3rd presents the preparations for the marriage of old Duke Leo and Donna Zanche, and the elderly lover attempts to prove to his youthful bride the advantages which a lady possesses in a lover of a certain age.

A pilgrim is now announced as requesting an asylum, which is promised by Don Leo. At the moment the bride is about to be led to the altar, this pilgrim steps forward, throws off his weeds, and discovers himself as Hernani, inviting the guests and servants to gain the reward that has been set upon his head. Castilian honor however here steps in to his safety—he has been promised protection, and Don Leo declares he shall find it, even though the king himself sought him in the castle. Don Leo then, very good-naturedly, and certainly very opportunely, leaves the lovers to themselves. Hernani reproaches Zanche with infidelity, and opening a casket of bridal presents, taunts her with accepting them and preferring such glittering baubles to the possession of his faithful heart. Donna Zanche answers him only by telling him he had not searched the casket well, and removing the jewels, shows him the dagger with which she had before defended herself from the king. This *satisfactory* explanation is scarcely finished, when a trumpet announces the arrival of Don Carlos himself, who, having traced the fugitive to the castle, comes to demand Hernani at the hands of Don Leo. The mind of the old nobleman is a storm of contending passion—Castilian honor, however, prevails; he conceals his rival behind a portrait of himself which opens by a secret spring. In reply to the king's demand that he should be given up, Don Leo points to the ancestral portraits which grace his walls, describes the honor and glory of their characters, and pausing before his own, asks him—"if that catalogue of heroes is to be closed by one who treacherously sold the head of his guest?"—The king, enraged, carries off Donna Zanche by way of hostage, and the moment he is gone Don Leo calls upon Hernani to come forth and receive the death he merited. Hernani however, hearing that the king is in possession of Donna Zanche, betrays to Don Leo the secret of Carlos's passion, and urges him, before inflicting death upon him, to join in a conspiracy against the king, and rescue his victim from his grasp: when that is done, Hernani solemnly promises to place his life at the disposal of Don Leo. He attests this vow by the heads and glory of his ancestry. He places his hunting horn in the hands of Leo, and swears, that be the hour, the place, the situation what it may, the duke has but to sound that horn, and he is ready to fulfil his vow. This is the "PLEDGE" which Mr. Kenney has chosen as the title of his drama. In Act IV. the scene changes from Saragossa to Aix-la-Chapelle, and opens with the conspirators plotting the accomplishment of their ends. Carlos enters in the midst of them; is declared emperor; his adherents start from all sides, and the conspirators are secured. The pride of the king makes him declare that none under the rank of count shall be punished. Donna Zanche on this exclaims, pointing to Hernani, "He is saved!" He however determines not

to be saved among the common herd, starts from the group of conspirators, and claiming admission into the circle of death as John of Arragon, duke of Segovia, and the possessor of a list of titles enough for the aristocracy of a whole province, covers his head, as a grandee of Spain, and places himself among his comrades. Donna Zanthé throws herself at the emperor's feet to implore his pardon—Carlos bids her rise Duchess of Segovia, &c. &c. &c. in right of Hernani, whom he pardons. This magnanimity, which is the signal of a general pardon, produces a shout from the multitude, and everybody seems delighted, except Don Leo, who stands in moody silence more expressive of his black despair than any eloquence. Act V. opens with the bridal festival of Hernani, (now Don Juan) and Zanthé. The palace is crowded with masquers; but such masques, and such dominoes, and such people, we have never seen excepting at a fifth-rate Opera-masquerade; all is however gaiety and pleasure excepting with one black masque, who, clad in sable, moves amidst the splendid festival like a spectre. The guests at length take their leave of the bride and bridegroom with a beautiful glee composed by Mr. A. Lee. Hernani and his bride are now left to the enjoyment of their own society—all is tranquillity and happiness around them—years of care and anxiety are repaid by that delicious moment—when, as Zanthé says,

All is gone but night and us—
and a splendid night it is—the heavens as “calm and cloudless as themselves”
—the moon shedding its trembling light upon the balcony and flowers, and every thing hushed to a delicious stilness; it wants nothing according to Zanthé, who is pointing out the beauties of the night to her lord. At this moment the distant sound of a horn is heard—on which she exclaims—

“Heavens! my wish is granted.”

Hernani recognises the signal with horror—and the scene which succeeds is painfully interesting and terrible—Zanthé turns to him and thanks Hernani for the tenderness which had prompted the unlooked-for gallantry of this serenade. This is well imagined, and adds greatly to the effect. The horn sounds again and again, as Hernani's agony and despair increase—he knows that, like that of Orlando in Roncesvalles, the blast is the herald of death. Zanthé, thinking her lord ill, retires to procure some remedy for his restoration. Don Leo, in his black domino, is now seen standing on the terrace, converted into a savage by jealousy and despair; and, determined to turn a bridal to a sacrifice, claims the forfeit of his bond, by presenting his victim with the choice of poison or the dagger—a calmness more frightful than violence announces his deafness to the plea of Hernani, even for the delay of a single day—and Hernani almost determines to break his unholy vow, when the taunts of his persecutor make him seize the poison—at this moment Zanthé rushes in—from Don Leo she learns the terrible truth—her tears and intreaties are in vain. At last she seizes the poison—and for a moment thinks she has conquered, when the savage old man tells her to blast her husband's honor. At this, in despair, she drinks from the phial herself, and delivers the remainder to her husband. Now comes the scene of death, while the duke, like an incarnation of evil, stands by, still, quiet, and motionless, watching with fiendish delight their agonies and death.

Such is the outline of this drama, by which it will be seen that there are many interesting situations. The poetry is in many instances far above mediocrity; and though the thoughts are in the French piece, they have been clothed with much more energetic language by Mr. Kenney. The sounding of the horn reminds us of the bell for Pierre's death in *Venice Preserved*, and is highly effective. The acting of Macready, Wallack, Cooper and Miss Phillips, is excellent throughout. The quiet, savage despair of Don Leo is admirably depicted, and forms a fine contrast with the impetuous energy of Hernani. Miss Phillips is greatly improved both in person and acting, her seizing the dagger in the first instance from the king, her showing it among her bridal presents to Hernani, and finally, her wresting the poison from her husband, were all highly effective. It certainly does, however, require a great stretch of the imagination to believe that even “Castilian Honor” would keep such a pledge under such circumstances.

PHILOSOPHICAL, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, HISTORY, STATISTICS, GEOGRAPHY, MEDICINE, ANTIQUITIES, &c. &c.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE INFLUENCE OF COLD ON NEW-BORN CHILDREN.—Dr. Trevisan has been making researches in Italy, principally at Castel Franco, analogous to those of MM. Villermé and Milne Edwards in France. The conclusions at which he arrives, are:—In Italy, of one hundred infants born in December, January, and February, sixty-six died in the first month, fifteen more in the course of the year.

and nineteen survived; of one hundred born in spring, forty-eight survive the first year; of one hundred born in summer, eighty-three survive the first year; of one hundred born in autumn, fifty-eight survive the first twelve months. He attributes this mortality of the infants solely to the practice of exposing them to cold air a few days after their birth, for the purpose of having them baptized at the church. As well as MM. Milne Edwards and Villermi, Dr. Trevisan calls the attention of the ecclesiastical authority to measures suited to put a stop to such disasters, without violating the precepts or practices of religion. — *Ann. des Sciences d'Observation*, i. 144.

EXISTENCE OF COPPER IN VEGETABLES AND BLOOD.—M. Sarzeau has confirmed the discovery of Meissner, that copper exists in vegetables, and he has obtained the following results.

	Milligrammes of Copper.
1 Kilogramme of grey quinquine contains . . .	5
Madder,	5
Coffee, green Martinique,	8
Coffee, Bourbon,	8
Common,	8
Wheat,	4.7
Farina,	0.7
Fæcula of potatoes,	0.0
Blood,	1.1

M. Sarzeau has found that 1 milligramme of copper may be detected by the cyanoferruret of potassium in 1 kilogramme of water.—*Journ. Pharm.* xvi. 505.

VISION OF THE MOLE. By GEOFFROY ST-HILAIRE.—Does the mole see? Aristotle, and all the Greek philosophers, thought it blind. Galen, on the other hand, maintained that the mole saw. He affirmed that it has all the known means of sight. The question has been resumed in modern times. Naturalists have found the eye of the animal. It is very small—not larger than a millet seed; its color is an ebony black; it is hard to the touch; and can scarcely be depressed by squeezing it between the fingers. Besides the eyelid which covers it, it is protected by long hairs, which crossing each other, form a thick and strong bandage. Such an eye ought to be destined to see. But anatomists do not find the optic nerve. What use could an eye be of, deprived of a nerve, which in other animals transmits the visual sensations to the brain? This consideration naturally tends to restore the opinion of Aristotle and the Greeks, and to induce the belief that the mole does not see, and that its eye is only a rudimental point, without use.

Direct experiments, however, made at the request of G. St-Hilaire, show most incontestably that the mole makes use of its eyes, since it turns to avoid obstacles placed in its way. But if the mole sees, how is this accomplished without an optic nerve? M. Serres was of opinion that the place of this nerve was supplied by a superior branch of the fifth pair, analogous to the ophthalmic branch of Willis.

According to Geoffroy St-Hilaire, this change of function in a nerve, which it is not naturally destined to perform, does not exist. The mole sees by aid of a particular nerve, being unable, on account of the too great extension of the olfactory apparatus, to follow the direction which it takes in other animals, towards the tubercula quadrigemina, takes another direction, and anastomoses, in the nearest point, (au plus près,) with the nerve of the fifth pair. — *Ann. des Sciences d'Observation*, i. 144.

ON PREVENTING THE DISCHARGE OF A BULLET FROM A GUN BY THE FINGER.—At the sitting of the Helvetic Society of Natural Sciences of the 28th July last, a letter was read from Dr. Flachin of Yverdon, relative to an experiment before mentioned to the society, in which the ball was prevented from leaving the bottom of a musket when the gunpowder was fired, simply by putting the ramrod upon the ball, and the end of the finger upon the ramrod. He supposes the effect may be explained by the circumstance, that near the charge the ball has a very small velocity compared to that impressed upon it by the expansive force of the gases from the fired gunpowder, when exerted during the whole of the time in which it is passing along the barrel. It is well known that the effect thus accumulated is the reason why long pieces carry further than short ones, and why the breath of a man, which cannot exert a pressure of more than a quarter of an atmosphere, may, by means of a tube, throw a ball to the distance of sixty steps. The experiment above requires great care, especially as to the strength of the piece, which is very liable to burst in the performance of the experiment.

AN ACOUSTIC RAINBOW.—Professor Strehlke states that a sounding-plate, covered with a layer of water, may be employed to produce a rainbow in a chamber which admits the sun. On drawing the violin bow strongly, so as to produce the greatest possible intensity of tone, numerous drops of water fly perpendicularly and laterally upwards. The size of the drops is smaller as the tone is higher. The outer and inner rainbows are very beautifully seen in these ascending and descending drops,

when the artificial shower is held opposite to the sun. When the eyes are close to the falling drops, each eye sees its appropriate rainbow, and four rainbows are perceived at the same time, particularly if the floor of the room is of a dark colour. The square plate on which Professor Strehlke made the experiment was of brass, nine inches in length, and half a line in thickness. The experiment succeeds best if, when a finger is placed under the middle of the plate, and both the angular points at one side are supported, the tone is produced at a point of the opposite side, a fourth of its length from one of its angles. An abundant shower of drops is thus obtained.

NEW KIND OF INDIGO.—The *Registro Mercantil* of Manilla describes a new kind of indigo lately discovered in that island. This plant has been long known to the natives, especially in the provinces of Caramini and D'Albay; they gave it the name of *payanguit* or *avanguit*, and obtain a superb blue colour from it. In 1827 it attracted the attention of Père Mata, one of the members of the Economical Society of Samar. He made many experiments upon it, formed it into cakes, and dyed cotton, linen, and silk goods with it. The colour he obtained was so rich, and so equal to that of indigo, that he sent some of the cakes and the dyed fabrics to the Society, who directed other members residing in the same province to repeat Père Mata's experiments. All obtained most satisfactory results, and they sent many of the cakes, the leaves, and even the living plants, to Manilla. A committee of merchants and chemists was appointed to ascertain, by every kind of trial, whether the colouring matter was identical with that of indigo, and might be introduced as such into the market at the same price. The committee reported in the affirmative on these points, declaring that the *payanguit* had all the valuable properties of the plant to which it had been compared.

NEW METHOD OF MULTIPLYING DAHLIAS.—Some dahlias belonging to M. Jacquemin having been injured by the wind in the first days of June, and some branches broken off, he placed them in the ground, in hopes of developing the flower. This did not take place; the vegetation languished, but the plants appeared good, and being carefully taken up, were found furnished with tubercles. Hence a new means of multiplying these flowers, and the illustration of a curious physiological fact.

WHITE-BAIT.—Mr. Yarrell has made several attempts to preserve white bait alive, of which the following are the results:—"Several dozens of strong lively fish, four inches in length, were transferred with great care from the nets into large vessels (some of the vessels, to vary the experiment, being of earthenware, and others of wood and metal) filled with water taken from the Thames at the time of catching the fish. At the expiration of twenty minutes nearly the whole of them were dead, none survived longer than half an hour, and all fell to the bottom of the water. On examination, the air-bladders were found to be empty and collapsed. There was no cause of death apparent. About four dozen specimens were then placed in a coffin-shaped box, pierced with holes, which was towed slowly up the river after the fishing-boat. This attempt also failed: all the fish were dead when the vessel had reached Greenwich. Mr. Yarrell was told by two white-bait fishermen, that they had several times placed these fishes in the wells of their boat, but they invariably died when brought up the river. The fishermen believe a portion of sea-water to be absolutely necessary to the existence of the species, and all the circumstances attending this particular fishery appear to prove their opinion to be correct."—*Trans. Zool. Soc.*

ON THE PRODUCE OF GOLD AND SILVER IN THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.—(*Alexander von Humboldt*.)—The yearly produce of the Russian gold and silver mines has lately been very variously stated; and as I am afraid that some of these statements may be attributed to me, I take an opportunity of giving the following numerical exposition of the fact.

According to official documents, the Russian mines yield annually about 22,000 marks of gold, and 77,000 of silver. In 1823 the produce of gold was 22,256 marks (318 puds, of which 115 were obtained from imperial, and 203 from private mines); of silver 76,498 marks (1093 puds); and of platina 6570 marks (94 puds); and the respective value was, of gold, 4,896,000 Russian dollars (700,000*l.* sterling); and of silver, 1,071,000 dollars (153,000*l.* sterling). The gold mines of the Ural yielded in

1826	.	.	.	232	puds.
1827	.	.	.	282	"
1828	.	.	.	291	"

In the first six months of 1829 they gave 142 puds of gold (46 from imperial, and 96 from private mines,) and 43 puds of platina.

The total produce of the Ural mines, from 1814 to 1828, is 1551 puds, of the value of about 3,413,000*l.* sterling; the last five years alone yielded 1247 puds.

The annual produce of gold in Europe and in Asiatic Russia amounts to 26,500 marks of gold, and 292,000 of silver, of which the Russian empire alone yields 22,200 marks of gold, and 76,500 of silver.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, December 15. PRIZE SUBJECTS.—The Vice-Chancellor has issued the following notices for the following prize subjects:—

1. The Chancellor's gold medal for the encouragement of English poetry, such resident Undergraduate as shall compose the best ode, or the best poem, in heroic verse, on "The attempts which have been made of late years by sea and land to discover a north-west passage."

2. The representatives in parliament—two prizes of fifteen guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition, to be open to all Bachelors of Arts, without distinction of years, who are not of sufficient standing to take the degree of Master of Arts; and two other prizes of fifteen guineas each, to be open to all Undergraduates who shall have resided not less than seven terms at the time when the exercises are to be sent in. The subjects are—

(1.) For the Bachelors, 'Utrum boni plus an mali hominibus et civitatibus attulerit dicendi copia?'

(2.) For the Undergraduates, 'Utrum fides Punica ea esset qualem perhibent scriptores Romani?'

3. Sir William Browne's three gold medals to resident Undergraduates. The subjects are—

(1.) For the Greek ode, 'Granta Illustrissimo Regi Gulielmo Quarto gratulatur quod in solium Britanniae successerit.'

(2.) For the Latin ode, 'Magicas accingitur artes.'

(3.) For the Greek epigram, 'Magnas inter opes inops.'

(4.) For the Latin epigram, 'Prudens simplicitas.'

4. The Porson prize is the interest of £400 stock, to be annually employed in the purchase of one or more Greek books, to be given to such resident Undergraduate as shall make the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek verse. The subject for the present year is, "As You Like It," act ii. scene 1.—beginning, 'To day my Lord of Amiens and myself,' &c.; and ending, 'Native dwelling-place.' N. B. The metre to be 'tragicum iambicum trimetrum acatalecticum.'

Dec. 20.—The Norrison prize for the present year was adjudged to Thomas Stone, B. A. Scholar, of St. John's College, for his essay on the following subject:—"The Christian Religion the last Revelation to be expected of the Will of God."

Dec. 27th.—The Hulsean prize of one hundred guineas was adjudged to Frederic Myers, Scholar, of Clare Hall, for his essay on the following subject:—"The futility of attempts to represent the Miracles recorded in Scripture as effects produced in the ordinary course of Nature." The following is the subject of the Hulsean prize essay for the ensuing year:—"The Evidences of the Truth of the Christian Revelation are not weakened by Time."

The subject of the Seatonian prize poem for the present year is, 'David playing the harp before Saul.' [1 Sam. xvi. 23.] And the examiners have given notice, that should any poem appear to possess distinguished merit, a premium of one hundred pounds will be adjudged.

Feb. 4th.—The late Dr. Smith's annual prizes of £25. each, to the two best proficient in mathematics and natural philosophy among the Commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on Friday last adjudged to Messrs. S. Earnshaw and T. Gaskin, both of St. John's College, the first and second Wranglers.

Feb. 9th.—The Rev. S. Lee, B.D. Professor of Arabic, was elected without an opponent, to the Regius professorship of Hebrew, vacated by the death of the Rev. Dr. Lloyd.

March 9th.—The Chancellor's gold medals for the best proficient in classical learning among the Commencing Bachelors of Arts, were adjudged to J. W. Blakesley, of Trinity College, and W. H. Hoare, of St. John's College.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.—April 9. Dr. Stewart in the chair.—Mr. Chinnock read the details of three cases of children who had been twice the subject of measles, accompanied with all the pathognomic signs of that complaint, within the space of a fortnight. He stated that the late Dr. Baillie was the only physician who had recorded instances of a similar variation from an established law in the animal economy; and in those cases the intervals between the attacks were four, seven, and eight months, and in one case, twenty-five years.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The anniversary general meeting of this Society was held on Thursday evening, when the following gentlemen were elected as Officers and Council for the ensuing year.—President, Edward Wright, M.D.—Vice-Presidents, Joseph Moore, M.D., David Pollock, Esq., F.R.S., Robert Maugham, Esq., and H. B. Churchill, Esq.—Treasurer, John Elliotson, M.D., F.R.S.—Secretary, John Bell Sedgwick, Esq.—Librarian, T. R. Fearnside, Esq.—Curator, H. P. L. Drew, Esq. Other members of the Council: H. B. Burlowe, T. Alcock, J. M. Bennet, J. Gray, F. D. Bennett, and G. Rudall, Esqrs., H. S. Roots, M.D.,

C. Wheatstone, S. Whitwell, J. Deville, A. Dowling, and R. E. A. Townsend, Esqrs.

LONDON INSTITUTION. — Mr. Britton has given two lectures here, embracing accounts and illustrations of the architectural antiquities of India, Egypt, South America, and Greece. A great number of fine and very interesting drawings were exhibited. Being limited to the short space of an hour's lecture, Mr. Britton was under the necessity of touching merely the surface of the art: but his incidental remarks enforced the necessity of a more diligent attention to architectural studies. Dr. Crotch is giving a course of lectures on the Theory and Practice of Music at this institution.

EXETER HALL.—The object of this building, the most striking of the architectural improvements in the Strand, which has recently been opened, is to afford increased and suitable accommodation for the anniversary and other meetings of the religious, charitable, and scientific institutions of the metropolis. It consists of a spacious hall, 130 feet in length by 76 in breadth, and capable of holding upwards of 2,500 persons, which is designed for the meetings of the larger societies: a second-sized room, 58 feet long and 31 feet 6 inches wide, for smaller meetings, and calculated to contain an audience of about 600; together with twenty-three other rooms, of different sizes, intended for committee rooms and offices, several of which are already occupied. The building is said to have cost about £28,000.—*Athenæum*.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—April 14. Hudson Gurney, Esq. V. P. in the chair. The society this evening resumed its weekly meetings after the Easter holidays. Mr. Ellis submitted to the society a tracing of an original drawing of the town of Brighton, with the coast and the country about it, representing a descent made by the French in the year 1545. Mr. Ellis next read in continuation, from the Rev. Mr. Grover's essay on Greek mythology and history, with the settlement of the Tyrrhenians in Italy. Mr. Britton exhibited to the society some of the drawings which he has prepared to illustrate his lectures on architecture at the London Institution.

MECHANICAL ARTS.

ON MAKING ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.—These are small globules, or pear-shaped bulbs, blown in thin glass, and each pierced with two opposite holes, by which it may be strung. They are afterwards prepared in such a manner as to greatly imitate the rounded and brilliant concretions, reflecting the iridescent colors, which are found in certain bivalve shells, such as the pearl muscle, &c., and which bear the name of oriental pearls. We can perfectly imitate the brilliancy and reflection of these natural pearls, by means of a liquid termed essence of pearl, and which is prepared by throwing into liquid ammonia the brilliant particles which are separated by friction and washing, from the scales of a small river fish named the bleak. These pearly particles, thus suspended in the ammonia, can be applied to the whole interior of these glass bulbs, by blowing it into them, after which the ammonia is volatilised by gently heating them. It is said that some manufacturers do not employ the ammonia, but instead thereof suspend the pearly particles in a solution of isinglass well clarified, and which they drop into the bulbs, and then turn them in all directions, in order to spread it equally over their interior surfaces. There can be no doubt, that in this mode of applying the pearly mixture, the same success will be obtained as in the before-mentioned process, and that it will afford a layer of the same thinness and brilliancy. It is important, to succeed in the perfect imitation of pearls, that the glass bulbs or pears employed should be of a slight bluish tint, opalised, and be also very thin, and likewise that the glass should contain but little potash, or oxide of lead. In each manufactory of these artificial pearls there are workmen exclusively employed in the blowing of these glass bulbs, and which indeed requires a great skill and dexterity to succeed well therein,—a dexterity, indeed, which can only be acquired by long practice. The French manufacturers of these artificial pearls have at length attained a degree of perfection before unknown. We must add, that the bulbs are finally filled up with white wax.—*Dict. Technologique*.

Deming Jarves, Boston, Massachusetts, has taken out a patent for an improvement in GLASS-MAKERS' MOULDS.—This improvement is the forming of a handle or handles, or other similar projections on glass cups, by pressure at one operation, instead of attaching them to the cup, after it has been blown, in the way heretofore practised. The mould is to be made in the usual manner, of brass or other suitable metal, excavations being provided for the formation of the handles. The plug or piston, which is to form the inside of the cup, is made to fit exactly into a rim which forms the top of the mould, so that when it is pressed down none of the fluid glass which has been put into the mould can escape at top, but will by the pressure be forced into the cavities described. The claim is to the forming the mould in the manner above indicated.

IMITATION CHINA INK.—Dissolve six parts of isinglass in twice their weight of boiling water, and one part of Spanish liquorice in two parts of water. Mix the two solutions while warm, and incorporate them, by a little at a time, with one part of the finest ivory black, using a spatula for the purpose. When the mixture has been perfectly made, heat it in a water bath till the water is nearly evaporated; it will then form a paste, to which any desired form may be given, by moulding it as usual. The colour and goodness of this ink will bear a comparison with the best China or Indian ink.

CEMENTS FOR IRON WATER-PIPES.—M. Gueymard, in an interesting statement of the introduction of water into the city of Grenoble, says, that the mastic which he has employed to connect the pipes has been known for some years by the name of *aquin*. Most of the recipes vary, and those which he had obtained directly from Vienna, Lyons, Paris, and by correspondence from London, do not answer his purpose. For this reason he commenced a series of experiments, and found the following composition acquired the hardness and compactness of good cast iron. I mingle ninety-eight parts of cast iron filings (pounded turnings,) passed through a coarse sieve, and not oxidised, with one part of flowers of sulphur. When intimately mixed, I take one part of sal-ammoniac and dissolve it in boiling water, and pour this solution on the preceding mixture and agitate it thoroughly. The quantity of water ought to be such as to reduce the whole to the consistency of common mortar. This cement disengages a great quantity of heat and ammonia, and should be immediately used. It is pressed forcibly into the joints, and after drying two or three days in the open air in summer, and from seven to eight days in winter, the pipes may be covered, with an assurance of their solidity. In all the basins or reservoirs of the city he used only this cement, and the joints prove to be as tight as if cast iron had been melted and poured into them, or as if the cisterns were made of glass. They stand in no need of repairs. He recommends this cement in all cases of hewn stone, and other solid works exposed to the weather, as in bridges, aqueducts, conduits, &c.—*Annales des Mines*.

NEW PATENTS.

D. Napier, of Warren Street, Fitzroy Square; and J. Napier and W. Napier, of Glasgow, for improvements in machinery for propelling locomotive carriages. March 4, 1831.

A. Pellatt, of Holland Street, Blackfriars Bridge, for an improved mode of forming glass vessels and utensils with ornamental figured patterns impressed thereon. Partly communicated by a foreigner. March 9, 1831.

R. Stephenson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for an improvement in the axles and parts which form the bearings at the centre of wheels for carriages, which are to travel upon edge railways. March 11, 1831.

W. Peeke, of Torquay, Devon; and T. Hammick, of the same place, for improvements in rudder hangings and rudders for ships or vessels. March 21, 1831.

G. W. Turner, of the Parish of Saint Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for making paper. March 21, 1831.

P. Phillips, Jun. of Bristol, for improvements in manufacturing sulphuric acid, commonly called Oil of Vitriol. March 21, 1831.

J. Potter and Ja. Potter, of Spiedly, near Manchester, for improvements in machinery or apparatus applicable to the spinning or twisting of cotton, flax, silk, wool, and other fibrous materials. March 21, 1831.

G. Royle, of Walsall, Stafford, for an improved method of making iron pipes, tubes, or cylinders. March 21, 1831.

HORTICULTURE, AGRICULTURE, RURAL ECONOMY.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDEN.—The following remarks from Mr. London's *Gardener's Magazine*, are so correct, and there is so little disposition to amend what might easily be amended in this establishment, that we cannot forbear giving it to our readers. "We regret to see an alteration going on in the plan of this garden, which shows a determination, on the part of the Society, not to adopt any radical reformation in its general arrangement. We regret it, because it shows a want of recourse to fundamental principles, and a disposition to apply palliatives to fundamental evils, which is generally the characteristic of indolence or ignorance. If the whole, the half, or a fourth of a reformed plan could not have been executed in one season for want of funds, a smaller fraction might; and there would have been, to us at least, the double satisfaction of seeing work performed which would not require, at some future time, to be undone, and the pro-

spect of the completion, sooner or later, of a plan worthy of the present state of gardening science. Let every young gardener recollect, that whatever is truly scientific must form a definite whole; the parts of which can no more be disarranged than can the steps necessary for working a problem in geometry or a question in arithmetic. On trying the plan of the Chiswick Garden by this test, it will be found that it has no pretensions to the merit of being a definite whole; since any one part of it might be substituted for any other part, and all the purposes which the garden now serves be as well answered as at present. The arboretum, for instance, might just as well have been on the west side as on the east side; and the hot-house department might have been equally well in the southern as in the northern corner. But the principle we have laid down must be reflected upon by the young gardener, and applied by him to all the details of the garden, in order to understand the important consequences to which it leads. Had a scientific plan been adopted, no patches of common-place shrubbery or pleasure-ground scenery could have been admitted, and not a single duplicate would have been required; or, where duplicates might have been thought desirable, they could only have been allowed a place close to the original. No one species, in short, of either ornamental tree or herbaceous plant could have occurred in two different parts of the garden without a specific reason. It is truly lamentable to see thirty acres of admirable soil, and with a surface, exposure, and locality so well suited for the purposes of a scientific horticultural garden, frittered away to insignificant parts by walks and hedges, which not only waste space, but greatly increase the labor of keeping, and totally destroy character. We hope this garden will prove a useful example to other Societies which have not yet laid out theirs, and induce them not to be guided by any individual, however zealous he may be; but, as is generally done in the case of public buildings, to call in the aid of public competition."

NATIVE COUNTRY OF MAIZE, OR INDIAN CORN.—This grain, so important to the agricultural interests of the United States, appears to be of uncertain origin. Fuchs very early maintained that it came from the east; and Mathioli affirmed that it was from America. Regmir and Gregory have presented fresh arguments in favor of its eastern origin. Among them is the name by which it has been long known in Europe, *Blé de Turquie*; and varieties, it is said, have been brought from the Isle of France, or from China. Moreau de Jonnés, on the contrary, has recently maintained, in a memoir read before the Academy of Sciences, that its origin was in America. The name *Blé de Turquie* no more proves it to be of Turkish origin, than the name of the Italian Poplar proves that that tree grew wild in Italy. It can only signify that it spread from Turkey into the neighbouring countries. Its general cultivation in southern Europe, and the production of some new varieties, proves nothing with regard to the country of the species. In favor of its American origin is the fact that it was found in a state of cultivation, in every place where the first navigators landed: in Mexico according to Hernandez, and in Brazil according to Zeri; and that in the various countries it had proper names, such as *Maize*, *Flaolli*, &c.; while, in the Old World, its names were either all of American origin, or names of the neighbouring region, whence it was immediately derived; and that, immediately after the discovery of America, it spread rapidly in the Old World, and soon became common, a fact not reconcilable with the idea of its former existence there. To these proofs Aug. de Saint Hilaire has added another. He has received from M. de Larranhaga, of Monte Video, a new variety of maize, distinguished by the name of *Tunicata*; because, instead of having the grains naked, they are entirely covered by the glumes. This variety is from Paraguay, where it is cultivated by the Guaycurus Indians, a people in the lowest scale of civilisation, and where, according to the direct testimony of one of them, it grows in the humid forests as a native production.

JASMINE.—"If we may believe a Tuscan tale, we owe our thanks to Cupid for the distribution of this pretty shrub. We are told that a Duke of Tuscany was the first possessor of it in Europe, and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip, nor so much as a single flower, to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful, had not the god of love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair but portionless peasant, whose want of a little dowry, and his poverty alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birth-day of his mistress, the gardener presented her with a nosegay; and to render the bouquet more acceptable, he ornamented it with a branch of jasmine. The *Povera Figlia*, wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into fresh earth; and the branch remained green all the year, and in the following spring it grew, and was covered with flowers; and it flourished and multiplied so much under the hand of the fair nymph's cultivation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her; when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she bestowed her hand and her wealth on the happy gardener of her heart. And the Tuscan girls, to this day, preserve the remem-

brance of this adventure, by invariably wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding-day; and they have a proverb, which says, that a young girl, worthy of wearing this nosegay, is rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband."

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

It may be permitted to us in this first Commercial Report, to take a more extensive retrospect of the trade and manufactures of the country, than would on a future occasion be necessary, inasmuch as it is desirable to bring the circumstances that have for several months previously controuled them, under review, so that a sort of data may be formed by which the readers of this periodical may be enabled to regulate their opinions.

The revolutions of France and the Low Countries have had a powerful effect upon British commerce and manufactures. This country, in a certain degree, has become what she was in the first French revolution, the ark of the world; and it has consequently given a great impetus to the pursuits of the man of business, in every branch. When the agricultural counties were distracted with insurrectionary and incendiary operations, the manufacturing districts were in the most perfect tranquillity, and the individuals in them fully occupied, if not at high, at remunerating prices. This state of things has been going on throughout the winter, and it is only now checked in a slight degree by the present situation of the currency. The Bank has been reducing its circulation from 21,000,000 to 18,000,000, and the consequence is, that second-rate bills cannot now find a market. First-rate paper can be discounted with as much facility as ever; but there is a sort of paper, in every respect sound, the owners of which feel the effect of money not being so easy. Last year money was so plentiful, that it could be obtained upon these bills at $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent.; now it is worth $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. In the former instance there was inducement to accommodate the holders of these bills, but the advance in the value of money has now removed that inducement; the result of which is, that the three leading manufactures of the country—cotton, woollen, and silk—are not in so great activity at present as they were a short time since. The sales of cotton, however, in the Liverpool market, the great mart for this article, from the commencement to the present period of this year have increased, as compared with the corresponding period of last year. In 1830 the amount stood thus, 259,000 bales: in 1831, 264,000; leaving a balance in favor of the present year of 5000 bales.

The activity in manufactures during the winter has caused indigo and dye-woods to change hands extensively; and the late sale at the East-India House of the former article, as appears by the following statement, has been well supported.—

The East India Company's Sale of Indigo, which commenced on the 12th instant, terminated on the 18th.

It consisted of 3415 chests, of which 2722 were Bengal, Benares, &c.; 658 Madras, and 35 Oudes and trash; and 2001 of the former belonged to the East India Company, chiefly middling and good shipping Indigo, taxed at 2s. to 5s. according to quality.

The total quantity put up being so much smaller than was at first expected, and the very low prices of January having brought forward considerable orders, the whole has gone off with great spirit, at an advance of 6d. to 9d. for the inferior to good Bengal, and 3d. to 4d. for the very fine. The Madras, which was chiefly of good quality, also sold freely, at the last sale prices to 3d. per lb. higher. None of the Company's Indigo was refused, and scarcely any of the licensed bought in; and although a few lots sold 1s. to 1s. 1d. above the rates at which no buyers were to be found in January; the sale, on the whole, has gone off very evenly. Notwithstanding the unsettled state of the Continent, the chief part appears to have been taken for the export, the consumers having purchased very sparingly.

The following are the particulars of qualities and prices:—

BENGAL, BENARES, &c.—

Fine purple and blue	6s	9d	to	7s	2d	per lb.
Purple and violet	6s	3d	-	6s	9d	—
Good and fine violet	5s	6d	-	6s	3d	—
Ordinary and middling do.	4s	6d	-	5s	6d	—
Violet and copper	3s	9d	-	4s	6d	—
Consuming qualities	2s	10d	-	4s	6d	— (very few under 3s 5d)
MADRAS Good, to very fine	2s	9d	-	4s	1d	—
Ordinary and middling	1s	11d	-	2s	9d	—
Oudes Trash and very low	0s	4d	-	1s	4d	—

There has been considerable fluctuation in the price of Tallow during the past month, and the transactions in it have been very extensive. The quotations were at

one time as high as 48s. 6d.; they are now 45s. 3d. This decline is to be attributed to the great holders having shown a disposition to sell. Nearly all the accounts are now settled, and the price of this commodity will droop as the new Tallow arrives. Consumers will not buy at the present quotation, and the business is now chiefly speculative, carried on by the party that is endeavouring to force up the price.

There has been a good deal of activity in the East India produce market within the last fortnight, with the exception of saltpetre, which, notwithstanding rumors of war, has been quite neglected. The principal transactions have been in pepper and cassia, of which there have been very large importations and exportations; for the former having been so extensive as to keep the price very low, has led to shipping orders.

In West India produce coffee has been a prominent article of attention. It has been in great demand at rather improving prices, particularly the inferior descriptions. Sugars have been very scarce owing to the prevalence of strong easterly winds, which have prevented arrivals; the consequence has been that holders of them have very readily obtained their prices. Rums have been quite out of demand. There have been scarcely any bargains done in them.

By the latest advices from the manufacturing districts, it would appear that the remarks we have previously made as to a slight decline in the demand for goods are fully confirmed. The last communications from the cotton, woollen and silk manufactures, all allude to a trifling accumulation of stock in these respective trades, or in other words, that the demand for goods is drooping, though not to any extent.

THE FUNDS. Political circumstances have kept public securities in a state of great agitation, and speculators have been cautious in operating. In the early part of the last month, the aspect of affairs on the continent led to the expectation of a decline in consols, which would probably have taken place more decidedly than it did, if it had not been for the scarcity of money-stock, which was severely felt previously to the settling day, and the pacific appearance of the continent. The former cause, however, principally tended to increase the price of consols from 77 to 79½, at which latter quotation they were very strong on the settling day. A decline has since been expected, but it has not been realised, for the market has never since been under 78½, and that only for a short time. The success of General Gascoyne's motion, which was regarded as a virtual defeat of the Reform Bill, even gave buoyancy to consols, and on the following day they advanced. The truth is, the public are buying so largely that they absorb all the money-stock. The drain of gold to the continent has induced the bank to throw a great quantity of Exchequer bills into the market, which has reduced considerably the premium upon these securities. In the foreign Stock Exchange, transatlantic securities have been very much neglected, and but little disposition has been evinced to do business in this market. Danish Stock at one time was in tolerable demand; and Russian bonds, notwithstanding their disastrous campaign in Poland, have maintained their price, owing to the scarcity of the stock. Spanish Bonds have experienced a slight advance.

The French Government has obtained a loan from the Paris bankers, assisted by capitalists here, of 120,000,000 of francs, or £5,000,000 sterling. It is taken in 5 per cent stock at 84. The Scrip on its first appearance bore a premium of 4 per cent, but it soon declined to 2½, as the French King's Speech was regarded as warlike on the Stock Exchange.

The state of the revenue made up to the 5th of April, shows a considerable deficiency on the gross amount. The following is the result of the official statement.

	Qrs. ended April 5,		Increase.	Decrease.
	1830.	1831.		
	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs	3,518,522	3,713,386	194,864	—
Excise	3,188,770	2,362,607	—	826,163
Stamps	1,626,759	1,587,043	—	39,716
Post Office	347,000	339,000	—	8,000
Taxes	374,903	325,523	—	49,380
Miscellaneous	49,683	27,769	—	11,914
	9,105,637	8,365,328	194,864	935,173
Deduct Increase				194,864
Decrease on the Quarter				740,309

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the Years ended on the 5th of April, 1830, and the 5th of April, 1831, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof.

	Years ended April 5,		Increase.	Decrease.
	1830.	1831.		
	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs	16,104,860	16,538,425	433,565	—
Excise	17,440,832	16,069,612	—	1,371,220
Stamps	6,643,435	6,565,576	—	77,860
Post Office	1,380,000	1,350,011	—	29,989
Taxes	4,903,165	4,964,025	60,860	—
Miscellaneous	421,769	271,466	—	150,303
	46,894,061	45,759,114	494,425	1,629,372
Deduct Increase				494,425
Decrease on the Year				1,134,947

The official returns of the produce of the Revenue for the last quarter exhibit, as compared with the corresponding quarter in the last year, a considerable falling off, and that, upon a comparison of the two years, taken together, they give a similar result. The principal deficiency arises in the "Excise," and Stamp departments, and in the "Customs;" and in that alone is there any increase in favor of the present quarter and year. This increase for the quarter amounts to 194,864*l.*, and for the year 433,565*l.* In the Excise the falling off for the quarter is 826,163*l.*, and for the year 1,371,220*l.*; in the stamp duties, for the quarter, the falling off is 39,716*l.*, and for the year 77,860*l.*; in the Post-office, for the quarter, the falling off is 8000*l.*, and for the year 29,989*l.*; and in the assessed taxes there is a falling off, for the quarter, of 49,380*l.*, but an increase upon the year of 60,860*l.* The total deficiency upon the quarter, as compared with the same quarter last year, is 740,309*l.*, and upon the whole year 1,134,947*l.* The balance account of income and expenditure is incomplete, because the Civil List is not yet struck. The amount to be provided for in Exchequer Bills is 4,828,588*l.*

PRICES OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS, SHARES, &c.

On the 25th of April, 1831.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 196½ 7½. — 3 per Cent. Reduced, 78 ¼. — 3 per Cent. Consols, 78½ 9¼. — Ditto for account 78½ 9. — 3½ per Cent. Reduced 87 ¼. — New 3½ per Cent. 88 ¼. — 4 per Cent. 1826. 94½ 95. — Long Annuities, 16½ ¼. — India Stock, 206½. — India Bonds, par, 1 pr. — Exchequer Bills, 1½, 6 9 pr.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Austrian, 86. — Brazilian, 57½ 58. — Chilian, 19½ 20½. — Columbian, 12 13. — Ditto, 1824, 14 15. — Danish, 59½ ¾. — Ditto, 1825, 19½ 20½. — Mexican, 5 per Cent. 26 27. — Ditto, 1825, 6 per Cent. 36 37. — Peruvian, 13 14. — Portuguese, 42 43. — Prussian, 97 8. — Ditto, 1822, 95 6. — Russian, 88½ 9. — Spanish, 16 ¼. — Ditto, 1823, 14½ 15. — French 5 per Cent. 85fr. 86fr. — Ditto Exchange, 25fr. 30ct. — French 3 per Cent. 57fr.

50ct. 58fr. 50ct. — Ditto Exchange, 25fr. 30ct. — French Scrip, 1½ 2½ pr.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 26 28. — Bolonas, 175 185. — Brazilian Company, 1 ¼ pr. — Ditto Imperial, 55½ 6½. — Ditto National, 9 10 pr. — Ditto St. John Del Rey, 3½ 2½ dis. — Ditto Cocoes, 1 ½ pr. — Columbian 7 8. — English, 25. — General Mining 2 dis. — Real Del Monte, 32 34. — United Mexican, 9½ ¾. — Alliance, 7½ 8½. — Ditto Marine, 3½ 4. — Globe, 13 4. — Guardian, 24½ 5½. — Palladium, £1. 11s. — Protector Life, £1. 8s. £1. 9s. — London Dock, 61½ 62½. — West India, 12 4 12 5. — St. Katharine, 72 73. — Ditto Bonds, 101. — Liverpool and Manchester Railway, 188 190. — Austrian, 8 9. — Canada, 14½ 15½. — General Steam, 6 ¼. — Provincial Bank of Ireland, 22½ 23.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—MAY 1, 1831.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—The House of Lords adjourned on the 30th of March to the 12th of April, on which day it met, when various petitions in favor of Reform were presented, and Lord Limerick observed, that though friendly to reform he could not support a measure so sweeping as the bill of Ministers. On the 13th, besides numerous petitions in favor of reform, upwards of fifty were presented in favor of the abolition of negro slavery. On the 14th, Lord Malmesbury moved for returns of licenses granted under the beer bill. The Marquis of Londonderry questioned Earl Grey on the proposed alterations and amendments in the Ministerial plan of reform. Earl Grey distinctly stated, that it was not part of the Government plan to propose that the present number, 658, should be retained; but that his Majesty's Ministers did not think that would so essentially alter the principle of the bill, as to warrant its abandonment. If, however, the number should be retained, it was not the intention of Ministers to sanction the restoration of any of the wholly or partially disfranchised boroughs to supply the deficiency in the number; that deficiency they should propose to supply by granting the franchise to large and populous places and districts. To the principle of the Bill, he added, he, for one, stood pledged; and by it, he still avowed, he would stand or fall. The Earl of Carnarvon considered the measure neither more nor less than a wholesale dealing with the settled institutions of the country. Ministers were supported in the march of reform by all the sedition and blasphemy of the country. The Lord Chancellor deprecated such discussions, and stated that some measure of reform must be adopted or the public peace would be endangered. Lord Farnham denied that the bill had pacified any part of Ireland.

April 15. The Civil List Bill was read a first time.

April 18. A number of Reform petitions were presented, which gave rise to desultory discussion. The Earl of Harewood could not conceive how any person, wishing well to the country, could have taken an opportunity, during the excitement of the public mind, to bring forward a measure which had not well been considered; and though he was no enemy to alterations suitable to the times in which we live, he could not say 'content' to the sweeping system introduced elsewhere.—Lord Calthorpe complained of popular excitement, and considered the Bill a stigma on the House of Commons.—Lord Eldon complained of irregularity in the frequent allusions made to a Bill in the other House; and, in order that the practice might not be drawn into a precedent, he should feel it his duty to submit a proposition on the subject.—Earl Grey observed, that, irregular as those discussions might be, he felt assured that the more the Bill was investigated the greater would be the people's approbation of it. One particular threat had been alluded to (that of dissolution); he had no disposition, neither was he armed with any authority to utter such a menace. His Majesty's Government felt bound to promote the success of the measure by every constitutional means in their power, and by the leading principles of the Bill they were determined to stand or fall.—The Earl of Limerick rose to complain of an unwarranted attack which had been made on him by the 'Times' newspaper. He had been called in that journal a "a thing," and held up to malicious ridicule, in their comments upon a speech of his. The Noble Earl moved, that the printer be called to the bar of the House to-morrow. The printer of the 'Times' was then ordered to be brought up to the bar of the House to-morrow.

April 19.—Among several reform petitions presented was one by Earl Spencer from the county of Northampton. This gave the Earl of Westmoreland the opportunity of condemning the bill as one of a most unjust and tyrannical character; and if the principle were allowed, he knew not where the application of it would stop. The Earl of Limerick, in moving that the printer of the 'Times' be called to the bar, disclaimed all animosity against that journal, and said he was only anxious for the honor and dignity of the House. Mr. Lawson having avowed himself the printer of that journal, was then put to the bar, and all strangers were ordered to withdraw. Lord Wynford proposed that the printer should be subjected to a fine of £100. and committed to prison. This was opposed by Lords Lansdowne and Grey, the Lord Chancellor, and the Duke of Wellington: and Mr. Lawson, on the motion of Lord Farnham, was finally ordered into the custody of the Usher of the Black Rod (Sir T. Tyrwhitt). Earl Grey, in moving that this bill be committed, went into a complex statement of figures to show that there would be a saving to the country of £100,000. by separating the annual expenses of the Crown from the Civil List, and charging those expenses to the Consolidated Fund, by which plan of separation all doubt and perplexity would be removed.

The House went into committee, and the several clauses, with some verbal amendments, were agreed to.

April 20. Lord King presented a petition from Mr. Lawson, expressing sorrow that he should have given offence to their Lordship's House, and praying his discharge.—On the motion of the Earl of Malmesbury, the petition was ordered to lie on the table, and to be taken into consideration to-morrow.

April 21. After an immense number of reform and other petitions had been pre-

sented, Lord Farnham observed, that, as far as Ireland in particular, was considered, a very heavy responsibility would be incurred by the Ministers if they dissolved the Parliament without bringing forward some effective measures for the relief of that island.—Lord Wharncliffe asked whether there was any truth in the rumors that it was the intention of his Majesty's Ministers to dissolve the Parliament?—Earl Grey replied that he must decline to answer a question of so unusual a nature.—Lord Wharncliffe then gave notice that he should to-morrow move an Address to his Majesty, praying that he would be graciously pleased not to exert his undoubted prerogative by dissolving the present Parliament, in the existing circumstances of the country.

Their Lordships having debated for some time with closed doors, Mr. Lawson was ordered to the bar, and reprimanded by the Lord Chancellor "for a gross and scandalous libel on Edmund, Earl of Limerick;" but having expressed his contrition, the House was willing to temper justice with mercy. His Lordship then directed Mr. Lawson to be discharged upon payment of his fees.

April 22. The House met, and during an angry altercation, in which the Marquis of Londonderry took a conspicuous part, the King entered, and delivered the following speech:—

"My Lords, and Gentlemen,—I have come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing this Parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution.

"I have been induced to resort to this measure for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people, in the way in which it can be most constitutionally and authentically expressed, on the expediency of making such changes in the Representation as circumstances may appear to require, and which, founded upon the acknowledged principles of the Constitution, may tend at once to uphold the just rights and prerogatives of the Crown, and to give security to the liberties of the people.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I thank you for the provision you have made for the maintenance of the honor and dignity of the Crown, and I offer you my special acknowledgments for the arrangements you have made for the state and comfort of my Royal Consort. I have also to thank you for the supplies which you have furnished for the public service. I have observed with satisfaction your endeavours to introduce a strict economy into every branch of that service; and I trust that the early attention of a new Parliament, which I shall forthwith direct to be called, will be applied to the prosecution of that important subject.

"My Lords, and Gentlemen,—I am happy to inform you that the friendly intercourse which subsists between myself and foreign powers affords the best hopes of the continuance of peace, to the preservation of which my most anxious endeavours will be constantly directed.

"My Lords, and Gentlemen,—In resolving to recur to the sense of my people in the present circumstances of the country, I have been influenced only by a paternal anxiety for the contentment and happiness of my subjects; to promote which, I rely with confidence on your continued and zealous assistance."

Then the Lord Chancellor, by his Majesty's command, said—

"My Lords, and Gentlemen,—It is his Majesty's Royal will and pleasure, that this Parliament be prorogued to Tuesday, the 10th day of May next, to be then here holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Tuesday, the 10th of May next."

HOUSE OF COMMONS. April 12.—A great number of petitions were presented in favour of Reform; and Gen. Gascoyne presented one from the Corporation of Liverpool against certain parts of the Reform Bill. Lord Encombe asked whether a new return of the population of boroughs was to be laid on the table, for the information of members. Lord John Russell, in reply, said that the previous returns had not been prepared by the framers of the Bill, but by the Home Office, from the returns of 1821. The further returns would give much more correct details. His lordship also stated that the objections to the proposed reduction of the number of members had been anxiously considered; and added, that if it appeared to be the feeling of the House that the mystical number of 658 members should still be preserved, his Majesty's ministers would have no objection to amend the Bill in that particular; but that they were determined to admit of no departure from the principles of the Bill. Sir C. Forbes called it revolutionary. Much as he desired reform, to that Bill he could not consent. Mr. Hume denied that it was a new Bill; the alterations were to carry the Bill into more complete effect. Mr. Hunt declared that the country was no longer mad after this Bill; it had recovered from its phrensy; and in Warwickshire, Preston, and other places, all, indeed, except those who were to have franchises given to them, were against the Bill. The million were dissatisfied with the Bill: there was a most extraordinary reaction. If householders had been admitted to vote, then, he contended, there would have been something of principle about the Bill. He should support it only because it would make some inroad upon the present system. Mr. W. Wynn moved the Order of the Day for the further consideration of the Report of the Pecuniary Penalties Bill. The report was agreed to. The House went into Committee on the Civil List Bill. The Chancellor of the Exche-

quer moved that a sum of 510,000*l.* be annually granted to his Majesty to defray the expences of the Civil List. Mr. Hume was sorry he could not agree to the resolution, and he should therefore move as an amendment that the sum of 498,470*l.* be instituted in lieu of 510,000*l.* Mr. Hume said, after what he had heard he would not press to a division. The resolution was agreed to, with several other clauses.

On the Resolution for granting an excess to the Civil List of 10,000*l.* to meet contingent expenses, Mr. Goulburn proposed that the sum should be raised to 20,000*l.*; 10,000*l.* was a very little surplus in so large a sum as half a million.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer had no objection to the larger sum if it met with the concurrence of the House.—Mr. Hume opposed the increase, and Mr. O'Connell moved, as an amendment, that the original sum proposed should be inserted in the clause; upon which the House divided—for the amendment 10, against it 44.

The House went into a Committee on the Money Payment of Wages Bill.—Mr. Hume considered the principle of the Bill, which involved the interference of the legislature in the contracts between man and man, improper and impolitic. He should move as an amendment, that the chairman leave the chair. Mr. Hunt was aware of the difficulty of legislation on this subject, but he knew the truck system was so odious all over the country, that he should support the Bill. He was in Staffordshire a few days since, and was told by the labourers that one truck master was making more by his truck-shop than his manufactory. The Committee then divided—for the Speaker's leaving the chair 15: against it, 40. Majority against the Amendment, 25.

April 13.—Petitions in favour of Reform and for the abolition of Negro Slavery were again numerous. The presentation of one from Essex in favour of the measure of ministers gave rise to an extended discussion on the proposed concessions in the Bill alluded to the preceding evening by Lord John Russell. Mr. Stanley stated distinctly that it was not the intention of government to deviate from the principle of the Bill, particularly as regarded the total disfranchisement of some, and the partial disfranchisement of other boroughs. If boroughs previously named for disfranchisement were retained, it would only be because they came within the rule as regarded population previously laid down by the government and the Bill. Should it be determined by the House that the present number of members should be retained, it would be proposed to give the franchise to large and populous places.—General Gascoyne having renewed his inquiry about the alterations to be proposed, Lord Althorp declared that the government had no intention of proposing to continue the present number; they considered that question to be one open to the decision of the House; and the ministers further felt, as the retention or rejection of the present number constituted no essential part of the Bill, that they should not be justified in abandoning the Bill, even should it be determined to retain the present number of 658. But if the House should decide for that number, the ministers would then propose that the diminution occasioned by the total and partial disfranchisement (which would be adhered to as essential to the Bill) should be supplied by transferring the franchise chiefly to large and populous places in England. Sir R. Peel proclaimed this to be an entirely new Bill, and contended that it would be impossible to go into committee on it on Monday.—Mr. O'Brien called the attention of the House to Ireland, and several members delivered their sentiments. Whatever differences there were on particular points, almost all the members who spoke on the subject admitted the necessity of introducing poor-laws into Ireland as the only means of protecting the poor, and securing them against the consequences of absentee landlords.—The House having resolved into a committee of supply, Mr. Tennyson brought forward the ordnance estimates. After stating in detail several items of saving to the public, the hon. gentleman observed, that the total would be 270,627*l.* less charge to the public, and that it was the intention of his Majesty's ministers to reform the whole ordnance establishment, and especially that the military education at Woolwich should be defrayed by the parties who received that education; and concluded by moving that a sum, not exceeding 80,649*l.*, be granted to his Majesty for defraying the ordnance expenses at the Tower, Pall-Mall, and at Dublin.

April 14.—The presentation of petitions on the subject of reform again called forth a good deal of desultory conversation. Mr. Hunt and Mr. O'Connell came into a violent conflict. The hon. member for Preston, on presenting a petition from Manchester, charged the hon. member for Waterford with having abandoned his principles, and with having sought to traffic with the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for a seat on the Bench, as the condition on which agitating was to cease.—Mr. O'Connell denied that there was a particle of truth in this representation.—The third reading of the Civil List Bill next came on and called forth a good deal of desultory, but ineffectual opposition.—Mr. Hume proposed that the sum of 510,000*l.* be reduced to 435,000*l.* which, however, was lost on a division; the numbers being, for the amendment, 17; against it, 72: majority 55.—On the subject of reducing the salaries of the Household Officers, agreeably to the recommendation of the Civil List Committee, Lord Althorp gave a sort of intimation that the present amount of

salary might not be continued.—The Bill was then read a third time, a clause being added by way of rider, separating the diplomatic expenses and other charges from the Civil List.—Mr. Courtenay proposed another clause, to the effect that provision be made for the expense of the Civil Government, by charging it on the Consolidated Fund, or otherwise, by Acts to be passed this session.—Agreed to.

April 15.—Numerous petitions were presented in favor of reform, and, as usual, some of them gave rise to discussion. Lord Althorp, in a committee on the King's message, in conformity with precedent in similar cases, proposed that the allowance to the Queen, in the event of the demise of his Majesty, should be 100,000*l.* per annum, with Marlborough House for a town residence, and the house at Bushy for a country one. The proposition was adopted *nem. con.*—Several petitions were presented in favor of the abolition of Negro Slavery; after which Mr. F. Buxton rose to make his long-promised motion for the total abolition of Slavery in the Colonies. The hon. member, without desiring to cast any reproaches on the West India interests, contended that the present system of forced labor in the islands where sugar was cultivated was so destructive of human life, that if allowed to exist for only a few years longer there would be no negro slaves to emancipate! He, therefore, moved a resolution, declaring that the interests of justice and humanity required that the legislature should adopt forthwith measures for the speedy abolition of negro slavery.—Sir R. Peel cautioned the House against pledging themselves to any resolution that night.—Mr. Baring thought that the people of England had, with the best possible intentions, been led away with calumnious exaggerations and misrepresentations. The subject should be satisfactorily inquired into, and the House come to some sober decision.—The Attorney General observed that the House was bound in honor and consistency to vote for the resolutions.—Mr. R. Grant said, that as the charter of the East India Company expired in 1834, and as there stood in the 3 per cents. a debt of upwards of twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling against the said company, he moved that the usual notice be conveyed to the East India Company. Agreed to.

April 18.—Lord John Russell rose to move the order of the day on the Reform Bill for England, and stated that in the alterations which he was about to propose, the ministers, instead of thinking that they had abandoned the principle of the Bill, considered that they more decidedly and fully carried that principle into effect. Having detailed the proposed alterations in the Bill, the noble lord said he was decidedly of opinion that no one who had the welfare of the country at heart would defer the measure, for it might be attended with consequences not easily to be calculated upon should the measure be deferred for another year. He had before him two very prominent opinions—the opinion of Lord Grey, who contended for the necessity of the measure, and the opinion of the Duke of Wellington, who was decidedly opposed to it; but however much the noble Duke might be entitled to claim on other accounts from the country, his opinion in this case was not correctly formed. The fact of the House, such as it was constituted, having by a majority—certainly a very small one, but still it was a majority—supported a second reading, was a strong proof of the imperative necessity of the measure. If ever there was a minister powerful in the esteem of his country, from the services which he had performed, it was the Duke of Wellington; he who, from the victories he had achieved both in military and civil life, was entitled to such attention and respect, and had been the confidential and all-powerful minister of two successive sovereigns; if he, by his opposition to reform, found that power at once crushed and shivered by a storm to which he would not bend, where was the minister with the character, the influence, the talent of uniting men together, that he could venture to undertake the conduct of authority in that House, and hope for a successful contest against the mighty will, the clear wish, the undeniable, loud, and enthusiastic voice of the people of the three kingdoms!—On the question that the House resolve itself into a committee, General Gascoyne rose, and strongly objected to that clause of the Bill which went to reduce the number of members in England, and extending the privilege to Scotland and Ireland, thereby increasing an influence which would lead to further demands, and concluded by moving as an amendment—"That it is the opinion of this House that the total number of knights, citizens, and burgesses, returned to Parliament for that part of the United Kingdom called England and Wales ought not to be diminished."—Mr. Sadler seconded the amendment.—Lord Althorp strongly resisted the amendment as one of a series of measures only meant to cripple and damage the bill.—Several other members delivered their sentiments, and the debate was adjourned till

April 19. Lord John Russell moved the resumption of the adjourned debate. Mr. Bulwer begged the House to remember that they lived in times when the middle classes had increased in knowledge, and the power of public opinion was invincible. He considered the question of reform to be decided by the march of civilisation and the consequent progress of human affairs.—Mr. Campbell would support the bill, which declared that the representation was vested where it ought to be, in the people.—Mr. Fane supported the amendment.—Mr. Wilbraham gave the bill his

cordial support, as calculated to promote the interests of the whole people.—Mr. Hawkins said, that he was determined to oppose to the utmost of his abilities every motion that would tend to frustrate the great measure of reform.—Sir G. Warrender supported the amendment of General Gascoyne.—Sir R. Wilson said he considered the bill a proof of the integrity of ministers in the redemption of their pledges; but as the noble lord opened the measure, he felt insuperable objections to the diminution of the English members. He was sent to the House the advocate, not only of a free, but of a full, representation of the people of England; and he could not support a measure that went to decimate the representation of the people of England. He would resign his seat to his constituents if they were dissatisfied with the vote he should give; but he would retire into private life with the conscience of an honest man.—Mr. Stanley said, the gallant general had seen a change of language in ministers, which, however, it might have been discovered by an enemy, could scarcely have been discerned by a friend. He boasted of his having been a reformer, but he was doing the utmost in his power to defeat the bill. Sir George Murray would support the amendment of his gallant friend, from opposition to the principle of the bill. Mr. Bernal thought it was inconsistent to argue that corruption should not be allowed, and yet that rotten boroughs should be continued. Was it supposed such seats were given for nothing? Was it not notorious that they were paid for by an annual payment, or by a gross sum?—Sir R. Peel said, though he was averse to any abridgment in the representation of England, he did not suppose that the amendment would preclude an increase of members to Scotland and Ireland; all that they contended for was not to infringe upon the representation of England. He appealed to the noble Lord if he had not stated that he was prepared to accede to keep the numbers the same as they had been. The House divided—Ayes for the motion 299, Noes 291. Majority 8.

April 20. Mr. Tennyson moved a long series of Ordnance Estimates in the Committee of Supply; they were voted without opposition.

April 21. After some preliminary business, Sir R. Vyvyan complained of time being idly consumed, considering the state of excitement of the House, owing to the reports circulating in public during the last twenty-four hours, of a dissolution of the present Parliament. He had voted for the amendment of the Hon. Member for Liverpool, but he never once thought of throwing out the bill. He believed his Majesty's Ministers, in their desperate condition, had resorted to this step for the purpose of exciting the people throughout the United Kingdom; and I only hope (continued the Hon. Bart.) that they themselves, and their King, may not have to look back to this as the first great blow struck in destruction of the monarchy of this country.—Lord Althorp arose amidst amazing agitation in the House, and it was a long time before the cheering and confusion so subsided that his Lordship could proceed. Eventually he was enabled to say, "that having taken into consideration the necessary consequences, and the necessary effects of the division which took place the other night, it was not the intention of his Majesty's Government to proceed with the Bill."

A long discussion ensued, in which several Members intimated that they were making their "last speech," and others were taunted with "a desire, in delivering their sentiments, to make election-speeches to their constituents." Mr. W. Banks rose and moved that this House do now adjourn.—The question being put from the Chair, Lord Althorp, said that he would not have been much inclined to oppose the motion for adjournment, if there had been many gentlemen who had been desirous to address the House on the question; but the fact was, that although much time had been expended, not one gentleman had spoken to the question, and on that account he would resist the motion. The House divided—For the adjournment 164, Against it 142. Majority against Ministers 22.

April 22. A petition from Kent in favor of reform was presented, when Sir R. Vyvyan attacked ministers for the steps they had taken respecting the bill. He was followed by Sir Robert Peel in a most vehement speech, in the midst of which the House was summoned to the Peers to hear the Royal Speech.

The king of France has prorogued the Chambers, after a speech which shows firmness and confidence in the present aspect of public affairs: some ships of war are sent to the Tagus to demand the release of a prisoner confined by Don Miguel, satisfaction for the insult offered, and reparation of the wrongs done him. It appears that the Usurper had caused this gentleman, M. Bonhomme, to be arrested on an accusation of freemasonry and irreligion, to be flogged through the streets, and afterwards banished him to the pestilential climate of Africa. It is stated that the punishment of public scourging by the executioner, and exposure in chains, was purposely adopted to insult the French nation in the person of this alleged freemason; and that to remove any mistake on this point, at the reading of his sentence, where corporal punishment was inflicted, the hangman laid particular emphasis on the words, "A Frenchman, and born at Paris."

The dispute between France and Austria respecting the interference of the latter in the affairs of Italy, has been brought to an amicable termination. The Austrian Government has consented to withdraw its troops from the Papal States, having already completely re-established the authority of the old government. The French government interposed in a humane way, on behalf of the Italian prisoners in the hands of the Pope, the Duke of Modena, and the Archduchess of Parma; but the two latter seemed determined, by the rigorous measures which they have adopted, not to disappoint the doughty leaders of the late disturbances of one sort of immortality at the least. No less than 2000 persons have been already arrested in the disturbed States, for the parts which they took in the late insurrection.

The troops of the Germanic Confederation, which had been ordered to march on the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg immediately, had received a countermand, and were not to march for two months to come. This change of policy in the Sovereigns is said to have been occasioned by the unexpected and extraordinary successes of the Poles. The latest accounts bring nothing to damp the hopes of their friends, that their successes against the Tzar are continued. No less than 12,000 men, 5 standards, and 23 pieces of cannon have been taken from the Muscovites, according to the Prussian Journals, which are by no means friendly to their cause.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM GORDON.

Drowned, in the night of Wednesday, the 16th of March, (on board the steam-packet, Frolic, which was wrecked between Milford and Bristol, when unhappily every person on board perished,) Lieut.-Col. William Gordon, formerly of the 2nd regiment of Dragoon Guards, deeply lamented by his relations and friends. In his character, honour, integrity, and truth were united. He was brave, benevolent, and generous, with manners most kind and conciliatory to all men.

Those who knew him intimately could alone form an estimate of his virtues, which the natural modesty and humility of his character rather led him to conceal than to display. This just tribute to his memory is offered by an attached friend and brother officer.

THOMAS HOPE, ESQ.

At his house in Duchess Street, Portland Place, at an advanced age, Thomas Hope, Esq., well-known in the world of literature and the fine arts. He was one of the family of the Hopes of Amsterdam, proverbial for wealth, for liberality, for the splendour of their mansion, and for their extensive and valuable collection of works of art. Mr. Hope, possessing an ample fortune, had travelled over various parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa; and having, with a refined taste, acquired a facility of drawing, he brought home a large collection of sketches, principally of the architecture and sculpture of the different scenes. Soon after his return to, and settlement in London, he published "A Letter, addressed to F. Annesley, Esq., on a Series of Designs for Downing College, Cambridge;" in which, founding his pretensions on what he had seen and examined in the course of his travels, especially with reference to architecture, he criticised with considerable severity the series of plans,

elevations, &c. which had been produced by Mr. Wyatt. In consequence, as it has been said, of these criticisms, Mr. Wyatt's designs were rejected; and Mr. Wilkins was afterwards employed to commence the college. Mr. Hope married the Hon. Louisa Hope, the fifteenth child and youngest daughter of the late Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam, and brother to the late Marquis of Waterford. By this lady, he had three sons, who survive to lament his loss. Of this lady, eminent for beauty, grace, and accomplishments, a finely-engraved portrait, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated painting, was published last year in 'La Belle Assemblée.' Mr. Hope devoted much time and study in finishing and fitting up the interior of his house, partly from his own drawings, and partly in imitation of the best specimens of ancient and modern buildings in Italy. He made designs for the whole, and also for the furniture. The house (of which a brief account with two plates is given in the first volume of Britton's "Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London,") consists of a picture-gallery, a statue-gallery, drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, cabinets for vases and other antique curiosities, which he had collected in the course of his travels. Alluding to the style of this mansion, and that of his country residence, at Deepden, near Dorking, Mr. Hope thus expresses himself:—"In forming my collection, and in fitting up my houses, my object has neither been an idle parade of *virtù*, nor an ostentatious display of finery. I have observed, with regret, that most persons employed in our manufactures, or in furnishing our habitations, are rarely initiated, even in the simplest rudiments of design; whence it has happened that immense expense has been employed in producing furniture without character, beauty, or appropriate meaning." In 1805, Mr. Hope published the drawings

which he had made for his furniture, &c. in a folio volume, entitled, 'Household Furniture and Internal Decorations.' Notwithstanding the sneers of the Edinburgh Review, Mr. Hope's work speedily effected a complete revolution in the upholstery and all the interior decoration of houses. Mr. Hope was, in all respects, a munificent patron of art and of artists, and even of the humbler mechanic; for he has been known to traverse obscure alleys, lanes, and courts, to find out and employ men of skill and talent in their respective pursuits. Thorwaldsen, the celebrated Danish sculptor, was chiefly indebted to him for the early support and patronage which he experienced. Flaxman was extensively employed by him; and he enjoyed the satisfaction of having excited the genius and fostered the talents of Chantrey. These are only a few of the numerous instances in which his liberality was nobly and advantageously employed. In one case, however, his patronage was returned by an act of the basest ingratitude. Some dispute having arisen between Mr. Hope and a man named Dubost, respecting the price and execution of a painting, the artist vented his spleen by the exhibition of an infamous caricature—a picture which he entitled *Beauty and the Beast*. It is in the recollection of many, that, in this pictorial libel, Mrs. Hope was drawn as the Beauty, and her husband as the Beast, laying his treasures at her feet, and addressing her in the language of the French tale. The picture was publicly exhibited, and drew such crowds of loungers and scandal-lovers to view it, that from 20l. to 30l. a day was sometimes taken at the doors. It was at length cut to pieces in the room, with a very proper spirit, by Mr. Beresford, the brother of Mrs. Hope. For this, Dubost brought an action against him, laying his damages at 1000l. The jury, however, gave him a verdict for 5l., as the worth of the canvass and colours; and even that would not have been awarded had Mr. Beresford put in a plea that he destroyed the picture as a nuisance, instead of putting in a general plea of "not guilty." In 1809, Mr. Hope published "*The Costumes of the Ancients*," in two volumes, royal 8vo; and that it might be the more easily purchased, and thus more extensively circulated, he generously caused it to be sold at a price by which he is said to have made a sacrifice to the amount of 1000l. Three years afterwards, he published his "*Designs of Modern Costumes*," in folio. These works evinced a profound research into the works of antiquity, and a familiarity with all that is graceful and elegant. In the improvement of female costume in this country, they may be said to have wrought wonders. Even in this prolific age of authorship, a work of more varied, lively,

and intense interest than Mr. Hope's "*Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek*," has scarcely been known. It is one of the few novels of the time, with the exception of those of Sir Walter Scott, which will survive for long years to come. It has passed through several editions, and is a standard book. At the time of Mr. Hope's decease (which occurred at his house in Duchess-street, on the 3d of February), he was engaged in passing through the press a publication, "*On the Origin and Prospects of Man*." He has left an extensive collection of drawings and engravings, illustrative of buildings and scenery in Greece, Turkey, Italy, France, and Germany; and several plates of his antique sculpture, vases, &c.

SIR MANASSEH MASSEH LOPEZ, BART.

At his seat Maristow House, near Plymouth, on the 26th of March, in the 76th year of his age, Sir M. M. Lopez, Bart. He was of Jewish extraction, and a native of Jamaica. The Baronet obtained considerable notoriety about twelve years ago, in consequence of his Parliamentary connection with the celebrated disfranchised borough of Grampound. He was convicted at the Exeter Summer Assizes in 1819, for bribery and corruption at the election, for which he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Owing, however, to the advanced age of Sir Masseh, and other circumstances attending his case, a portion of the term of his confinement was remitted. He was Recorder and Patron of the borough of Westbury, which his nephew, Ralph Franco, Esq. (who succeeds the Baronet in his title, and estates in the western counties) represented from 1812 to 1819, when he vacated in favour of Col. Maberly, the present Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. Sir Masseh having become qualified to take his seat in the House of Commons, which assembled in 1830, he was returned for Westbury, which he continued to represent until 1829, when Sir R. Peel having retired from the representation of Oxford University, Sir Masseh accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, in order to enable the Rt. Hon. Bart. to be returned for Westbury. Sir Masseh was created a Baronet during Mr. Pitt's premiership, in 1805, and having no issue, the title was entailed on his nephew, Sir Ralph Franco, Esq., only son of his sister, the Lady of Abraham Franco, Esq.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. T. O. Foley, to the Vicarage of Llansadwrn, Carmarthenshire.

The Rev. G. L. Wodehouse Fanquier, A.B. to the Rectory of Bradfield, Suffolk.

The Rev. F. J. Courtenay, B.A. to the Rectory of North Bovey, Devon.

The Rev. — Bulteel, A. B. to the

Vicarage of Holbeton, void by the death of the Rev. T. Mends.

The Rev. N. T. Ellison, A.M. to the Rectory of Nettlecomb, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. Trevelyan.

The Rev. R. J. Coke Alderson, instituted to the Rectory of St. Mathew's, Ipswich.

The Rev. A. Roberts, M.A. to the Rectory of Woodrising, Norfolk.

The Rev. T. Loveday, B.D. to the Rectory of East Ilsley, Berks.

The Rev. J. Flockton, A.B. to the Vicarage of Shernborne, Norfolk.

The Rev. R. Vevers, B.D. to the Rectory of Kettering, Northamptonshire, vacant by the resignation of the Hon. and Rev. Henry Watson.

The Rev. H. Matthie, B.A. to the Rectory of Worthenbury, Flintshire.

The Rev. H. Burton, M.A. to the Vicarage of Atcham, Salop, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. Burton.

The Rev. H. D. C. S. Horlock, B.A. to the Vicarage of Box.

The Rev. Dr. Stedman, of Pembroke College, to the Ministry of Margaret's Chapel, Bath.

The Rev. J. Randall to the Rectory of Binfield, Berks.

The Rev. H. P. Jeston, M.A. to the Perpetual Curacy of Cholesbury, Bucks.

The Rev. A. McDonald, to the Vicarage of Cotterstock with Glapthorne, Northamptonshire.

The Rev. R. Tomes, B.A. to the Vicarage of Coughton, Warwickshire.

The Rev. J. Fisher, jun. to the Rectory of Stoney Stanton, Leicestershire.

The Rev. W. Pullen, Curate of Caversham, to the Rectory of Gilding Parva, Huntingdonshire.

Married.]—At the Hon. Mrs. Burrowes's, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, his Excellency Baron de Cetto, the Bavarian Minister, to Elizabeth Caroline, only daughter of the late Colonel Burrowes.

At St. James's, Westminster, the Rev. C. D. Hill, M.A. of Fetcham, Surrey, to Cicely, youngest daughter of the late Sir C. Willoughby, Bart.

Captain Fox Maule, eldest son of the Hon. W. R. Maule, M.P., to the Hon. Miss Abercromby.

At Oswestry, the Rev. T. G. Roberts, M.A., to Maria Diana, eldest daughter of C. T. Jones, Esq. of Oswestry.

At St. Mary's, Newington, the Rev. J. Williams to Mary Anne Susannah, only daughter of the late William Mount, Esq.

At Hampstead, the Rev. T. H. Causton to the Hon. Frances Hester Powys, fifth daughter of the late Lord Lilford.

At Paington, Devonshire, the Rev. B. H. Kennedy, M.A. to Janet, youngest daughter of the late T. Caird, Esq.

At St. James's, Piccadilly, Edward

Driver, Esq. of Richmond Terrace, to Mrs. Burr, widow of the late S. Burr, Esq. of Luton, Beds.

At Twyford, F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq. eldest son of E. H. Delme Radcliffe, Esq. of the Priory, Hitchin, to Emma, only daughter of J. H. Waddington, Esq. of Shawford House.

At St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, Geo. Drummond, Esq. to Marianne, sister of Edward Berkeley Portman, Esq. M.P.

Died.]—At Maristow, near Plymouth, Sir Manasseh Masseh Lopez, Bart, aged 76.

In Gloucester-place, Sir Henry Hawley, Bart.

At Framlingham, the Rev. C. Barlee.

On the 12th inst. at Paddington-green, in the 71st year of his age, the Rev. Basil Woodd, 38 years Minister of Bentinck Chapel.

On the 10th inst. J. S. Moore, of Thames Ditton, Surrey, in his 76th year.

Lately, at Tring, Mr. Daniel Olney, aged 76.

On the 30th ult. in the 76th year of his age, the Rev. R. Croft, Canon Residentiary of York, and Rector of Rowley, Kent.

On the 4th instant, the Rev. Joseph Sharpe, Vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmoreland.

On the 5th inst. in his 77th year, Thomas Wood, Esq. of Billericay Mills.

On the 5th instant, at Somers's Farm, Blackmore End, Weathersfield, Mr. Joseph Cornell, aged 61.

At the Public Office, Lambeth-street, Matthew Wyatt, Esq.

At Langley, near Newbury, Berks, Thomas Pocock, Esq. aged 81.

At the Rectory, Newington, Surrey, Georgiana Harriet, youngest daughter of the Rev. A. C. Onslow.

At her house in Bruton-street, Jane, Countess Dowager of Carhampton.

The Rev. J. Fawcett, B.D. Rector of Thursford cum Snoring, Norfolk, late Norrisian Professor of Divinity, and formerly Fellow of St. John's College, B.A. 1774, M.A. 1777, B.D. 1785.

At Temple Belwood, Lincolnshire, aged 43, W. P. B. Johnson, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for that county.

At his seat, Mulgrave Castle, Yorkshire, in his 77th year, Henry, Earl of Mulgrave, Viscount Normanby.

At his seat, West Grinstead Park, Walter Burrell, Esq. M.P. for Sussex.

At Bildeston House, Suffolk, Hannah, the wife of Richard Wilson, Esq.

In her 81st year, Mrs. Strahan, relict of the late Rev. Dr. Strahan, Prebendary of Rochester, and Vicar of Islington.

In Curzon-street, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Waldegrave, aged 66, sister of the late Earl Waldegrave.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Kept at Edmonton, Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

Date.	Range of Thermometer.	Range of Barometer.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
March	33	30.28	N.E.	— —	Generally clear, rain in the evening.
23	45	30.12	N.E.	— —	Generally cloudy, snow fell frequently during the day.
24	27	29.94	N.E.	— —	Generally cloudy, frequent sunshine in the afternoon.
25	39	29.70	N.E. and S.E.	.025	Generally cloudy, frequent rain in the morning.
26	30	29.63	N.E. and S.E.	.075	Generally clear.
27	45	29.46	N.E. and S.W.	.075	Generally clear.
28	35	29.35	N.E. and S.E.	— —	Generally clear.
29	55	29.63	N.E.	— —	Cloudy, rain about noon.
30	39	29.83	N.E.	— —	Generally cloudy.
31	59	29.93	N.E.	— —	Except the morning, generally clear.
April	30	29.94	N.E.	— —	Generally clear, rain in the evening.
1	61	29.99	N.E.	— —	Alternately clear and cloudy.
2	35	30.06	N.E.	.15	Except the morning generally clear.
3	47	30.14	N.E.	— —	Except the evening, generally cloudy.
4	33	30.16	N.E.	— —	Generally clear.
5	48	30.22	N.E.	— —	Forenoon generally clear, afternoon generally cloudy.
6	33	30.29	N.E.	— —	Cloudy; rain in the evening.
7	49	30.32	N.E.	.125	Raining generally throughout the day.
8	32	30.30	N.E.	.425	Generally cloudy; frequent rain.
9	49	30.19	N.E.	.375	Many clouds; sunshine frequent.
10	32	30.01	N.E.	— —	Except the evening, generally clear.
11	44	29.95	N.E.	— —	Generally clear; thunder & lightning in the evening,—very vivid.
12	36	29.93	N.E.	.35	Except the morning, generally clear.
13	48	29.72	N.E. and S.E.	— —	Many clouds; sunshine at times.
14	32	29.68	N.E. and S.W.	— —	Generally cloudy, sunshine at intervals.
15	55	29.53	N.E.	— —	Except the evening, generally clear.
16	27	29.48	N.E.	— —	Morning cloudy, afternoon clear.
17	59	29.46	N.E.	— —	Generally clear.
18	32	29.55	N.E.	— —	Many clouds; intervals of sunshine.
19	58	29.39	N.E.	— —	Clear generally.
20	34	29.39	N.E.	— —	Except the evening, generally cloudy.
21	62	29.24	N.E.	— —	Many clouds, sunshine frequent.
22	42	29.24	N.E.	— —	
23	50	29.32	N.E.	— —	
24	40	29.41	N.E.	— —	
25	57	29.48	N.E.	— —	
26	43	29.52	N.E.	— —	
27	56	29.76	N.E.	— —	
28	31	29.86	N.E.	— —	
29	60	29.93	N.E.	— —	
30	34	29.89	N.E.	— —	
31	64	29.76	N.E.	— —	
32	42	29.75	N.E.	— —	
33	65	29.76	N.E.	— —	
34	42	29.83	N.E.	— —	
35	57	29.87	N.E.	— —	
36	34	29.90	N.E.	— —	
37	60	29.98	N.E.	— —	
38	40	29.94	N.E.	— —	
39	60	29.92	N.E.	— —	
40	29	29.92	N.E.	— —	
41	56	29.94	N.E.	— —	
42	27	29.98	N.E.	— —	
43	57	29.92	N.E.	— —	
44	33	29.90	N.E.	— —	
45	57	29.83	N.E.	— —	
46	34	29.79	N.E.	— —	
47	58	29.68	N.E.	— —	
48	35	29.53	N.E.	— —	
49	58	29.45	N.E.	— —	
50	39	29.44	N.E.	— —	
51	63	29.43	N.E.	— —	

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